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A TIGER SHOOT IN THE SIVOKI FOREST, FOOT OF THE HIMALAYAS. THE AUTHOR
ON THE TEMPERAMENTAL JALMUTTY

"YES, LADY SAHEB"

A Woman's Adventurings With Mysterious India

BY

GRACE THOMPSON SETON

Author of "Chinese Lanterns," "A Woman Tenderfoot in Egypt,"
"Nimrod's Wife," "A Woman Tenderfoot in the Rockies," etc.

*Illustrated with Many Photographs
Taken by or Presented to the Author*



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"YES, LADY SAHEB"

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GRACE THOMPSON SETON
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First Edition

H-2

TO GANESH-GUNPATI
GOD OF LEARNING & OF NEW THINGS

*May you bring good luck and success upon these printed pages.
Soften the hearts of the carping, for no offense has been intended;
give the shield of clarity and understanding to all those who,
reading them, think not as the writer thought, see not as the
writer saw; spread the mantle of kindness around her who, wish-
ing to be wise and just, perchance has been foolish and ignorant,
and withhold the angry hand that springs from an unforgiving
heart.*

*Garlands, Ganesh, I throw.
Send favor to this book.*



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TO THE READER

"May the Goddess of Wisdom protect me, the Mother of the Vedas, who from the crimson lotus of her hands, pours radiance upon the implements of writing, and on the works produced by her power."



DOUBTLESS no human being ever was impartial. Wisdom is a gift rarely dealt to us poor mortals. We either light up our subject with the cold, piercing rays of intellect or we burn it up with the passionate flame of emotion. Sometimes, like a coast-guard signal, our lamps alternate white and red.

Even as a chameleon, the author found herself taking on the color of the spot where she was. She thrilled to the marvelous work of the British Raj. She burned with rebellion at some of its results. Her pulse quickened under the high resolve and earnest purpose of India's leaders, both British and Indian, valiant forces working out a great national crossword puzzle.

When she surveyed her notes on Delhi alone, it was apparent that she could write all the rest of the book on what she thought of the British and their job in India. This, of course, would have no readers, first because the English public is well supplied with Indian political and civil literature and nothing the author could say would tell the Britisher anything he did not know before—his mistakes, his magnificent undertakings, his failures and his successes; and second, the American is not so much interested in the

TO THE READER

British and their achievements as he is in the people of India, their romance and mystery, the "something different and unknown" to him.

The author nibbled her pencil in perplexity, also just how to say what she had to say because of what the Indian reader would say when she had said it, until suddenly she remembered the way an old Scotch preacher, who was doing the best he could, answered his critics. He caused a stained-glass window reflecting many colors to be placed in the church so that the sunlight shining upon all alike should illumine this legend:

"They say. What say they? Let them say!"

Since no one, apparently, has been able to solve the problem of British India, why should the author attempt omniscience? Therefore, she bespeaks charity at the hands of the host of kind friends, both Indian and British, whose wonderful hospitality made her sojourn in their mysterious land a continuous scroll of interest and delight. Sincere appreciation and thanks for suggestions and help not indicated in the text of the book are gratefully proffered to W. E. Jardine, Esq., C.I.E.; to A. Thorpe, Esq., J.P. and U.P.M.; to C. W. E. Cotton, Esq., C.I.E.; to the Diwan Bahadur Vijayaraghavacharya; to Hon. N. C. Sen; to Dr. B. P. Wadia; and finally to Major Arthur de Bles, R.W.F., for his reading of the manuscript.

GRACE THOMPSON SETON

NEW YORK CITY, *June, 1925*

BOOK ONE

THE INDIA OF THE SAHEBS

*"By Docks, Billetdoux, and Filé,
By Mountain, Cliff, and Fir,
By Fan and Sword and Office-Box,
By Corset, Plume, and Spur
By Riot, Revel, Waltz, and War,
By Women, Work, and Bills,
By all the life that fizzes in
The everlasting Hills,
If you love me as I love you
What pair so happy as we two?"*

—AN OLD SONG AT SIMLA (KIPLING)

*"Gray dusk behind the tamarisks—the parrots fly together—
As the Sun is sinking slowly over Home;
And his last ray seems to mock us shackled in a life-long tether
That drags us back howe'er so far we roam.
Hard her service, poor her payment—she in ancient, tattered raiment—
India, she the grim Step-mother of our kind.
If a year of life be lent her, if her temple's shrines we enter,
The door is shut—we may not look behind."*

—RUDYARD KIPLING

CHAPTER I

BOMBAY, THE GATEWAY OF INDIA

Concerning Hakim my Bearer: The First Night's Adventure: A Day's Itinerary: Hindu Burning Ghats: The Gold and Silver and Pearl Bazaars: A Mahratta Luncheon: Bombay Races: Parsi-Hindu Opera: Government Chawls: "The Slumber-soft Feet of the Dancer"

Over thy limbs, O Sea,
The light of the young dawn
Flows like billows of gold!

Oh, unfathomed endless realm of song,
Wherein unfolds in silence the lotus of my mind!

—C. R. DAS (Tr. from Bengali)

"YES, Lady Saheb."

What a whirl of adventure with people, places, animals, things did those three little words initiate!

The first to greet my ears when upon landing at the Gateway of India—and the last, as the Indian Ocean "ferry" slipped from her dock bearing a reluctant traveler away from a lifetime crammed into a fourth-dimensioned half-year of rich, varied, and violent experience in a mysterious land.

"Yes, Lady Saheb," in the respectful tones of my bearer strung together nearly every hour of the day with the note of eager service.

The far-reaching kindness of the Viceroy met me at the door of my cabin in the early morning of a hot day in January in the person of a very smart A.D.C. of H.E. the Governor of Bengal. He was flanked by a blaze of scarlet and gold which resolved itself into several Government House servants. Like veritable genii of the ring, with the magic wand of power, they seized upon my luggage, passed it through the formalities of the port, and placed it in my rooms to greet me, the only familiar objects in a maze of new impressions.

India at last! At 4 A.M. I had seen the Southern Cross sparkling palely near the horizon over Bombay harbor, and

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the day already seemed hours old before the S.S. *Dongola*, the "jolly old ferry" that had plowed the Indian Ocean on its four-day trip from Aden, swung to her dock at seven o'clock. In a luxuriously appointed motor, Cinderella listened to a polite recital of all that had been done for her comfort while in Bombay, of regret that Their Excellencies were in Delhi, so could not receive her at Government House, but that a suite at the Taj Mahal Hotel had been reserved, and asked what else could the A.D.C. do to make her stay enjoyable? By now we had arrived and Cinderella surveyed the "comfortable suite" provided. It consisted of a huge salon, an equally huge bedroom, a bathroom in which the plumbing fixtures were unimportant specks among the expanse of tiles, another large sitting room with seven windows in it, all opening on a balcony that connected all the rooms and was the scene of an adventure that very first night.

Trying not to feel lost in the cathedral proportions of this Prince's Suite, and secretly hoping that the fairy prince might suddenly appear, plumed cap in hand, to complete the picture, Cinderella made answer that she would like to see the Government's Workingmen's *Chawls*, the Hindu Burning Ghats, and the Parsi Towers of Silence—and above all, she needed a bearer, reliable, efficient, and honest. The courteous A.D.C. gasped. No lady guest had ever perpetrated such unusual and difficult requests. Permits and powerful persons would have to be evoked, and as for a good bearer, or body servant, that indeed was not easy to manage. There was a good man who had been with the last Governor. He, by the way, had landed from the same ship that morning, having accompanied his master to England. But he was already engaged.

However, within the hour, a slim, clean-visaged person wearing a huge turban was salaaming smilingly in my durbar hall of a salon. It seemed he preferred a traveling position, with its better pay, to the Government House job awaiting him. With relief he was forthright engaged. As

BOMBAY, THE GATEWAY OF INDIA

he thus became my "silent partner" and only permanent companion in all the ensuing months, he deserves an introduction.

Hakim Bearer explained how he came by his curious and high-sounding name. "Hakim" means officer, also governor, doctor, and many other things, but he was entitled to use it because his family in the past had "seen service" and had been given this distinction. The "Bearer," used as a surname, I suspect, was an Anglicized version of his job, the skill for which he had both inherited and acquired.

So it came about that by day, by night, in heat and storm, in times of stress and times of peace, the immediate response, "Yes, Lady Saheb," of my Hindu servant threads through every memory of the varied, fascinating, and unique experiences that India offered me with lavish courtesy. Usually cheerful, sometimes pathetic, always polite, the most important person to me in all India, except the Viceroy, was Hakim, for upon him my comfort and health depended.

He managed the servants, got my food when traveling. He harmonized the angles of a strange new world, a hyphen between my physical comfort and the manners and customs of an alien consciousness and a tropical climate. He was lady's maid, valet, chambermaid, waiter, major domo, courier, interpreter, and protector. He stood between me and the "bad people"—the porters and hotel servants who did not do their duty, the 'ricksha coolies and tradespeople who sought to cheat his Lady Saheb out of a few annas.

He conscientiously beat down the price of an article his Lady Saheb wanted to buy, and, after the purchase was made, as conscientiously collected from the merchant his *dasturi*. This commission is a recognized "graft." As I was an observer and not a reformer, I early ceased to object to this method of supplementing Hakim's income, and, even on occasion, when he had the bad luck to be absent on an errand, I have told him how many rupees had exchanged hands for a certain silk *sari*, or carved ivory, and the unfor-

INDIA OF THE SAHEBS

fortunate vender had to render to Hakim that which was Hakim's, usually about 2 per cent of the bill. This he often took in goods, and when we entered Ceylon, Hakim's luggage was searched by the customs officers and he had to pay thirty rupees on his easily gotten trinkets, all intended, he said, as presents for his family. This circumstance sank deep into the soul of Hakim, who was quite unwilling to accord any cumshaw to "the Government."

Hakim taught me much, especially respect for his religion which made of him a conscientious, honest, faithful, moral person. One of the first lessons came that day in Bombay. When I returned from a delicious *curry tiffin* (luncheon) at the famous Yacht Club, strictly British, known to all the traveled world, I found Hakim installed in my rooms. I had no personal knowledge of Indians and of Indian character. He told me he was a Madras Hindu living in Poona, which meant nothing to me. But as he was a well-trained servant, I let him go about his work and furtively watched his methods. It seemed strange to have a male lady's maid. He unpacked, laid out my clothes, prepared the bath, doing all quietly, his bare feet making no sound. Hakim had discouraged my having an *ayah* (woman servant). "Why have ayah, Lady Saheb? Hakim do all ayah will do, Hakim have to wait on ayah. Ayah only in the way. Ayah no good traveling, Lady Saheb."

I decided to carry on with the novel situation until I saw reason to stop.

Coming in about seven o'clock after a hectic day of strange impressions, it was Hakim who supplied slippers and negligée and who brought a refreshing drink, while I rested and told him what evening gown to lay out. He moved about unobtrusively, doing a hundred things that saved my energy, and with it all so impersonally that I went off to a nine-o'clock dinner on Malabar Hill feeling pleased with the new kind of service.

About midnight, returning, I had forgotten all about

BOMBAY, THE GATEWAY OF INDIA

Hakim, and tumbled into bed, carefully tucking in the mosquito netting and thinking sleepily of the marvels of scenes and sunset, of people and palm trees, that India had unrolled before me that first wonderful day.

Suddenly I was wide awake. A funny little noise was coming from somewhere, and, oh, how hot and suffocating it was! I had turned off the great revolving, squeaking blades of the electric punkah overhead, as it made me sneeze, and I had no wish to start a cold. Of course—how stupid! The Venetian shutters on the door opening out on to the balcony were closed.

Slipping from under the mosquito netting, I started toward those shutters. It was the work of an instant to open them. The moonlight flowed into the room. I had no eyes for its beauty shimmering out over the Bay of Bombay, for with genuine alarm I saw at my feet on the veranda a long bundle wrapped up in a striped rug! My heart stopped a beat. It was undoubtedly human. *What* was it doing on my private balcony?

I was about to dash for the bell to make an alarm when I saw a pair of man's shoes, and a turban beside them, and a coat neatly folded, and a bundle of garments tied in striped cloth. A little sound like the other I had heard proclaimed the human. That turban looked like—yes—it *was* Hakim's! The figure stirred. I fled indoors, conscious that a diaphanous nightie was not the proper costume for a Lady Saheb.

It must be Hakim! I had recognized his turban! Softly closing the doors again, I thought it over.

What a curious performance to have that strange Indian occupying my balcony! The blinds had no lock. I knew nothing about him. And there he was! A rhythmic stertorous breathing told me that!

Drifting back from the many novel happenings of my first day in India came a recollection that my new bearer had asked permission to bring his trunk, as he had "no

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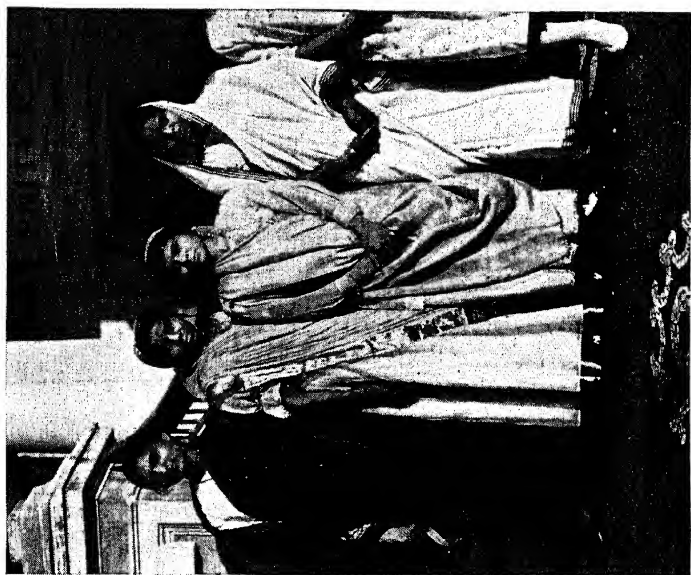
relatives in Bombay and lodging cost much money." Evidently I had given permission for this thing.

"Very well," I had answered, not understanding what he meant and not wishing to recede from my pose of all knowledge. With a shrug compounded of annoyance, apprehension, surprise, and amusement, I resigned myself to a stuffy room.

When I awoke at six o'clock, Hakim was placing beside the bed a tray with early tea, and this intimate impersonal service continued week after week, month after month. He never permitted other servants to enter the room if he could help it. No comment was ever made about my bearer's choice of a sleeping-place. I discovered a maid's room off the bedroom and appropriated it for Hakim and his "trunk." But there were time later, when really in the jungle and in strange dak bungalows and guest houses in Indian states, that I was glad to have Hakim sleeping within call in the next room or on the floor outside my door. Never once in all his service did he overstep the bounds of strict propriety and respect. I might have attributed this to the caste system had not my Chinese boy in Peking shown much the same quality. I still think the foundation of it is religious training. Under the insistent politeness of the Japanese servant I always felt disdain, and while my Arabian and Egyptian dragomen, who were Muslims, gave devoted service, the personal note was always present and had to be kept well in hand. Observation of the sad trials of others indicates, however, that not even all Indian servants are so trustworthy.

I remember upon several occasions seeing distracted travelers losing trains and losing luggage and going without food or bedding because of their bearers' inefficiency. Perhaps they had not learned the secret of good service. "Leave everything to your bearer, yes—but *know* that he is attending to it."

Dominating the harbor visible from my windows rose the



(Left) MEDICAL STUDENTS IN BOMBAY—LIVING IN A COMMUNITY HOUSE
(Right) HAKIM, MY BEARER WITH HIS LADY SAHEB'S LUGGAGE



A PRINCELY SHOOT
From an old print in Rajputana
(See page 84)

BOMBAY, THE GATEWAY OF INDIA

recently completed memorial arch to Their Majesties and their visit, called the "Gateway of India." It symbolizes what this great polyglot metropolis means to the traveler. Here she may find a composite of all India in a mixture of rich and poor, learned and ignorant, Maharaja's palace and workman's hut. The twentieth century leading, or trying to drive, the second century.

In Bombay is every race, every religion, every language that makes up India, the gentle and the beautiful, India the ruthless and the sordid, and, in the last analysis, the unfathomable. India, with its head in the snows, its feet on the equator, with every climatic variant and a babel of twenty-three major and two hundred other vernacular languages, has at least four great streams of different blood that can be traced, running through its three hundred and forty-seven millions of people. Yet, with it all, a national consciousness does exist which is *Indian* and not Dravidian or Aryan, Turkish or Persian.

Perhaps this has come into vigor by making common cause against their overlords, the British. Everyone can unite in criticising the "Government." The Mohammedan lion and the Hindu lamb travel the national road together so long as it is labeled opposition to the British Raj. The Parsis keep in the middle of the road, where the going is the best. They mean well and they wish well. Bombay is their stronghold, and, since they could never hope to rule and must have an overlord, the dominant efficient West, provides greater opportunities for advancement, for wealth, education, and social and political liberty and justice.

A more fascinating city could not be imagined to initiate the stranger. The first impressions are not those of a typical Indian city. One must go to the market and to the Hindu or Mohammedan quarters to find that. Starting from that huge Indo-European caravansary, the Taj Mahal Hotel, the streets are broad, well paved, and well lighted,

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the buildings solid and several stories high; while the Bombay University and various Government buildings, set in gardens, dominate all. One might be in any metropolis of any warm country: in Hong Kong or Manila, in Rio Janeiro or Algiers, where palms and flowers, arcades and balconies, exist. That is, until you look at the people. Those swarming the streets on foot, in wagons, carriages, and motors present so varied a picture that I felt as though a film of the peoples of India had been chopped up and stuck together again haphazard. Any transportation is possible in Bombay—by elephant, camel, horse, bullock, donkey, dog, gasoline, and by human. Like a great magnet, commercial Bombay has drawn samples of humanity from every part of its million and a half square miles. From Cochin, the most densely populated area in the world, along the west coast two thousand to the square mile, to the mountain fastnesses of the northwest frontier where the hardy Pathan defies nature—they come. The pleasure-loving Madrassi and the pioneer jute planter from wild Assam, the Indian Hindu prince and the equally wealthy Muslim nawab, all pass through this port. The Japanese cotton and silk merchant, the American "big business," principally motors, petrol, and machinery. The Dutch, the German, the Italian, all add distinguishing touches to a solid background of British supremacy built on a foundation of Parsi bankers, of Hindu traders—the gold and silver and pearl markets are theirs—and of Mohammedan merchants.

Perhaps one day's program will serve to show what Bombay can do in providing a kaleidoscope of events, concentrated into nineteen hours. The traveler need never suffer from ennui, if her strength holds out, also the amiability of her hosts. It took the active co-operation of seven men and eight women and the assistance of six private motors and ten taxis to pack my day's reservoir of new impressions almost to the bursting point.

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A DAY'S ITINERARY

- 6 A. M. *chota hazri* (early tea brought to bedside).
7 " Government official calls to take me on visit—whisked to Government *chawls* and cotton mills.
9 " Through courtesy A.D.C. visit Hindu Burning Ghats.
9.30 " *Hazri* (breakfast) with a professor at Bombay University—sun very hot.
10 " Visit Bombay University.
10.45 " Miss K. and a Hindu member of the Woman's Council called. Took me to see university settlement and Unity Hall and to meet medical girl students.
12 M. Mrs. Gokhalay, a Bombay Woman Councillor and the others—saw Chakra school, etc.
1 P. M. A Mahratta luncheon—met progressive Hindu women.
2 " The Seva Sadan—Mrs. A. explains this great work for and by women and shows how to drape the "fan" *sari*.
2.30 " Guest at Gold Bazaar, also Silver and Pearl Bazaars.
3.30 " Received callers, had tea, changed dress, sent and received six chits.
4 " Tea—Lady Petit, a Parsi, of Petit Hall, Nepean Sea Road.
4.45 " Bombay races. Tea at Byculla Club (only European members).
5.30 " Tea at Willingdon Club (membership both European and Indian).
8 " Dined with English banker on Malabar Hill—wonderful chrysanthemums and cobras in his garden.
9.30 " Met Australian at Yacht Club—had a dance. Moonlight and military band on the Bund.
10.30 " Went to Parsi theater with Hindu and European.
12 " Explored the night streets of Grant Road and Love Lane.
12.30 A. M. Went to Nautch—Mohammedan dancing girl and Indian music.
2 " Hotel—Bombay Harbor. Moonlight and flowers. Say Good-night.

Thus at the Gateway of India I found an epitome of the following months. Social reform, civic welfare, progressive education, Muslim, Parsi, and Hindu life and amusements, English life and amusements, the cream and the dregs of this great Anglo-Indian city, all swirled into my conscious-

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ness by weeks of forcible feeding and created the norm for that mysterious land which has managed to preserve an original civilization longer than any other country in this æon.

Two or three of the adventures of that day leap into greater prominence. The first was the Burning Ghats, rarely, if ever, penetrated by visitors.

Along the beautiful Queen's Wood of reclaimed Bombay is a high, yellow wall. The knowledge-forbidding walls of the Orient are one of its characteristics. In the most exclusive colony of America at Newport the millionaires' homes lie open to the gaze of the passer-by who may travel on a right-of-way through all their estates. Even the great places of England permit the public to short-cut through them, but the walls of China, Japan, and India are symbols of the *noli me tangere* which separates one class, or caste, from another.

The high, yellow wall of Queen's Wood debars the public from a scene as strange and haunting as anything that is happening on this spinning old world of illusion.

The morning sun was warming into a hot yellow this forbidding screen, on one of Bombay's great thoroughfares. Thin blue smoke may often be seen losing itself in the blue above. Hordes pass it daily. Few penetrate the secrets it protects. Fewer care to pass through its arched gateway. To do so means the carrying of a heavy burden—and a heavier heart. It hides the "Shmasham," or Burning Ghats, where the Hindus purify their dead and release the soul from its fleshly trappings.

Passing the guarded portal, I entered a court where a row of bare-legged, turbaned idlers were doing nothing with characteristic thoroughness. On the left was a great shed piled with logs cut in five-foot lengths. A certain number of these are loaded on little iron trucks and taken to where a pyre is to be built. The far end of the court leads into a closed Mohammedan cemetery. There are even a few

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Christian graves here. The followers of the Great Prophet do not burn, but bury, their dead. Each mound in the Muslim cemetery was covered with growing plants and surrounded by its own particular wall—in this case only about a foot high, which formed an irrigation channel around the grave that the flowers might be nourished. The acacia and palm trees here and there made grateful shade, the air was heavy with tropical bloom, the jasmine especially giving forth its message of the East. It was a pleasant place, and peaceful.

With a deep thrill of interest I turned sharply to the right of the gateway and followed a little procession bearing a loved one on a litter, its form tightly wrapped, mummy fashion, in red cloth and cords, and I entered the place reserved for the Hindu ceremonies behind the yellow wall. Here no flowers greeted the eye; the time for that had passed. Only stark, grim reality held the place.

A long narrow strip of bare earth was inclosed by yet other walls, but open to the sun and the air of heaven. On the right was a long shed under which were benches for the mourners. These were well filled, as about thirty burnings take place each day and the ceremony takes four or five hours to consummate in all its gruesome details. On the right also was a small altar with a small fountain containing water, perhaps sacred water from the Ganges, and on either side a small shrine. One contained an irregular-shaped object about a foot high, painted bright orange. It was Siva, the god of destruction.

The attendant described it as "the Stone." Siva haunts the Shmasham (where the Hindus' dead are burned) and smears his body with the ashes of the rich and poor, young and old, beautiful and ugly. In death they are all alike—Siva's jewels. Fires of suffering and flames of the Shmasham are the portals of death through which souls must pass to meet their God.

The other shrine had a small figure of a god dedicated, I

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believe, to Hanuman, the monkey god, serving as a messenger from man and his Maker. "The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

On the left, a startling scene presented itself. Five pyres were burning and a little procession was surrounding a central recumbent figure draped in rich silks, moving slowly toward an empty place partially surrounded by iron screens. In the center ashes still smoked. Systematic hands quietly, quickly piled logs like a huge oblong basket five feet high. This was filled with smaller stuff, to burn more quickly.

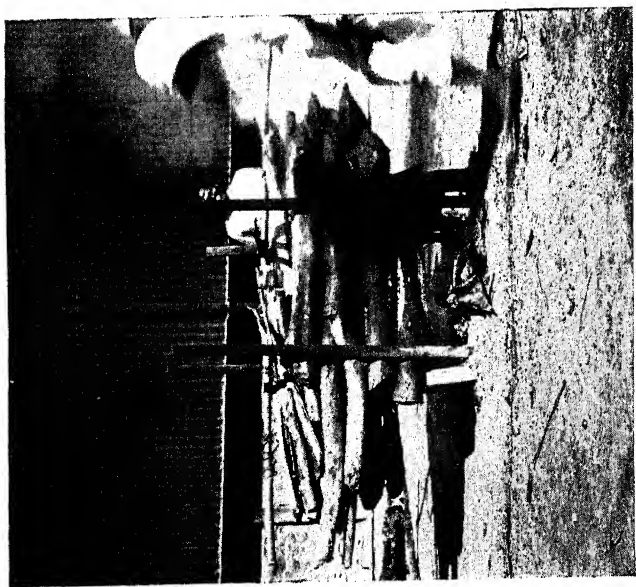
The central figure was then laid upon its pyre. The gorgeous purple silk with splashes of crimson and gold blazed in the sun. More logs were piled above it, still leaving the face exposed to heaven. Leaping orange tongues of the devourer slowly rose and mingled with curling spirals of white smoke. The final rites of some wealthy dignitary were being committed.

Within twenty feet of me the purifying flames had been at work for some time. An attendant was supplying fresh fuel. A man rose from a mourner's bench beyond and, taking a large earthen water bottle, began the final consecration ceremony. This is usually performed by the nearest male relative. In this case a brother, who with a graceful gesture lifted the pot filled with sacred Ganges water (presumably), placed it upon his shoulder, and walked slowly around the funeral pyre, pouring its contents upon the ground so as to form a sacred circle of protection for the spirit, freed from all earthly ties, to depart in peace. Three or four times he circled the flaming pile, murmuring a prayer to the gods, and then cast the fragile vessel from him so that it broke into many pieces upon the ground and became the shards of the Bible days.

While I was watching this final act for the Hindu mortal, another candidate arrived, borne by two men only. The figure was on a simple litter. The slim oblong shape



(Left) A CLASS AT THE Charka (spinning wheel). TWO PROGRESSIVE HINDU LADIES (standing)
(Right) MRS. AVANTIKABAI GOKHALE, PRESIDENT OF HIND MAHILA SAMAJ



THE HINDU BURNING GHATS, BOMBAY
(Left) Awaiting the purifying flame
(Right) Male relative making Holy Circle

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was swathed from head to foot in red cotton and bound with cords like a mummy. There on the gray stones it lay while the relatives built up the pyre. A woman, evidently, and poor. There were no attendants, no trappings, no silk nor gold. Perhaps it had been difficult to find the necessary nine rupees to pay the Shmasham for the wood—a heavy tax upon the very poor, who think in terms of pice (a tenth part of a cent). The two men went about their business in a matter-of-fact way.

“Hurry her bones over the stones;
She’s only a pauper that nobody owns.”

I hoped she knew no more about it than the granite beneath her. In any event, according to the law of Karma, she was getting just what she deserved. The happenings of one life in the string of incarnations—since the spirit has many lives in as many bodies—are the direct result of past actions, just as present thoughts and deeds are forging the future environment. A logical enough theory, better than damp clouds, fat, winged faces, gold throne, and blue robes of an anthropomorphic god!

The gruesome effect of this extraordinary scene held me. I remembered a Gujarati proverb, “There is no remedy for superstition.”

Queer tales came floating back. One, especially, of a great raja, at whose death ceremonies his successor, a sensitive, zenana-bred boy of ten, was frightened into fits by having to start the funeral pyre, to lay the first sticks and start the flame. Of another raja who had the misfortune to die out of his dominions. When this was discovered, His Highness, yet warm, before *rigor mortis* set in, was placed on his favorite elephant, all decked with gold trappings, propped in his howdah with cushions, the curtains closed and a forced march to his capital begun. In preparing the royal corpse for cremation, it was necessary to break the knees in order to straighten them. As no one

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could touch the corpse without losing caste, a *chandal* (a special outcaste attendant of the Shmasham) had to be sent for to perform this deed. Another raja dying out of his domain was hurried to his kingdom in an automobile supported by an official of high rank on either side of him, who placed High Highness in his bed before the work of Yom, King of Death, was announced. Rudyard Kipling describes, in a similar scene, what must have followed:

"We bore the King to his fathers' place,
Where the tombs of the Sun-born stand:
Where the grey apes swing, and the peacocks preen
On fretted pillar and jewelled screen,

.

The herald read his titles forth
We set the logs aglow:

.

'Lord of the Desert of Bikaner,
King of the Jungle,—go!'

All night the red flame stabbed the sky
With wavering wind-tossed spears."

But soon the gruesome feeling of the Burning Ghats gave place to one of solemnity. Here ruled the elemental severity of cold stones, flaming wood, and equally indifferent sky. Here Truth stood naked, uncompromising, teaching the great lesson that life and death are one.

Thus the Hindu philosophy makes death and love the two aspects of one deity. Siva, god of violent death, murder, and destruction, is also god of the creative force in nature. Those early seers comprehended the mystic function of the same creative force. To build up, it must also tear down. Siva's wife is Parvati, goddess of love, happiness, and beauty and she also is Kali, or Durga, the Terrible, goddess of evil, misfortune, sickness, and death. Together Siva and Kali are gods of cosmos, gods of the knowledge of good and evil. Love is a cosmic current that is sweeping through the universe. Men may use it, if they know enough, or be

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destroyed by it, if they do not. Even as sunlight and other forms of cosmic magnetism, the knower can use Love to build his body, to develop his soul, to find infinite good—or God—but never has man mastered it. He harnesses a fragment of electricity. He vanishes beneath a lightning bolt.

Death, Love's sister, is never far away. She hovers near in the ripening fruit, the blooming flower, and the bearded grain. She walks with youth as Parvati leads them on through fairy fields of joy and pain. In kindness she catches the weary, wafts them to Never Never Land. Perchance she gives them rest.

Passing again by the graves of the Muslim and Christian cemetery, I wondered, after all, if the purifying flame were not a more beautiful way to hasten nature's plan of "dust to dust." Better than that hidden, slow corruption, masked by flowers.

It was a delightful contrast to be whisked from this stern reminder of the "necessary end" to the Hindu quarter where the merry god of barter holds sway. Beyond the market with its ever-fascinating display of tropical fruits and vegetables and a variety of food grains all heaped in yellow mounds on bamboo trays, I glimpsed the monkey, the mongoose, and parrot cages overflowing into the courtyard of a neighboring shrine.

Abandoning the motor, we walked through the crowded street of the Gold Bazaar to the shop of the principal gold merchant. In a place slightly raised from the ground, barred off by railings on two sides and not more than five feet wide and twice as long, I was invited to be seated upon a cushion. My friend, a European banker, introduced the gold bullion king—a suave, orthodox Hindu.

Fifteen million dollars of gold passes through his tiny shop yearly. Half the gold bullion of the world slides through this dirty street with its postage-stamp shops. I was shown great bars of the precious metal. A hundred

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thousand dollars of it was set down with a thump at my feet. This particular consignment was due in the Punjab, where it would be wrought into bangles and anklets and necklaces and earrings for wedding dowries.

Turkish coffee was served in tiny brass cups. Now a mysterious bustle behind, a rustle of paper wrappings being removed, and then a shower of delight, as three large garlands of jasmine, of roses, and of pomegranate were dropped upon my shoulders as honor to the visitor. Laden with these fragrant tokens, we rose to go. I know the portly European looked happy and foolish under his roses, and I know I felt so, but I am not even going to pretend that I did not like to be garlanded—even though the damp flowers stained my frock and the slaughter of all those lovely petals, torn apart and restrung in stiff, artificial rotation, might make one unhappy to think about. There is something so friendly and intimate and beautiful in the offering that I am thankful the commercial paper symbol of the Hawaiian *lai* has not reached India. We left our kind host, who invited me to a Hindu theater that night about eleven o'clock—a little late perhaps, but this opera, the *Bagh Iran* (Persian Garden), once started, kept on for many hours. He also explained that he could not ask me to meet his wife, as she would be frightened at having to entertain a stranger. The *pardanashin* (orthodox Hindu woman behind the curtain) is not accustomed to afternoon calls and could not eat with a person of a different caste without losing caste, an event to be more feared than smallpox.

My banker friend next led the way to another street, that of the Silver Bazaar, where a very smiling gentleman added more ropes of flowers to our shoulders, more coffee for our lips, and explained that thirty million dollars of silver bullion exchanged hands on his and other little platforms each year. It was all I cared to do to lift a thousand-dollar bar of it.

Followed by an idle crowd of interested spectators into yet another street, we went to that of the Pearl Bazaar.

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Here red-velvet cushions, more coffee. I felt as though I were in the cave of the Forty Thieves. So many were displayed—pearls in bunches, pearls in strings, in ropes, pearls so tiny that only the Oriental can thread them, pearls so large that only the princes and the priests can afford them. I heard about the lustrous "Moonbeam pearl," the largest and most perfect of its kind, that was presented by the Maharana of Udaipur to a Bayadere of the Golden Temple at Lahore. It is said to be valued at five million dollars.

More roses, more jasmine—and five huge bouquets! I began to feel like an animated corpse! But my heart sang. It was all so wonderful, so exactly what I had come to see. One of my earrings, a bit of carved jade from China, suspended by a slender strand of pearls, caught in a garland and broke. Without a word, the pearl merchant picked up the pieces and put them in an envelope. I did not like to ask for them, so the matter dropped. Weeks later, in Delhi, they found their way to me all beautifully repaired. The smiles and the flowers have faded, but the earring and its message endure.

We hurried away; punctual callers were waiting at the hotel, and chits (notes which it is the custom in the East to send by servants) were waiting. I found Hakim standing guard over three bearers camped in the corridors until their chit books could be signed and the answers placed within them. A fresh toilette had to be made—all in less than an hour, for four o'clock must find me driving through the handsome gates of Petit Hall up to a very elaborate house standing in large grounds. Under the trees, Lady Petit, of a distinguished Parsi family, presided over an elaborate tea service while we discussed the progress of Indian women, municipal affairs, Gandhi's illness, and the Bombay races. A boy about fifteen, Jamsyd, is the apple of her eye. Together they posed for a snapshot beside a sun dial surrounded by lilies. A Parsi mother and her son! Save for

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a silk drapery over one shoulder, there was nothing in this charming picture to suggest India's "benighted womanhood." How silly the ideas of the ignorant are! I was rapidly shifting values. That torrid noon hour when most of the Eastern world remains at home, I had been taken to a university settlement where Hindu maidens, escaping from early marriage, are enjoying the advantages of advanced education. In Unity Hall, a sort of hostel, were girls of various castes living together and enjoying it while studying medicine and surgery which will fit them to go into the zenanas and, even while curing her body, teach the *purdanashin* that

"There is no water like rain water,
There is no strength like your own."

From there I went on to have luncheon with one of the remarkable women of Bombay, a Mahratta Hindu, one of four members of the Council of Bombay—a great stride in municipal government to have woman members!—and an ardent worker for the principles laid down by "Mahatma" Gandhi. I saw her spinning-wheel classes and home-improvement classes in music, sewing, and reading, for the married girl. She is president of the Hind Mahila Samaj.

A short extract of a play she wrote is quoted, as it shows the method of propaganda and the point of view of the progressive woman Swarajist. The English is that of the author, Mrs. Avantikabai Gokhalay.

The first scene opened with the Darbar of *Rani Laxmibai of Ghansi* (Rajput woman warrior in 1857), in which the British ambassador asked the Rani to appear with her leading followers unarmed before the General, defied the ambassador as the demand was most insulting to her for her being loyal all along to the British Government.

The second scene opens with the rebirth of Rani Laxmibai in this Landas. Her mission of freeing the country from foreign yoke was left unfulfilled. In her wanderings she finds the country steeped in poverty. The emasculation of the people, people given up to drinking and all sorts of vices. In this dejected condition of her mind she

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meets Hinddevi who informs her that in her past life she had been ruling in this land of plentiful. The Rani feels utter helplessness to ameliorate the condition of the people when Hinddevi tells her not to despair as a Mahatma is born who started the movement of passive resistance and has given to the country a *charka* (spinning-wheel) the symbol of peace and prosperity.

The third scene in which Rani Laxmibai is shown introducing *charka* from house to house by advising people to take to it to improve their economical condition in preference to foreign and mill made cloth which has deteriorated the condition of a vast number of their factory workers.

The luncheon was served Mahratta fashion to nine women, all leaders in civic and municipal and educational circles. We were seated on the shining polished floor. Before each of us was a large brass tray, upon which was the whole meal, soups, sauces, rice, curry, sweet concoctions, pastries, fruits, some in silver containers, others on leaves, all very dainty and delicious.

The conversation was brisk, along the lines of political and social reform. It sounded very familiar. The locality was changed, the cramp of a kneeling position, and novelty of strange foods was different, but not the alert grasp of current events and the zeal to set things right. Here was my hostess, a second Carrie Chapman Catt, and over in the corner was an Emmeline Pankhurst. I learned many things from their dispassionately made observations, about the impossibly low wage of the laborer, the pressure for food in the *mofusil* (country districts). One woman used to walk ten miles every day to earn six pice (about three cents); an entire family had only four rupees (\$1.35) for food for the whole month, and but one garment each. The farmer works hard for seven months and is comparatively idle the other five. Has no conception of taking up auxiliary employment. The Gandhi followers are trying to teach them. So also is the Government.

A question from me concerning domestic relations brought out many sidelights, contributed by every woman present.

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The marriage customs of the East being as they are—arranged for by the parents, consummated at a very early age, the *purdah* and illiteracy of the wife, mean that each lives a life apart from the other. The man holds his home sacred and expects to be master of it and ministered to by a devoted wife, mother, widowed sister, and the usual horde of female dependents. The active part of his life is passed among men, business associates, friends. To the friends he looks for his stimulation and amusements. Friendship plays a big part in the life of both husband and wife, especially the former.

The woman's circle of existence is very limited. The rigid grip of custom holds her as in a vise. The walls of her home and, if she be rich, her gardens, are her horizon. Her mind is not fed by books, nor do enlarging thoughts from others send her intellect soaring. On the wings of the spirit, however, she can, and very often does, rise to the heights. The constant religious ceremonies required of her daily—several times a day, in fact—keep her heart turned toward the Unseen Celestial Beings. She sees no men but those of her immediate family, to whom she must give unquestioning obedience and untiring service, and the priest, who only too often instills superstition and dogmatism instead of inspiration and reverence.

Frequently deep friendships were formed between members of the same *zenana*, or perchance one wall-locked heart finds another gentle hungry one in a neighboring garden and the tulsi plant of sweet companionship grows into fragrant flower. Also, alas! the snake bite of jealousy and malice spread poison in the *zenana*.

So greatly are the sweets of friendship prized that reference is found to it in all the marriage services. At the conclusion of the more solemn part of the Parsi ceremony the senior *dastur* (priest) pronounces these blessings, "May the Omniscient Lord bless you with many sons and grandsons,

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with good livelihood, heart-ravishing friendship, long life, and an existence of one hundred and fifty years!"

I could not help thinking that if any Anglo-Saxon in his or her "free" country indulged in "heart-ravishing friendship" with a beloved other than the lawful spouse, the result probably would mean the divorce court, or at least shattered illusions.

Here an interesting anecdote was contributed by a European, one who is identified with life in Bombay.

"Until we stop judging the East by Western standards," she said, "there can be no hope of an understanding. Not long ago at the Bombay races an important lady—that is, her husband had an important post in the civil service—was told that when Mr. Gandhi recently declined an honor, he appeared before the assemblage attired only in a breech clout. 'Scarcely decent,' was this worthy dame's comment. No hint reached her of the greatness of soul which has made this religious leader renounce his personal comfort for the austere life of the ascetic, who, like the prophet Moses, is seeking to 'atone for the sins of the people.'

"Because a great man bared his chest and limbs, which is not 'done' (except of course on the bathing beaches and the stage), this British ostrich swept him into the bin of the vulgar and the degenerate. While her eyes looked out complacently upon a scene of grand stands, green lawns, sleek horses, and a thousand smartly gowned women and equally well-dressed men in whom the sartorial art is so highly developed that at five o'clock, regardless of the weather, scores of servants may be seen running to their sahebs (who are more often sahibs),¹ carrying big white bags drawn together by a string at the top. From these emerge bowler hats, or straw ones, as the season and fashion

¹ Reference is here made to the ancient science of numbers, which reveals the hidden meaning of "saheb" as that of "master," while "sahib" expresses "power without mastery." It is a curious fact that in the old days of the East India Company up to a generation ago, saheb was spelled with an "e," while the "i" has become popular with the changing status of the British rule and the coming to India of men of lesser vision than the early founders of the British supremacy.

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dictates, and into them go the solar topis which have been worn during the day."

"The English are so conventional," remarked a Hindu lady, impartially, as the speaker paused for breath. "They worship their god of fashion. One day I saw several gentlemen whose business had detained them in courts, offices, or banks, arrive at quarter to five. They were trailed by their bearers and the hat bags for the necessary few minutes until the mystic hour struck and the headgear could be decorously exchanged in unison with the rest of their kind. No Hindu wife will go without her *mangal-sutra*" (she indicated her wedding amulet, a gold necklace) "while her husband is alive, and the Mahatma wears a *dhoti*. What is the difference? Why is one correct and the other extraordinary?"

In the friendly, understanding laughter that rippled around the room the party broke up. Truly there is no better way to deal with the apparently irreconcilable aspects of the British-India social fabric than the "heart-thrilling friendship" of such women.

One handsome woman obligingly showed me how she draped her *sari*, nine yards of wonderful crimson silk, bordered with gold, into the "fan shape" which provided grace and freedom of action. Another took me to the *Seva Sadan*,¹ an organization founded nearly twenty years ago by Ramabai Ranade, one of India's greatest living women. She is an Indian combination of an Abraham Lincoln, Florence Nightingale, and Jeanne d'Arc, and her works will live after her.

The *Seva Sadan* is one of those pebbles dropped in the

¹ The object of the *Seva Sadan* is "to bring together ladies of different communities who wish to be helpful to their less fortunate sisters and to train these latter up so that they in their turn might become helpful to others.

"The main work of *Seva Sadan* is the rendering of social, medical and educational help to poor Indian women and children irrespective of caste or creed consideration.

"Among the new activities of the year may be mentioned the experiment of sending out our nurses among poor and middle-class families on comparatively very moderate charges. The demand for them is very great. We did not anticipate such a great demand and we hope to be able to cope with it early next year, when we expect a fresh batch of our nurses to pass out."

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quiet waters of the *purdanashin's* life, of which the circles will continue to spread and widen until the child-widow and the child-mother and the utterly dependent woman will no longer retard the progress of several hundred millions.

At the Parsi Imperial Theater that night the first thing I noticed was the scarcity of women in the audience and the absence of them on the stage. It was a rare sight to see the chorus of this opera. Scraggy men wore pink-cotton tights upon their stick-like legs, not a good calf among the whole sixty-two! Gay satin, bespangled, frivolous frocks, made high at the neck, hung dejectedly upon figures whose pulchritudinous charms were entirely lacking. The music, to a Western ear, was strident and monotonous, the illusion of stagecraft imperfectly sustained.

A very different matter was the Nautch girl to whom I was next taken. On the way we walked through several streets alive with humanity. The hour was now past midnight, but we were in that section of the city which sleeps by day and works by night and where the degradation of women is at its lowest. Bombay's method of dealing with the social evil is to segregate it, and nowhere in all the world can one get a more appalling picture of vice unashamed than by traversing Grant Road and the adjacent streets. The female population of this City of Sin is about 40,000, including all nationalities except English. These are forbidden by a police regulation. The male patrons represent every nationality under the sun, and every color—Japanese, Chinese, African, European and, lest we be proud—English, Australian, Canadian, and *American*. Even in the famous Yoshiwara of Japan women are no longer exposed to view, but on the balconies of Love Lane sit the painted and pathetic exhibits of lost womanhood. Deprived of her protector, impotent through lack of education and training in the economic struggle, the flotsam and jetsam east of Suez sell the only thing which they have to sell.

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Arriving at a more respectable quarter, the teeming population has betaken itself to a recumbent position more suitable to one o'clock in the morning. In doorways, on the sidewalks, in the very street amid dust and refuse, lay the huddled figures. Careful not to step on sleeping forms, we entered a tenement house and climbed four flights of stairs to where sounds of music and merriment indicated that even some of this world was still amusing itself. There were four figures wrapped in white draperies lying on the landings, as we mounted, and through an open door I glimpsed a room with seven beds in it and a dozen persons preparing for their night's rest. These people were the small shopkeepers and petty clerks, and when I saw the housing congestion in this class, the difficulties of the laborers still further down the scale of living became apparent.

Only that morning I had gone with the director of the Government Development Scheme to visit workingmen's *chawls*, or community tenements, which are being built to relieve the frightful congestion and unsanitary living conditions of the mill workers in Bombay. A splendid scheme costing the municipality both labor and expense which the Land Directorate hopes may point the way, and educate the workers, to better conditions. An infant-welfare center is established in each group of about forty tenements. This work, founded by Lady Lloyd, wife of a former Governor of the Presidency, is maintained by a woman's committee of both Indian and English who supply the woman doctor, trained nurses, clinics and supplies, and the auxiliary teachers for the mothers' class and house training. The result has been to bring down the infant mortality from 800 deaths among each 1,000 babies, which is the startling figure for single-room Bombay tenements, to 300 to 1,000 for the *chawls*.

The vast land reclamation of Back Bay, and other schemes, also designed to relieve the housing congestion, are under this Government Directorate. Another remarkable engi-

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neering scheme to relieve famine is the barrage at Sukkur Dam and at Bandadara, close to Nasik, to provide further irrigation that will keep the farmer employed all the year and prevent crowding into the cities and increasing the vast, irresponsible, floating population. Where irrigation has been established, as in the Sind area, famine has been unknown for fifty years.

Dropping into the background of practical things, the admirable and necessary community "uplift" occupying the Government, I had now arrived, somewhat breathless, at the top story where the sound of revelry burst upon the dark, stuffy landing, through a door opened, and as quickly closed, when a foreign woman was perceived. Our Hindu friend speedily gained admittance, and I followed the European into a large room. Cushions and mats were piled up around the walls. The rest of the floor was covered by a padded carpet of white linen upon which musicians were seated. Two of them beat upon wooden drums, another thrummed upon copper, producing that hollow, vibrant cadence found in the Eastern music. A good-looking girl was singing and posturing with her arms, gold bracelets slipping up and down gracefully. Tight linen trousers under the gold-and-pink-gauze *sari* proclaimed her a Mohammedan. Her nose stud was a big, flashing diamond. When asked to dance she coquettishly agreed, then consulted with her musicians as to which dance it should be. She summoned a slave, who brought her anklets of foot bells, which she exchanged for her elaborate ones of gold. Meanwhile our host demonstrated on a *sorangi*, or tabla-drum that was near us, that Indian music has sixteen beats and is harmonized to six to nine beats, quite different from our scale. After I got this rhythm, the music began to unfold possibilities. Especially as the lithe figure and perfectly controlled muscles of the Nautch dancer moved to a slow evolvment of a story, or series of emotions. She had the

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power by subtle twists of ankles to make one, four, six, or the whole sixteen bells ring at her will.

"O wild and entrancing the strain of keen music that cleaveth the stars like a wail of desire,

.

The scents of red roses and sandalwood flutter and die in the maze of their gem-tangled hair,

And smiles are entwining like magical serpents the poppies of lips that are opiate-sweet;

.

And exquisite, subtle, and slow are the tinkle and tread of their rhythmical, slumber-soft feet.

Now silent, now singing and swaying and swinging, like blossoms that bend to the breezes or showers

.

Their jewel-girt arms and warm, wavering, lily-long fingers enchant through melodious hours,

Eyes ravished with rapture, celestially panting, what passionate bosoms aflaming with fire!"¹

Here in full swing was the passionate yet elusive East. Repelled, yet charmed, at last I slipped away. I found Hakim camped outside my door, as I had forgotten to take my luggage key and he dared not take it, nor leave it. Somewhere a clock struck twice. Moonlight was flooding my balcony and caressing the placid waters of Bombay Harbor. Below in the garden, faint perfume floated up a gentle good night—but most of the flowers were sleeping.

¹ "Indian Dancers," by Sarojini Naidu.

CHAPTER II

DELHI, CINDERELLA AT VICEREGAL LODGE

Delhi, the Marvelous in Stone and Story: A Regrettable Adventure with a Sacred Cow: The British Raj: High Officials and the Splendor that is Theirs: Cinderella Encounters Her Coach and Four: Baby Week: Opening of the Legislative Assembly

"From thieves, from officials, from enemies, from the King's favorite, and from his own avarice, a King should protect his subjects, like a father."

—*Sanskrit Proverb*

LIFE at Viceregal Lodge in Delhi was a brilliant panorama of Official India. The Viceroy had been kind enough to arrange a visit that would coincide with the opening of the Legislative Assembly and never shall I forget the splendor of that day and its contrasts.

His Excellency's far-reaching courtesy provided an escort who met me at Agra, a hundred miles away from Delhi, the day before my visit began. The advent of this A.D.C. was most opportune, as my luggage keys had been lost in Bhopal jungle and Cinderella's finery, even then awaiting her at Viceregal Lodge, could not be extracted until locks were picked and a duplicate set of keys made. A magic message went over the wires, which set the Government locksmiths busy, and this was not all. My stay at Agra finished with an accident that might have had serious consequences had I not been known to the Government. I was returning from Fateh-pur Sikri, that marvelous dream city of Akbar, with my head full of its carved palaces, its mosque, its inlaid marble courts, and nobly planned perspectives, when about ten miles from Agra and less than two hours before my train was due, my automobile ran over a *cow*!

The simple and common fact cannot convey to the uninformed what it means to a Hindu, or to anyone living within the radius of Hindu thought. The cow is sacred. The offense was as great as though I had run down a

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human—indeed greater, for sacrilege was added to injury. Quite aside from this, the sensation was unpleasant enough as the beast, who received the full charge of our radiator, went down under it. I jumped out of the back seat and surveyed the horror. It was entirely the cow's fault. She was walking placidly beside the road and suddenly, just before we passed, decided to cross over. As no one ever molests them, these "Sacred Mothers" have no sense of fear. The driver jammed on the brakes, which helped some and—should the truth be known—the car was a Ford! thus was light enough to climb on top of the creature as she went down. Fortunately, she was still alive and would not have been much damaged, if there had been any one to direct proceedings, but the half dozen men now collected, began to haul the car first one way, then another, on the body of that unfortunate animal.

Calling to Hakim, I told him to get some stones and jack up the car and in a few minutes out came Mrs. Cow, looking dazed, but intact, save for the deep gouges that had been made in her hide by the unnecessary gyrations of the car. She walked off stiffly and stood in a field looking stunned. Two cattle birds settled on the raw places on her back. Through Hakim, interpreting, I tried to get the wounds dressed. But this was too much coddling. Nobody bothered further. My own plight claimed attention. The Ford was much worse off than the cow. It would have to be towed in. I was stranded. I could not walk through that noon-day heat. If I missed that train I could not arrive at Delhi as per arrangements, and a guest does not upset the Viceregal Lodge schedule, if it can be avoided.

The hour of arrival of Cinderella was already down in black and white in the long, printed program of the day. It informed her, as well as anyone else interested, where and when she was to dine and what function she was to attend that evening—and Delhi was five hours away by

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train! What a predicament! That tiresome cow had now begun to graze, and here was I marooned on a dusty road in a broiling landscape.

Then, joy! a big gray limousine appeared tearing along towards Agra. Hastily I ordered Hakim to flag it, hoping that it would not belong to some Prince, or Nawab, and I would be committing another breach of the amenities. Two friendly tourists took me aboard with Hakim and the luggage; the A.D.C. was duly met, and the train caught. But the cow incident was considered worthy of a special report to the Viceroy and how "an Englishwoman had deliberately run over a Sacred animal" was made to bear deep import.

At luncheon one day H. E. inquired, "What is this I hear about you at Agra? What do you mean by embarrassing the Government and getting into the Police Records?" A twinkle in his keen eyes reassured me. He added more soberly, "It's fortunate the cow lived." It is just such accidents as these, which are misunderstood. They breed bad blood and when the people are inflamed by agitators, they might easily seize upon as harmless a thing as that to stir up trouble.

Perhaps there is not a more exalted nor more trying "job" in all the gamut of the ruling business than that of representing the King-Emperor in British India. Every Viceroy, and before that term was used, every Governor-General, must have tossed on a heated pillow considering the problems of that difficult task. The present *padishah* (chief), H. E. the Right Hon. The Earl of Reading, P.C., G.C.B., G.M.S.I., G.M.I.E., G.C.V.O. is one of the most brilliant brains in England. As Sir Rufus Isaacs, he rose to be Lord Chief Justice of England. He served for a time as Ambassador Extraordinary in Washington and his career is one of brilliant and continued success.

The Viceroy likes a good story and can tell one. He chuckled over some of my Rocky Mountain yarns and

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summoned Sir Hugh Keeling to repeat an account of a Tiger Hunt about which H. E. remarked with a perfectly sober face, he was sure I would agree it was "most unusual." Here is Sir Hugh's story in capsule form:

"There is a man in a tree waiting for a tiger. Suddenly bearers and beaters disappear leaving all the guns on the ground. The tiger comes under tree. Man keeps still. Soon tiger yawns. Man drops box of sleeping pills into mouth. In twenty minutes the tiger is safely sleeping. Man comes down, gets gun and kills him!"

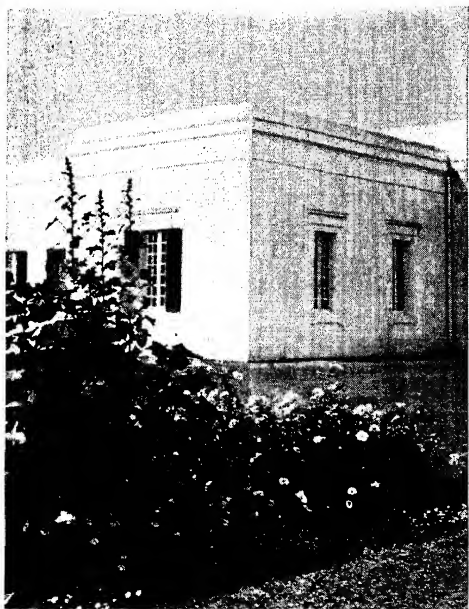
To record what H. E. said to me on the several opportunities he provided might lead me into "politics" which I have foresworn, but what Cinderella said on these enjoyable occasions was listened to with that keen, but kindly, tolerance which distinguishes this man of heart and brain. I repeat occasions "which he provided" because, being outranked by countesses, earls' daughters, etc., also present, I could not be placed beside him at luncheon or dinner or in the drawing room except by H. E.'s special request. No one, not even a house guest, addresses the Viceroy of India offhand. One drops to the knee in a deep curtsy when Their Excellencies enter the drawing room, where their guests are assembled. And woe to the unlucky guest who is late. It is like catching a train—one just must be on time. No one is expected to enter the room *after* Their Excellencies.

From the "doped tiger" story, our remarks turned to the tiger of unrest and rebellion that is stalking India, of my first meeting with Mr. Gandhi, then ill in Poona, and of my contact with the "extremists." The Viceroy pointed out how the "Reforms" were threatened by the "Obstructionist" policy; also told many a delightful story illustrating the "human nature" of the Indian Official and of the friendly, diplomatic Maharajas. Cinderella then aired some of her views along the following lines.

No matter what complaints or criticism Indians may heap



H. E. THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF READING, P.C., G.C.B., G.M.S.I.,
G.M.I.E., G.C.V.O., THE VICEROY OF INDIA



(Lower) THE PRINCE OF WALES' PAVILION AT VICEREGAL LODGE, WHERE CINDERELLA WAS HOUSED
(Upper) THE FLOWER COURT OFF HER BEDROOM

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upon the Government, the British Officials might reply with a Gujarati proverb, "The dog below the cart, thinks it is carrying the whole burden."

Certainly, on the British Raj lies the burden of responsibility, self-assumed, so doubly theirs, therefore theirs also must be the vision, the judgment, and the administration. An observer cannot fail to be struck by the magnificent accomplishments of an enlightened rule and to sympathize with the difficulties, inscrutable, baffling, with which a Western foreign power has to contend in the Karmic East. The Doer seeking to force his methods and his ethical standard upon the Contemplator, who does not desire action and who does not understand a criterion which expects results here and now, that wants to "take the cash and let the credit go," a religion, or let us say, a moral code, that does not admit being the result of past incarnation and the possibility of postponing evil results to future incarnations, nor the equally Eastern belief that man is born *what he is* and cannot change the course of his destiny, and that consequently resignation is a cardinal virtue and expediency a refuge.

Just ten years before the American Revolution the Treaty of Allahabad started the British Empire in India. Through the Iron Hand customary with Governments, it lost a mint of gold and gained a crown of jewels. So long as the British setting of these jewels remained in the hands of master workmen, the Sahebs of the first half of the nineteenth century, the diadem added increasing radiance to John Bull's regalia. Then the curious began to happen just as it had in the recent history of Egypt. What appears on the surface, in records and in treaties, is not what is really happening in either country. When the Khedive was ruling Egypt it was really Lord Cromer who was the dictator. When Her Majesty's Indian jewels were gleaming most brightly, they were suddenly drenched with the blood of the Sepoy rebellion.

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Before getting off this dangerous topic Cinderella ventured one or two more remarks.

In her treatment of India, Great Britain is paying the price of her own greatness and her own folly. To the first, one bows in admiration and respect; to the second, one sympathizes, for she cannot help her mistakes. They are the shadows of her greatness. She is an enlightened, dominant nation. Wherever she goes, she proceeds to make herself comfortable, establishing a little England. She wanted English food, English sanitation, English transportation, English education, English everything *ad infinitum*. She is perfectly sure what she has is the best and, therefore, generously insists on giving it to her Eastern subjects. What wonder that the infant, called progress, which she produced and nourished, should eventually grow up and, responding to the virus of self-determination, become unpleasantly difficult to handle? John Bull was too generous and fair-minded to refuse the Tiger Cat the raw meat of education, so now must come the struggle between them. The only way the tiger of rebellion could be effectively laid low would be by shot and shell. But the British parent nowadays, even a foster parent, does not murder its insubordinate child. It reasons, persuades, coerces perhaps a little, and has infinite patience. If the child is headstrong he will break the cords and suffer. If, on the other hand, it is wise, a basis of kindly co-operation is established and the youth is protected from his enemies and benefited by fair-minded advice in the administration of his property.

Surely no matter how marvelous ancient India was, modern India is still growing up and must have patience with the "grown-ups" who insist upon showing the way.

Cinderella understood the difficulties in the path of reduced illiteracy—the expense, the reluctance of local councils in Indian cities and villages to tax the people for necessary funds in order that compulsory education might be

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developed—but still thought the British parent was not doing enough when less than nine out of three hundred and forty-seven million are being educated. She had seen in the census report of 1921, that only one hundred and twenty-two men and eighteen women in every thousand can read and write, and scarcely 3 per cent are enrolled in the primary schools.¹ Some of the curious phases of what Sir Michael Sadler² called “India’s top-heavy modern education, a big brain and a weak body,” and methods for offsetting the low literacy figure were discussed.

No less than 5 per cent of the total population is under instruction in secondary schools which means that this is a proportion far greater than for England and Wales. The university education shows even more striking figures—in both cases these apply almost entirely to males, as the female population is only now beginning to be educated—for they are no less than 0.027 per cent, which again compares strikingly with England and Wales. In other words, the upper-class Indian man is very highly educated and the masses hardly at all while the vast majority of the mothers of the race still live in subjection, seclusion, and ignorance.

Cinderella commented upon the police protection which costs the Indian taxpayers less than one shilling per head per annum. This maintains 200,000 officers and men, also 19,000 Military Police and seems little enough when one remembers that an Indian policeman has not the co-operation and respect of the masses that a London Bobby has, whose upraised finger carries with it the might of King George’s entire armed and be-wigged forces for order and law. When Cinderella got mixed up with an ugly-tempered crowd at Ajmere, she noticed that it required three Indian

¹ For a complete, brilliant resumé of what the Government has done, see the Report of Prof. Rushbrook Williams, Director of Public Information on “Moral and Material Progress and Condition of India” during 1923-1924.

² Sir Michael Sadler, Master of University College, Oxford, headed the Calcutta University Commission 1917-1919, an educational survey of Bengal, a masterly, unprejudiced work in twelve volumes.

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police to do the work of one, and that their attitude was most conciliatory to the people.

Another phase of British efficiency which Cinderella especially admired is the Government restoration of the ancient architecture that was fast falling to decay through neglect. Started by Lord Curzon, it is the British who are preserving for India her examples of past glories.

But there is one shadow of British rule which is an irritant to Indian pride, which, it would seem to Cinderella, might be eliminated. It is the attitude of superiority shown to Indians by the lesser officials in the Services.

As an instance of this intolerant, impolitic viewpoint which was encountered in many forms (showing how wholly out of sympathy with the people of the country are those who have their jobs in the Indian civil service, especially the wives of such officials), Cinderella recalled a certain ballroom at a private bungalow in southern India. The host, as the representative head of a big European corporation, was giving a dance. About thirty couples were on the floor fox-trotting to one of the latest syncopations being well jazzed out by a quartette of real Alabama negroes from Seventh Avenue, New York City. Whatever may be the success of the United States in pushing its commerce into the far corners of the earth there can be no discussion about the peaceful penetration of its jazz music. It has spread from Himalayas' "icy mountains" to Ceylon's "coral strands." During the past three years Cinderella has danced to its foot-stirring pulsations in most of the big capitals all around the world.

In the midst of a maze of orchestral inquiries concerning "What'll I do?" a little Hindu child about four years old wandered on to the dancing floor and drifted here and there, blinking at the lights in a bewildered manner. Her hair was soft and tidy with a jasmine flower stuck on one side. Her light, brown body was sweet and clean, the tiny arms and feet peeping from a fresh *sari* of pink cotton. She

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looked like a windblown petal from some great hibiscus bloom that had drifted into strange surroundings. Her little feet began to keep time with the music, glass bangles faintly tinkling. Then the harsh tones of a rather good-looking woman reached me. "Goodness, look at that filthy brat! It is disgusting to have it here. Somebody throw it out, before we step on it as it jolly well deserves."

"Rummy little beggar," replied her partner indifferently. "Probably belongs to the servants' quarters."

"It's outrageous to have such a pest among us," snapped the acrid voice.

A servant came and gently led away the child. She looked up at him with big trusting brown eyes and pattered out of sight, quite unconscious of the great psychological storm she had unloosed in the bosom of Mrs. Civil Service and in the heart of my host's Hindu butler, whose brows grew dark with anger as he listened to the uncalled-for venom.

None of this attitude is to be found at Viceregal Lodge or among the high officials, or their splendid helpmates, who carry on their share of the arduous duties imposed upon them with brilliancy and tact. Unfortunately, these exalted ones, the Viceroy, Vicereine, the Heads of the Governmental departments and the Governors of the Presidencies, practically never come in contact with Indian social life in any but an artificial way with the barrier of etiquette in full force.

It is the superior airs of the petty minded in the lower grades of the Service who seem to do so much mischief, especially since the Great War, when a less desirable class are meeting the wider vision of Indians awakened to the inferiority of Europeans by their own greater contact with them during the war and by the spread of ideas through that universal educator, the motion pictures. Also the *Posts* and *Telegraphs* which have woven a network of quick communication and the remarkable growth of railroads. They have leaped from a total mileage, in 1882, of 5,369 to

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37,618, in 1923, and last year over two million more third-class passengers traveled on the railways than the five hundred million of the previous year. This convinces Cinderella that the Indian masses love the railroads, no matter what the intelligensia may say or do about them. It is interesting to note that the first-class travel appreciably lessened during the same period.

One other little observation Cinderella made before she stopped her "knocking and patting."

When the Gandhi movement was at its height, one Bombay gentleman of wealth and distinction who had supported the Government liberally during the War, was thrown out of a first-class railway carriage on the Punjab Mail by a newly arrived "temporary" British officer, because that worthy wished to occupy the carriage (which he had not reserved) without the company of "dirty black men." The incident made another recruit to "Non-co-operation" and one of the cleverest of the Obstructionists to the Government.

Of these shadows from the sun of British rule, the Viceroy is perfectly aware. The wasp of every problem of his office has been carefully observed, and its sting examined under the microscope of his powerful intellect. His decisions do not spring from ignorance, nor prejudice. His actions are the results of judicial weighing of evidence for and against, whether it is keeping up the gorgeous show of royalty at Delhi, or sanctioning a military force to quell a riot; attending a Durbar, or a Tiger Shoot; opening a hospital, a school, or a Baby Show; reviewing Indian troops or Boy Scouts; presiding over a magnificent state banquet or a "quiet dinner" of eighteen covers and nine courses, served by forty-two *khidmatgars*.—For him "what is best under the circumstances" decides the result.

"The heart of the Wise is as soft as a lotus flower in prosperity, but in adversity it is as firm as a mountain rock," runs a Sanskrit saying.

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No matter how elaborate the banquet or how "simple" the meal, H. E. consumes only three courses—a soup, a chop, perhaps, and baked potato, a custard or the like—"because," said he, voicing the keynote of his nature, and of his success, "when I came out here I had to decide between enjoying myself and disciplining myself. I like good things to eat, but it is more important that I should keep my health, so I stick to what is best under the circumstances—and let *you* eat the delicious curries."

The Viceroy had, as usual, properly phrased it. My life at Viceregal Lodge was one "delicious curry," spiced with strange condiments of etiquette and cryptic formalities that eventually would have given an American-born soul serious indigestion, but which taken in small quantities was altogether delightful.

It was a novel experience to be told by the A.D.C. of the day, in the politest terms imaginable, what I was expected to do and what not to do.

Daily life at Viceregal Lodge is a continued and complicated series of functions. The requirements and pleasures of even the modest untitled guest are looked after with the same consideration and detail as are those of an Indian Prince or an English Countess. Organization is absolutely necessary to do this successfully and even to have it cast in the rigid form of printed programs for the day. On the Viceroy's personal staff were eighteen Aides de Camp and Secretaries, and, I never knew how many, subordinates. It took dozens of tents to house them. A long street was lined with these elaborate tents of several rooms each, like big bungalows. Paved and sidewalked and flower gardened, it stretched from the Prince of Wales pavilion to the West Gate of the immense enclosure dedicated to the Viceroy's temporary residence.

The "Lodge" proper, set amid formal gardens, is a beautiful white structure with classic columns, recessed verandas, and imposing entrances rambling over an acre or more.

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Several miles away, a "New Delhi," which is to be the seat of the Government, is nearing completion. It is the last word in bringing England to India. Built at enormous expense, its great distances, uninteresting houses, and, it is whispered, uncomfortable offices, built on a European plan without sun protection, possess none of the charm of the East. It has been called "So and So's Folly," for the Government still has to perform the "great moving" to and from the Hill Station of Simla for the hot weather.

However, Viceregal Lodge has great charm. The beautiful quarters assigned to me had been built for the Prince of Wales to occupy on his memorable visit two or three years ago. All the luxurious appointments had been brought "from home." My doors opened upon an inner court of marble where a fountain dripped playfully upon the opening lotus buds; and brilliant-hued flowers and glossy palms lived happily in gay pots and fat "Forty Thieves" jars. Always there were two or three *masalchis* (house servants) in the Government House livery of scarlet and gold, with Henry-the-Eighth, blue and gold headgear, loitering about within call—like huge tropical birds—their bare feet, making no sound on the snowy floor.

Here Hakim waited, dozing and gossiping for long hours together, his duties reduced to a fraction. As I recall now with some surprise, Viceregal Lodge and one other were the only places where Hakim did not personally attend to the making of my bed with my own bedding. Over two hundred times he did this regardless of where the bed was—in princely palace, Europeanized hotel, bungalows of every description, elaborate and otherwise, in the jungle, on the trains. As a hint for health it seems worth observing. It guarded against snakes, scorpions, and germs.

Outside my windows between beds of poppies, flax, heliotrope, and lilies, a khaki-clad sentinel paced. Early in the morning I would hear the guard being changed, and, looking out through blue-brocaded window curtains from a

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carved fourposter bed of sleep-compelling softness, rich in embroidered linens and fine silks, I would be able to see a majestic *khidmatgar* bearing my breakfast tray. This food server is always a Mohammedan. On account of the difficulty of caste, the Hindu never takes this job. The Government House *khidmatgar* wears a long white linen gown, beneath one of red cloth trimmed in gold braid, with a wide girdle and a huge turban. No footgear, of course, for this is a mark of respect. The feet must be bare and the head covered. For many months I never knew whether Hakim was bald, a Circassian blond, or a kinky ebony, until one terrible night in "hot weather" when I found him asleep. I recognized first the *puggree* (turban) before I did the stranger beside it, a man of perhaps thirty-five, with straight dark hair lightly sprinkled with gray.

The first morning that Cinderella spent at Viceregal Lodge provided an amusing adventure. At nine o'clock the telephone rang (the V.L. is equipped with all modern improvements), and Captain B., the A.D.C. of the Day, inquired if he might call and arrange my program. I was not ready, but, of course, said I was and hastily prepared to receive him. In five minutes Hakim ushered in a very smart officer. The conversation ran something like this:

"The Viceroy presents his compliments and would like to know what you would like to do today?"

"Please thank H. E. for his kindness. I would like to go into Delhi this morning shopping. Will it be convenient for me to have a motor?"

"Certainly. At what time? Ten o'clock? Certainly. May I inquire what you wish to do?"

Which meant how long would Cinderella and the motor be away. So the confessions of frivolity were made. "I wanted to have my hair waved, to find a banker to augment my stock of rupees—and—oh yes, to stop at two houses and leave chits." Also to buy "some shoulder length white kid gloves." Cinderella had discovered that white gloves

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were *de rigueur* for every function, even for a "quiet house-party dinner" of perhaps twenty covers. Her stock would not stand the strain of using two or three pairs a day.

"Certainly," again said the amiable A.D.C. "The er—carriage and 'blacks' will be at the door at ten o'clock."

"Carriage!" I murmured, knowing that the word meant four big black horses with a state barouche; two men on the box and two more hanging on behind, all in gorgeous uniform.

"I am afraid all the motors are very busy this morning. Besides, the 'blacks' need exercising." There was a twinkle in his eye.

"That will be charming," said Cinderella, mentally cutting down her shopping list. We then went over her invitations from others in Delhi—to luncheon, to dinner, to tea—and arranged those which could be accepted so as not to conflict with the functions at V.L. and would not cause her to be absent too often.

Turning to go with a polite salute the A.D.C. said, "The carriage, then, in half an hour. Er—of course—you will wish to return in time to accompany Her Ex. when she reviews the Girl Guides. H. E. expressed the thought that you would like to accompany her. Lady Hailey has now several troops. She is carrying on the work as a memorial to her daughter who started it here and who died during the war. Of course you will wish to go."

"Oh! why, of course! I shall be delighted. At what time please?"

"At eleven o'clock will do——"

He again turned to go.

"Oh, Captain B——"

"Yes?"

"I think I'll not go down town this morning." It was obviously impossible to do so in an hour. "I will only deliver those chits."

"Very well. You will perhaps await H. E. in the drawing

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room not later than eleven-ten. The motors start at eleven-fifteen."

So it came about that Cinderella got into her pumpkin coach, half fearing that the four magnificent animals, prancing and dancing, would really turn into mice before she could get back.

The *sais* (grooms) left the leaders' heads and swung into their places behind. Off we started. As there was a chill in the air, Cinderella had covered her white silk frock with an ermine wrap. A big white hat and parasol protected her from the sun and completed this costume, and as Cinderella felt very foolish all alone in that enormous equipage she sat up very straight. To her surprise she noticed an old *mali* (gardener) prostrating himself as she passed.

"How extraordinary!" thought Cinderella.

Out on the highway a whole group of coolies went flat on the ground, while others performed a deep salaam.

"Oh—they think I am the Vicereine!" realized Cinderella with a thrill—and so she gave a "queenly bow" and had a wonderful time for a brief moment basking in the splendor that is H. E.'s and hoping that the clock would not by some horrid chance strike twelve before she could escape. The next experience was not so soothing to Cinderella's self-esteem.

Orders had been given to drive first to the home of the late Lord Rawlinson, then Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in India. It was much too early for calling and I desired only to leave a chit with the lodge porter and drive grandly on. But not at all! Up the long drive straight to the front door swung my chariot and I had no words to stay it. With a great to-do, sixteen hoofs scattered the gravel, prancing and pawing; off jumped the *sais* and dashed to the leaders' heads—a most noisy entrance. Two servants came hastening out to greet us. I delivered the chit. Everybody salaamed low.

"Drive on," said Cinderella grandly.

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Nothing happened, the chariot moved not. Oh dear! Of course none of them spoke English. All the red and gold automatons remained as though rooted to the spot.

"*Chelao* (go)," I said. No result.

"*Jeldi* (hasten)!" I gesticulated onward. All to no avail. Their minds had shut up. I might say "go" but I had not given orders where I wanted to go next and budge they would not.

Here was poor Cinderella stuck with all her grandeur in an alien courtyard, where it was highly embarrassing for her to be, and without the magic word to move it on!

Finally the dignified mistress of the house emerged, received Cinderella's apologies for camping on her doorstep at that unaccustomed hour and in the *very same words* I had tried, broke the deadlock. The whip cracked, sixteen legs dashed forward, the *sais* jumped to their places and Cinderella's coach bowled back to the Prince of Wales Pavilion and still under its magic spell, disappeared before the clock struck the fatal hour.

Something fascinating was always going on at Viceregal Lodge. Government officials, Indian Princes, important Europeans, and equally important Indians appeared and disappeared in a continual procession of luncheons, receptions, dinners, and dances, while outside activities were sandwiched in with precision and tact.

There is no handsomer person than the smartly groomed Britisher. These scenes were always brilliant with military uniforms. I counted not less than eleven different kinds at one dance, and the equally effective court costume worn on special occasions.

Of the many humanitarian and social welfare interests which H. E., the Countess of Reading, C.I., D.B.E., fostered both officially and privately, the widespread Baby Week Movement was her pet. Fortunately for Cinderella she was able to see the closing exercises of the Delhi Baby Show. A brilliant scene it was. In the great *shamiana* (entertainment

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tent) H. E. was conducted to a solid gold chair and footstool upon a rug worked with the same precious metal. It made a regal setting for the dignified Vicereine.

"In the name of the babies let us fight dirt, poverty, and disease," she said as she arose to open the meeting.

With much flourish of trumpets and "pretty speeches" the gold and silver trophies, awarded to the prize-winning babies, were handed the proud parents or nurses. Women of the highest class of Indians had entered their babies in order to encourage the movement, which has for its object the training of mothers and development of better babies, that the frightful infant mortality rate, three times as bad as in London, may be decreased, and the survivors have a more hygienic time of it. Success had attended them. So large had been the number of entries that the limit of five hundred babies had to be changed to six hundred, and all was well.

The day before had been "Purdah Day." It had overflowed with an unprecedented crowd of women who rarely leave their homes and to whom the Red Cross booth with its dozens of pamphlets in various vernaculars on "Hints for Mothers," "Dangerous Days for Baby," "Care and Diet of Baby," "Cholera," "Fever," "Plagues," must have opened many closed doors for the *purdahnashin*. Little was left to the imagination. Literal and detailed exhibits of the danger from flies, for example, were shown by pictures and by dolls. The Blind Relief Association ran a continuous motion picture on the causes and cure of blindness in babies, thereby introducing the "cinema" to at least 50 per cent of the thousands of *purdahnashins* who attended.

While H. E. was conducting the triumphant finish of this effective propaganda, I slipped away from the Viceregal group to a smaller tent where three or four hundred women were tightly packed watching a performance which to me was the star piece of suggestive reform in all that great enclosure. It was a play written and acted by

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some of the medical students of the Lady Hardinge Woman's College and Hospital and depicted the evils of the Hindu marriage customs, according to the following scenario:

Act I: Koran, a Hindu mother, discusses with an old neighbor about the changed custom nowadays of getting their daughters married so late. She is very anxious to get her daughter Melo settled because she is already sixteen.

Hushyar Chand, the husband, enters and Koran worries him to hurry up and get a suitable boy for their daughter. Hushyar Chand tells her he has arranged a splendid match for their girl and the suitor has the following qualifications: He is wealthy, of good family, although he has three sons and one daughter.

Hushyar Chand leaves the house and a barber's wife enters with sweets, and relates to Koran some more facts about Melo's suitor: that he is taking a pension, one son is studying for the entrance, and two are working. Koran in a fury refuses to give her daughter to such a man, but when Hushyar Chand shows her the money he has received she agrees to the match.

Melo overhears her parents' discussion and is told by her friend Basanto of what is in store for her, and Melo, to escape such a fate, wants to commit suicide but Basanto urges her to fly. The wedding preparations are ready but no bride is to be found, and in desperation Hushyar Chand wraps a shawl round his younger daughter Lajo who is six years old, and gives her in marriage to the old man.

Act II: The end of a Hindu marriage ceremony. Lajo goes through it in a daze.

Act III: Immediately after her wedding, Lajo cries for her dolls and wants to feed and clothe them. One of her maids teaches her how to behave in her new home, tells her that her first duty is to look after her husband's welfare.

Act IV: Ten years later. Lajo, in great bitterness, tells her maids all the unhappiness of her wedded life. She is a stepmother, as well as a grandmother. She is ill-treated by her husband as well as his relatives. The old man dies, and now indeed her unhappiness is complete as there is no greater misery than being left a widow. Her jewels are taken off her. She takes poison, saying that there is no place for widows in this country, and dies.

A woman doctor and former graduate of the Hardinge Hospital, who translated the clever little plot from Urdu

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into English, told me that the girls had given five and six performances a day all week and that thousands of women had left that tent with the idea that perhaps something *could* be done about an evil which they had always accepted as inevitable. Also, they saw a high-caste Brahman girl wearing a *Sudras* (low caste) garment, one that had actually *belonged to an untouchable woman!* And yet nothing was happening! She, and everyone else, *went on as before*. It was the opening of still another door. It also meant that more *pardah* women would dare to come to the Woman's Hospital for treatment.

The Baby Week had driven a thin edge of progress into the minds of the *pardahnashin*. Dr. Senft, the eye specialist, said that Delhi death rate had dropped from 232 out of 1,000 in 1921 to 187 in 1922, through the establishment of welfare centers.

I got out and back to the *shamiana* just in time to take my place at a tea table at which was presiding the wife of the Councillor of State. Then, with an escort of honor of Lady Hailey's Girl Guides, Her Excellency's party did the official rounds of exhibits, stopping for a moment to see the clever tricks of some trained parrots sent by the Maharaja of Jaipur. The amusing, clever, little creatures threaded beads, opened boxes, and fired cannon, all with an air of superb indifference. Outside the Baby Show gates, the Girl Guide lines had to be supplemented by Indian police to control the curious, while Her Excellency and guests were escorted to the waiting motors by the A.D.C.'s on duty. Back we went through the picturesque streets of historic Delhi, past the Ivory Palace, the Mosque, and the giant walls of the Fort. These concealed the splendors of bygone days, precious stones, of crystal, alabaster, and onyx, set in glistening marble, pierced and carved as though of frozen lace, and of the Durbar Hall so exquisite that a former King of Delhi cried,

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"If there is a Paradise
It is here! It is here!"

past the great Gate of Lahore, its magnificent battlements crowned by Mogul domes and towers, ablaze with the setting sun, and on to the trim beauties of Viceregal Lodge.

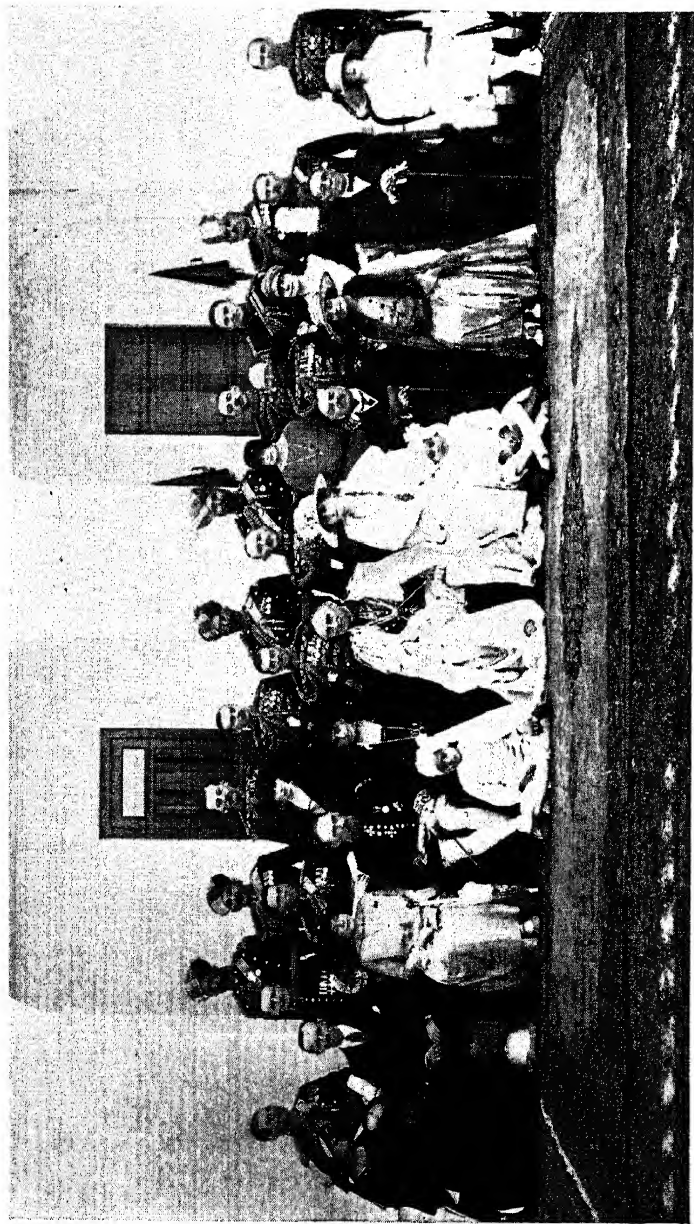
January thirty-first, the day of days, arrived! By ten o'clock we were all dressed in our best to attend the Opening of the Second Legislative Assembly. From beginning to end Cinderella was in a state of delightful excitement. For everybody looked and acted exactly as was fitting for this historical occasion. It was a thrilling movie of real life. Instead of being staged at Hollywood, this last stand of the "good old days of pomp and splendor" had no sham to be concealed, no painted scenery, no director bawling out murdered King's English.

The Viceroy, resplendent in white cloth knee breeches, white silk stockings, black tail coat buried in gold embroidery and orders, carried a plumed, cocked hat. The beautiful blue velvet robe of the Grand Cross of the Star of India, heavily collared and bordered with ermine, an enormous gold star blazoning the left breast, swirled around him in graceful folds that lay a foot or more upon the floor.

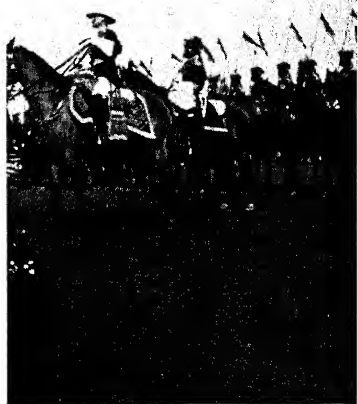
The Vicereine in elaborate white with ermine wrap was wearing her orders. Lady Mond, whose daughter married Viscount Erleigh, the Reading heir, appeared in tan chiffon and her Badge and Star, as a Dame of the British Empire.

The intellectual face of Sir Geoffrey de Montmorency, H. E.'s Private Secretary, surmounted a court costume.

Colonel Worgan, the Military Secretary, was looking supremely immaculate in full dress uniform. H. E.'s two Indian Honorary Aides-de-Camp of noble degree and of statuesque proportions were highly impressive in their uniforms and turbans. The whole of the staff was a miracle of smartly worn uniforms and medals. Cinderella's greatest delight was the two small Indian princes, Kunwar Narendra



THE VICEREGAL PARTY, TAKEN AT DELHI ON THE OCCASION OF HIS EXCELLENCY OPENING THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY



(Upper left) THE SECRETARIAT, DELHI, WHERE THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY WAS
HELD

(Upper right) INDIAN GUARD OF HONOR FOR HIS EXCELLENCY THE VICEROY
(Lower) THEIR EXCELLENCIES THE VICEROY AND VICEREINE OF INDIA, LEAVING
VICEREGAL LODGE FOR THE OPENING OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY

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Singh of Dungarpur and Kunwar Prithi Singh of Baria, who were the Viceroy's train bearers. They were exquisite in blue satin and white turbans on which blazed diamond stars and emerald aigrettes.

The Guard of Honor of two hundred mounted Indian Lancers, with heralds and banners and bugles, was lined up in front of Viceregal Lodge waiting for Their Excellencies to enter the coach of state, drawn by eight horses ridden by postillions. At the back was the official umbrella bearer holding aloft this symbol of authority, and the official *chobdars* (fly whisk bearers) with their symbolic brushes of white horsehair.

At the Secretariat, after the cortegé had passed through crowds of spectators, the Countess of Reading and her guests went to a box in the Council Chamber. Cinderella surveyed the extraordinary scene before her. On the right, in court costumes, were the councillors, in gold lace on blue, with white knee breeches, silk stockings, decorations, buckled shoes and dress swords, blazing from the Government benches—Sir Basil Blackett in the Home levee dress, long trousered, and less bedecked with lace than his colleagues, was conspicuous, as was also the Nawab of Loharu, in velvet and gold, with his distinctive tall, straight, golden turban, and Mr. Khaparde, who is unfailing in the resourcefulness with which he produces a *puggree* even more wonderful than its predecessor. There was Sir Malcolm Hailey, just appointed Governor of Punjab. Two judges in white, full-bottomed wigs, and H. E. Lord Rawlinson, Commander-in-Chief, in the crimson robes of the Grand Cross of the Bath, with a jeweled star on his breast.

In contrast to all this gold lace was the "left wing" which showed a solid block of white only. They were the *Swarajists* (Home Rulers) and the various groups of Nationalists. Serious, solemn, men with the courage of their convictions, their leader, the Pandit Nehru Motilal, Mr. V. J. Patel, the Deputy Leader, and Mr. A. Rangaswami Iyengar. They

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wore the plain garment of homespun linen (*khaddar*) and the small round Gandhi cap, or sometimes a Mohammedan fez. There were no decorations, though many of them had such that could have been worn, and no ornaments of any kind. All showed organized protest against the Government. For them indeed the proverb, "There is no Government without punishment."

In the center of the Council Chamber were many prominent Indians who had rendered distinguished patriotic service to both Government and India. They wore turbans and a mixture of English and Indian dress. I recognized Rt. Hon. Sir V. S. Srinivasa Shastri, in European coat and turban, Sir Narasima Sarma and Col. Sir Umar Hayat Khan, in scarlet military magnificence.

In the Ladies' Gallery was a burst of European finery, with here and there, a few brilliant *saris* worn by progressive Indian ladies.

Could even the most exacting Cinderella wish for more? Yes, and it was granted!

The *chobdars* of the official fly whisks now appeared clearing the way. The commanding figures of the Viceregal Indian Lieutenants, Gulab and Dalpat Singh, followed. Then came in glittering procession the two Presidents of the Legislature, the uniformed officers of the Legislative Department, and the Viceregal Staff, twenty strong, who marched to the platform and formed a semicircular bodyguard behind H. E. the Viceroy of India who now with his blue satin, bejeweled Princes bearing the blue velvet robe aloft, marched to the dais, amid the thunder of a royal salute of twenty-one guns, and took his seat upon a great golden throne!

BOOK TWO

ADVENTURINGS WITH OUTDOOR INDIA

*In the dawns when thou shalt wake . . .
Heartsick for the Jungle's sake;
Wood and Water, Wind and Tree, . . .
Jungle-favour go with thee!*

—KIPLING'S OUTSONG IN THE JUNGLE

TRAIL OF THE TIGER GHOST

*It ran
From Tropics of Ceylon
To Snows of Himalayas
In Princely Palace
And Deepest Jungle
Through Blaring Heat
Amid Torrential Rains,
With Twin Cups of Joy and Stress Overbrimming*

CHAPTER III

A MERRY-GO-ROUND IN RAJPUTANA

Gwalior elephants: The Fort: H. H. The Maharani: Jaipur, Amber the Goat and Sheep Sacrifices to Kali: In Ajmere, the Mosque, Ugly Crowd: Locked in Railroad Carriage: Sacred Peshkar Lake: H. H. Maharaja of Bharatpur: Tiger Shoot on Calendor: Dig, Water Palace of Delight: The Brahman.

"Whoever has never seen a tiger let him look at a cat, and whoever has never seen a robber let him look at a butcher." —*Proverb of Hindustan*

AFTER leaving Delhi came a Merry-Go-Round of Rajputana States. We shall jump lightly from a Gwalior elephant to a Jaipur peacock and from a Bharatpur leopard to an Ajmere monkey and an ugly beast called man—all whirling, now fast, now slow, to the accompaniment often beautiful, at times crashing out harsh and ugly notes, of princely palaces, mosques, temples, sacred lakes, strange peoples, and stranger customs.

"Gwalior, Lady Saheb."

Thus announced Hakim as he proceeded to disentangle my belongings from the bags, boxes, baskets, and puppies of the Ladies' Compartment, and to swing them out of the railway carriage door into the eager arms of station coolies who elevated them into perilous pyramids upon their heads.

With my best company smile I stood on the platform amid the usual confusion of a crowded Indian railway station, and waited for some uniformed government official to approach and lead me to a waiting chariot, or motor.

Nobody came—nothing happened.

No one, perhaps, certainly no world traveler, has been fortunate enough to escape that blank, left-over feeling that assails one upon arriving at a strange place in a strange country when, expecting to be met, one finds instead of the red carpet of welcome, a departing train and an emptying station.

Once more telegrams had gone awry. It so happened that

ADVENTURINGS WITH OUTDOOR INDIA

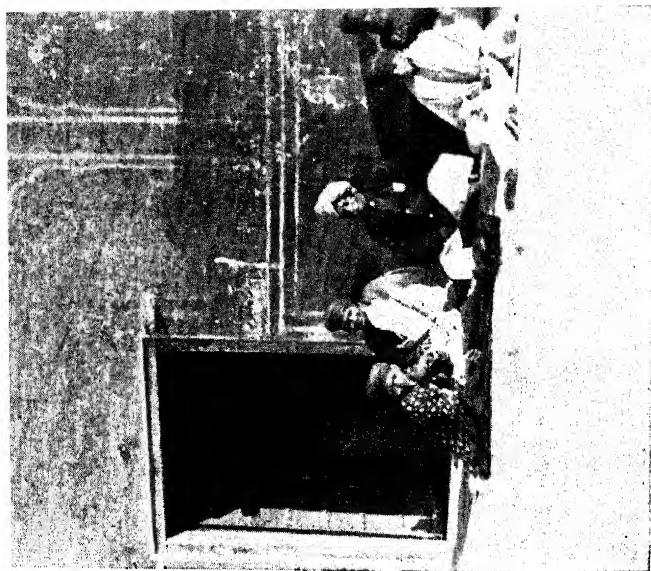
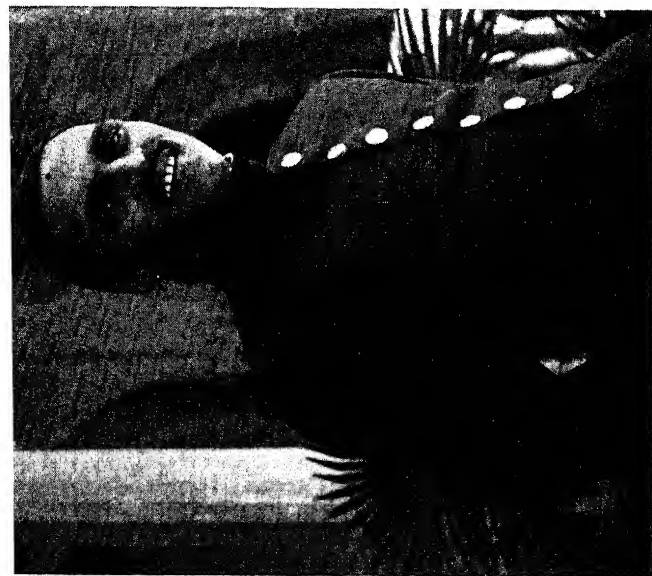
two invitations to visit at Gwalior had been forthcoming and, I argued, since the telegram of acceptance had not arrived, possibly the one of regret was also awaiting delivery. An obliging station master declared this to be the case. Distances are great in Gwalior. No motor available, I was soon installed in a *tonga* (two-wheeled cart), with Hakim following in another, piled with my luggage, and choosing the host that was nearest, set off in humble array to announce my own arrival.

Thus it came about that I became the guest of a Nawab of Gwalior. His wife, an Englishwoman, a talented artist, had combined Western comforts with Oriental setting, both in the large, beautiful house and its series of gardens, with so charming a result that the memory of the few days spent under these hospitable roofs—one could hardly say roof as they rambled around two courtyards and were of many levels—lingers as one of my golden experiences. The Nawab is a man high in the Councils of the State and the mistress of this harmonious home is also popular. She has the affection of the Maharani, Chinku Raja Scindia Saheba. I have a picture of the two standing arm in arm upon a tennis court of the Ladies' Recreation Club, of which H. H. is patron, and frequently visits, as, within the precincts of a beautiful old palace devoted to this purpose, *purdah* is strictly observed.

The Maharani is a tiny person, speaks English, is well informed, musical—and performs on the Indian lute. The day I met her she was like a dainty butterfly in brilliant gauzy robes with a few exquisite jewels. She also plays badminton and even tennis. I have never forgotten how surprising it was to see Indian women indulging in this last robust sport, attired in the long flowing robes of their national costume, the *sari*.

The memory tie with Gwalior, however, is neither palaces nor *purdah*. It is elephants.

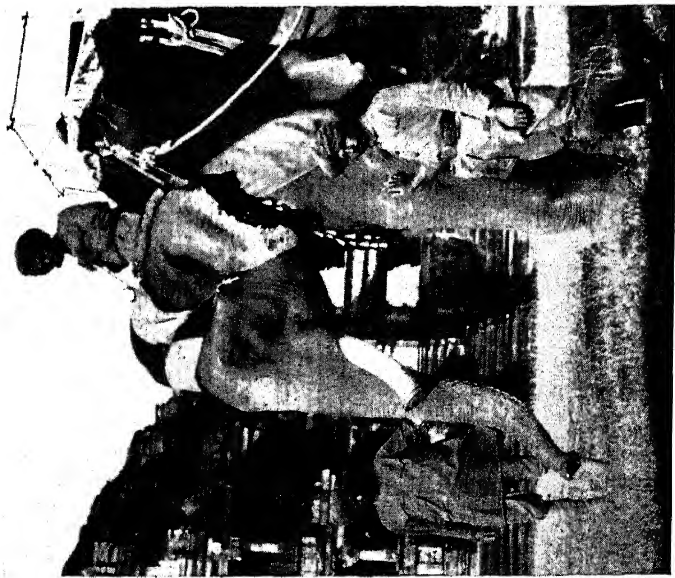
There I met my first Indian elephant, all properly trained



(Left) HIS HIGHNESS MAHARAJA KISHEN SINGH, RULER OF BHARATPUR
(Right) IN THE PALACE COURTYARD AT JAIPUR



(Left) THE HOME OF NAWAB SULTAN AHMED, MY HOST IN GWALIOR



(Right) A PROPER GUEST ELEPHANT WITH HOWDAH AND TRAPPINGS, BY COURTESY OF HIS HIGHNESS THE LATE MAHARAJA OF GWALIOR. IN FRONT OF THE SASBAHU TEMPLE

A MERRY-GO-ROUND IN RAJPUTANA

and subservient to man as a Maharaja elephant should be. Later when I met him in the forest of the Himalayas where he was still man's servant, but an unruly one, and, again, when I pursued his majesty on foot in his native jungle, he assumed a wholly different aspect.

But the huge beast provided by the Maharaja for my hostess and her guest to visit the historic Gwalior Fort was all that the most carping critic could desire. He had beautiful, brilliant trappings and bells on his ankles, and a big musical bell suspended from his neck. His howdah had comfortable seats, which were easily arrived at, by a ladder, or an elevated platform. *Hathi* wore a benevolent expression, swung his trunk politely, never aggressively; did not swell, nor shudder, nor indulge in any of his disconcerting gaits. He maintained an even, slow, swinging motion as a well-brought-up *Hathi* should, and obeyed his *mahout* with precision—kneeling, rising, stopping, going, with ready response to orders. I did not give this Gwalior *Hathi* his due at the time. After the way of the ignorant I supposed all elephants behaved in this exemplary manner.

Not long after I had become accustomed to his stately tread and to surveying the world from a twelve- instead of five-foot level, we alighted to wander through the Gujari Palace built for the queen of Man Singh. It has many bits of carvings interesting to the student. Imagination begins to people its empty stone rooms and open courts, where fountains once played and magical notes of the Indian flute drifted over blooming flowers and languorous ladies.

Once again board our amiable transportation and ducking "low bridge" under a beautiful carved gateway, we ascended a steep road cut in the face of a mighty cliff upon the heights of which this powerful fortress rears its ancient battlements. A wide picture of little villages, whitewashed temples, brown plains, and sandstone hills lay spread out to the horizon, already beginning to simmer under the nine o'clock sun.

Not far from the top of the hill, my hostess pointed out a

ADVENTURINGS WITH OUTDOOR INDIA

small body of water with long steps leading down to it. It was the Johar Tank where three hundred Rajput women had committed suicide rather than submit to the conqueror Altamsh when he took the fortress in 1232 A.D. This seemed rather a pleasant variant to the usual method employed by the Rajput heroines whose history is lurid with the flames of funeral pyres kept alive by the fuel of despairing members of the "weaker sex." The men did it differently. Witness the *nauchauki* or nine cells, just above the Dondha Gate, now in ruins save the dungeons wherein many of the Delhi Emperors dragged out a weary fate.

The next thing I remember inside the great enclosure of the fort were the two little temples of the mother-in-law and daughter-in-law (*sasbahu*), wonderful, mediæval Hindu architecture highly ornate and crowded with pillars and carvings. Circles and circles of priestesses danced around the lower parts of each column. Carved deep into the stone, they have paid gay tribute to Vishnu for over eight hundred years. *Hathi* here obligingly posed for his picture before starting for the Arwahi Rock Sculptures, quite the most fascinating sight in Gwalior.

On the way we passed a train of loaded camels who made loud, ugly squealings at having to yield the road to *Hathi*. Above the Arwahi Cliff was another eleventh century temple, the Teli-Ka-Mandu, notable for its strange ugly shape. Over eighty feet, it is the loftiest building in Gwalior. Only sixty feet square, it looks more like a tower than a temple. It also has the distinction of starting out as a Vishnaviti structure only to be swung over four hundred years later to the other great Hindu sect, the Saivites.

Now we started down the wild ravine of Arwahi and soon the strange colossal forms carved in the sheer cliff showed gigantic figures of the Jain pontiffs and demi-gods. Looking down upon a deep gorge is the colossus Adinath, the first Jain pontiff, fifty-seven feet high, with a foot nine feet long.

A MERRY-GO-ROUND IN RAJPUTANA

Carvings and caves around him, and, far above, the walls of the Fortress.

It was a wild place spreading into jungle below and on either side of the road. My hostess told me how she had met a leopard in this very spot at the foot of the hill a few months before. She had got out of her carriage to inspect the sculptures and was walking down the hill towards them when she saw a great spotted animal dash out of the bushes and run over one end of a bridge between her and the carriage. It crouched on the parapet. The lady was, of course, unarmed. She remembers picking up a stone and dropping it again, realizing its futility. All the horrible stories of leopards attacking women flashed through her mind. She wanted to run but was restrained by the need to stay with her companion, who was old and stout.

The leopard gave one or two bounds along the parapet in their direction, then it turned suddenly, jumped below into a dry ravine, and disappeared in the jungle away from the town, pursued by two men who had now appeared from nowhere at the critical moment. They picked up its track and disappeared after it, fortunately for the two women, as a mauling by those poisonous death-dealing claws might easily have caused two obituaries.

And this, mind you, took place not five minutes away from the picturesque main street of the old town, where gold and silver ribbons and embroideries are made. One of the principal products of Gwalior, this lovely stuff is literally a manufacture, every process being done by hand. At one bazaar where we stopped I saw the great bars of shining gold beaten up into sheets and then strung out into threads thinner and thinner, until they were fine as cobweb. Then the handloom operated by a patient weaver, caused them to grow again into a new and pliable form, into yards and yards of glittering ribbons of pure metal, narrow, medium, broad. Or, the fine threads of pure gold grew, by the embroiderer's skill, into wonderful birds and grapes and flowers.

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and circles and squares, designed to grace the person of a prince, or the wedding garment of some "high-born."

Later, under the full moon, this same wide street with its carved marble fronts, was transformed into a fairyland. I had been dining at the Residency, an imposing structure set in a park. The drawing room was filled with interesting pictures, photographs of Indian princes, and mementoes of the long service of its Resident. There was also a glowing grate fire to which I drew near at once, having been chilled by the eight-mile drive in an open carriage. While the day had been hot the night was registering that it was the "cold weather."

The large dining room had not the comfort of an open fire which gave rise to one of the most amusing touches of hospitality in all my India series of kind-hearted hosts. The Resident, noticing my shivers, ordered a hot-water bottle for my lap! It arrived shortly—an ordinary Sauterne bottle filled with boiling water! A solemn-faced *khidmatgar* wrapped it in a serviette, the corked end out in case of accidents. The heat from it was most agreeable, but the warmth gradually dissolved the sequins on my evening frock. Parting from it was rather awkward. I left the Residency at midnight. A glorious cold moon silvered the deserted streets as the Resident very gallantly returned me to the house of the Nawab in his motor—and overcoat. I was talking of the Fort and of *Hathi*, and of elephants, in general, when he made the welcome suggestion that we visit the Maharaja's elephant quarters which we were then passing.

It was a weird scene in the half light—that old palace compound where dozens of elephants, each chained to a separate platform, stood like dark splotches upon darker shadows, sleeping, or thinking their elephant thoughts.

When we entered this walled and guarded enclosure one female near the gate awoke and nervously gave the alarm. It was taken up by other light sleepers in low, elephant talk. Reassured by their awakened *mahouts* that all was well,

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the gossip about us among the *Hathi* folk rippled down the long, double line in a desultory fashion, one old grandfather not even bothering to wake up.

Elephants are very expensive luxuries these days. The Indian Princes are maintaining fewer of them year by year. The Maharaja of Gwalior had recently sold a number to reduce his equipment. An elephant costs as much as a motor car per month. It eats an appalling amount of hay, has a *mahout* attached to it, and expensive trappings that frequently have to be renewed.

As we passed out of the elephant yard all had lapsed into sleepy silence except one young male. He raised a little trunk and sent after us a shrill trumpet squeal that aroused the Tiger Ghost.

All through the dream-like streets with shadowy facades glowing faintly pink in the half light a paraphrase of Kipling kept humming in my ears.

'Let us go, go, go away from here,
On the further side of Ind we're overdue,
Send the way be clear before us
When this Jungle fret comes o'er us
And the Red gods call for you.'

There was no resisting it. Again in a roundabout way I moved on towards the jungle.

It is fortunate for those aboard this Rubberneck Ideaplane that the journey from Gwalior to Ajmere can be omitted. I know now why the traveler is advised, "Better wait over a day and catch the mail." One really in most cases arrives earlier and with less wear and tear. Off the main line the trains make a travel-pampered Westerner appreciate what getting over the country must have been in the East India Company days.

Even now my trip across Rajputana provided many uncomfortable hours, and even days, of suspense, or at least of that alertness which the proximity of danger engenders. It does not seem credible now that there should have been

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any real ground for such elaborate precautions as the guards of the trains took through Rajputana to protect my person and property from attack. All the Indians of the upper class I had come in contact with throughout the country, were uniformly kind and courteous. The luggage coolies were greedy but respectful. Although one exception must be noted and that, all the more surprising, was in a State Guest House when the porters had smoked cigarettes in my presence and, an even worse breach of Eastern etiquette, had retained their footgear, and when remonstrated with by another guest, an Englishman, had gone off muttering insolent remarks about the "English no-account Sahebs." This revealed a temper in the lower caste which unfortunately was further unpleasantly emphasized at Ajmere. There was no denying my own experiences were anything but restful.

The English are no longer all "Sahebs" as in the old days, but are classified into *pukka* (good) sahebs, bad, and indifferent sahebs, and I found rebellion cropping up in the most unexpected places. Also, every once in a while a paragraph in the papers reported violence done to European women by some desperado or warring tribesman. The various ladies' compartments I was put into through Rajputana all had protected windows and were provided with stout bolts, which in the modern railway carriages could be operated only from within. A notice requested the woman traveler to keep the carriage locked—and when I opened a window without putting up the screen which fastens from within, Hakim would always arrange it in a worried, emphatic way—"Mem Saheb, please lock window. Bad men here." A statement in which he was justified as events proved.

Even so, the first night it happened to me, I most strenuously objected to being locked in my carriage like a helpless idiot. The English guard after much firm persuasion finally yielded and left my doors open, for me to bolt on the inside. After the train started, about nine o'clock, I discovered that the bolts were missing!

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Enough had been said, or inferred, about men, accidentally, or intentionally, bursting into the carriage when I was alone to make me feel far from comfortable. Casting about for something to take the place of the missing bolts I hit upon two coat hangers whose wooden crosspieces were small enough to slip into the vacant metal loops. With some difficulty these makeshifts were forced into place and I retired as usual.

Somewhere about midnight I was awakened by some one trying the door handle. The scurrying and voices outside announced that we were at a station. But the door handle that was being agitated, was on the *other* side, which was free from observation.

Putting out the low light so as to be quite in the dark I raised the blind an inch and peered under it. Two men of low caste were trying to get in. The one wrestling with my door was a big, husky fellow. I wondered how the little coat hanger could withstand his assaults. The second man was examining the label which is always attached to the doors of a reserved carriage. They had not the excuse of ignorance for the first-class compartments are always clearly marked and the tag said "Ladies' Reserved" and my name.

The second man said distinctly, "*Acha, eka mem saheb.*" ("Good business, only one English lady.") Really alarmed I dashed to the station side and dropped the window to call for the guard, but the train was already moving, I was too late!

I heard a pounding on the window next the door where my would-be intruders still clung. Thoroughly frightened I realized how murders are committed. There was a very distinct desire for a revolver surging in my brain. In desperation, I grabbed a large electric torch and pulling up the blind of the carriage door to which the man was clinging, I flashed the light full in his face.

The result was most satisfactory. The face blinked, scowled, and suddenly disappeared as its owner quickly

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dropped off the moving train and I stood there laughing a bit hysterically at my "trusty weapon."

Perhaps I need not record that the rest of the night was a restless one. Of course there was an emergency signal cord, my only communication with the rest of the train, that could be pulled. Hakim, too, was somewhere in a servants' compartment and would appear at the station nearest 6 A. M. with early tea. Lightning does not strike twice in the same place, I argued, with other commonplaces. Finally I went to sleep with one ear open. Along about four o'clock the train pulled into another station and again my door was assaulted. This time on the station side. I looked out discreetly and saw four men discussing the "Ladies Only" label. They had no luggage, which travelers always have, and they did not go away but stood arguing something which I could not understand. They had no good reason for loitering at my carriage. What devilment were they discussing!

This was really too much. I would call the guard. I opened a window part way only and stuck my head out, when, oh joy! there was Hakim, kicking one of the fellows out of the way and dispersing the group in determined tones! I flew to the door to open it. Pulled out my valiant coat hangers and turned the handle.

The door remained firm. Hakim was trying it from the outside also. It did not budge. I had the wild panic of a caged creature. Then I began to laugh. That English guard had firmly locked my doors after all! I had been locked in all night!

"*Lady Saheb,*" called Hakim from outside. "*Lady Saheb. All right?*"

"Yes, Hakim, all right. Next station bring tea. Get Guard unlock door."

"Very good, *Lady Saheb.*"

The train moved on and on into the dark. Then slowly, slowly grew the dawn. At last full-fledged, came the blessed

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day of interest, courage, companionship, chasing away the distorted terrors of the night. It may have been an accidental experience, but the night wanderings through the Rajput States were the most "creepy" of all my railroad travel for over six months, when the average was every third night on the train during the entire time. Sixty nights of Indian trains in every part of that great peninsula from Bombay to Calcutta, from Cape Comorin to Himalayas, ought to be sufficient to form some deductions. I think that nowhere in the world can a woman alone (attended by a good native servant, of course) travel more comfortably and safely, than in First-Class Reserved Ladies' Compartments on Indian Railroads, except in those parts where seditious, anti-British propaganda has inflamed the masses. This immediately makes another story, of an adventure that held many tense moments centering in Ajmere.

I had not intended stopping there. No arrangements had been made for my reception. But stay I must. The four hours' delayed train arrived fifteen minutes after the connecting train had pulled out, and at best I was faced with a twelve-hour wait with no accommodation but the railroad station. The English station master was very courteous and used his telephone to ascertain the absence on a shooting trip of the Agent to the Governor General of Rajputana and the equally temporary unavailability of the American mission. Finding myself in a strange town with no link but Hakim, I bound on the girdle of adventure and started to explore the city. The station master warned me that there was a Mohammedan *mela* (religious fair) at the Dargah and Tomb of the Ajmere Chisthi and that political agitators had been inciting the crowd with fiery speeches for home rule and against the English and that the bazaars and adjacent streets were very good places to avoid just then.

There is no evading one's fate. If I had been born in the time of Richard Coeur de Lion I would have been attired in a suit of chain mail, a red surtout, a cross on my breast,

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and a six-foot sword in my hand with all the other paraphernalia which went to make up a properly equipped crusader, and I would have adventured forth to strange lands and unknown perils. All of which means that I told Hakim to head my *tonga* straight for the *mela*.

The streets were packed with a holiday crowd but I soon noticed that no smiling faces were turned in my direction. Indeed, I sensed a distinct hostility towards the *Angrezi* (English) woman, for the illiterate Indian makes no distinction between Anglo-Saxons, and my blue eyes stamped me as "English." Very few know of America.

It was a strange new experience and not at all reassuring. In the midst of a British possession to find that ungracious, even hostile, atmosphere snaking its head up through the populace indicated what creeping antagonisms the Government is having to meet in a greater or less degree in all parts of restless India today. The ignorant and often the educated for that matter, do not remember large benefits, such as famine relieved, water supply assured, law and order administered equably, when the mote in the eye of a personal grievance obscures the vision.

Ajmere is a very old town, dating from the Second Century and Lord Hastings secured it in 1818 as a key to Rajputana after the Mahratta Wars. On the occasion of a great religious festival, like this *mela* of the Ajmere Chisthi, the people pour in the city from afar, the beggars, the halt and the sick assemble at the Sacred Tomb and whole families camp in the vicinity for days, weeks, sometimes months.

I was eager to see the Eastern crowd unspoiled by Western contact. Hakim was uneasy. The day was spiced with too much adventure for his liking. Seeking to turn me aside from the Tomb he enlisted interest in Akbar's Palace, and lured me into it with a glowing description of the marvels it contained. Then came the first touch of the ugly undercurrents running through the native life of Ajmere at that time, like a pestilential sewer, liable to poison the fair

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body politic of well-wishing Britisher, Hindu, and Moham-medan alike.

Akbar's Old Palace was not a temple or even a tomb, and therefore was not sacred, though part of it had been turned into a Museum depicting sacred subjects. At the very entrance, however, I was surprised to be told that my shoes must be removed. I demurred, as there was a large, cobblestoned, outer courtyard to be traversed. The guard let me pass, after laughing unpleasantly with one or two cronies. Escorted now by an attendant, Hakim, and a small rabble of children and beggars, I arrived at the entrance to the museum and was told firmly I must remove my footgear. Most reluctantly doing so to the accompaniment of a worried look by Hakim, who dared not interfere but who informed me privately that it was most unusual not to have coverings for the foreigner's shoes—that the "bad man" refused to produce them, I had the new experience of walking over cold stones and up and down granite stairs and around galleries which provided various views of a remarkable presentation of the Hindu Gods and Heaven. Many scenes of their lives were depicted in a kind of miniature Mme. Tussaud's Wax Works. A half hour of it and I was glad to struggle into little French pumps which had never before been required to receive such bruised and swollen feet covered by soiled hosiery.

Still nothing daunted at this painful method of absorbing knowledge, I would not be turned from the Dargah and the *mela*. Back in the *tonga* and followed by a squad of yelling boys begging derisively for coppers, we came to the end of a street at the Southwest corner of the city which led to the Tomb of Khwaja Muin-ud-din Chishti, who was called Aftab-i-Mulk-i-Hind. This Son of India died in 1233 A.D. and was one of a distinguished family of saints and courtiers. He is held very sacred. How much so I was to learn later. The bazaars on either side were doing big business with the mass of humanity that packed the entire roadway. A

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native policeman stopped my *tonga*, no carriages being allowed past that point on that day. However, seeing who was the occupant, he allowed us to proceed after a caution to drive carefully and called after Hakim:

"Better Mem Saheb stay in *tonga*."

The crowd pressed around us, but made way. There was a marked absence of the respect to which one is accustomed among Orientals. An ugly temper was abroad in that gay and seething crowd.

Arrived at the great archway which led to the Dargah enclosure, I alighted and started up the steps. A dull roar arose around me. Two priests hurried down and informed Hakim I must remove my shoes before proceeding further. Leather, being derived from the cow, was an insult to the sacred stones of their Dargah. This I knew, as both Hindus and Mohammedans flock here, but why begin out in the street two hundred yards away from any temple or mosque?

Murray informs the traveler that "woolen slippers are supplied to be worn over the visitor's boots before entering the Dargah." No coverings were produced. It was an obvious attempt to annoy. Inwardly rebelling but outwardly calm, realizing that this was their Mosque and their Saint, that I was there only by courtesy, being "an unbeliever," my astonished and protesting feet for the second time that day trod sharp stones of outer courtyard and dirt and slime and filth, not to be described. The cripples lay so thick at the beautiful Dargah entrance I had to pick my way with care and the other beggars pressed so unpleasantly, often clutching my cape or skirt, that Hakim had difficulty in keeping them away.

All the diseases in the East were there, I am sure. The adventure was becoming full of possible disagreeable consequences.

However, I was permitted to approach the steps of the Mosque built by Akbar and look in, then to approach the Saint's Tomb, a lovely spot under fine trees, and observe its

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white marble outlines and its famous silver arch. A stream of people was passing in and out. It was not a God's House but a Saint's Tomb. How could I know that the place was considered too sacred to be approached by any but a Mohammedan?

With no wish to be irreverent, the only European in all that vast assemblage, I followed the crowd, which was moving towards the main entrance of the Tomb. About fifty feet from it, close by the tomb of Chimmi Begam, daughter of Shah Jehan, snake like whispers darted about.

Suddenly the atmosphere around me became intense. Once, years ago, I was a speaker on a street wagon, campaigning for women's suffrage. Before the unfortunate woman who preceded me had finished her unpopular remarks to the crowd milling around us, she was pelted with carrots and turnips and a rotten egg! The emanations about me now were the same. I wondered what the Oriental equivalent of vegetables would be and decided I did not care to investigate.

"Mem Saheb! Mem Saheb!" almost whimpered Hakim, who had gone a green pallor, not at all becoming. "Bad people here, say bad things. Mem Saheb, come away quick!"

"Call that policeman, Hakim, and ask him to escort me to the entrance." The native policeman responded with alacrity. He had been sensing the same hostility and was very glad to get the *Angrezi* out of the Dargah compound. But he spoke gently, seeking to placate the crowd that followed us jostling me rudely in spite of my two escorts. We had not gone half the necessary distance when my policeman summoned another to his aid and just before we reached the gate a fourth joined us. It was a curious little party. We all tried to act as though we did not know I was being protected.

At the entrance I attempted to resume my shoes, but again came the sullen protest. I was not allowed to put

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them on until well into the street. Mischievous insulting hands clutched at me. The *tonga* seemed a pleasant place. Its slight remoteness most agreeable.

I had touched very close to the people. Yet I had in no way insulted their gods. All over India I respectfully observed their shrines but only that time in that Ajmere *mela*, inflamed by seditious speakers, was I made to feel the bitter, racial antagonism of an Indian crowd. True, during the following months, I met it in many forms, not personal but directed against the "Government."

My chief concern now was to find a place wherein to resume normal cleanliness and fresh garments. One survey of the Hotel was enough to drive me back to the refuge of the station waiting room, labeled "Ladies' First-Class." The Goddess of the Bath, one of my pet deities, has been offered daily worship under many strange conditions but never with more grotesque rites than when removing the dirt of Ajmere. Ajmere nestling picturesquely at the foot of the Taragarh Hill, three thousand feet above sea. Ajmere founded in 145 A. D. by Ajaypal, taken by the Mohammedans in 1200, finally conquered by Akbar in 1556 and exceedingly rude to one "traveling lady" 369 years later.

Once again in my right mind and no longer feeling like a pariah, I sent Hakim to negotiate for a disreputable looking motor car he had observed in a stable yard.

Having discovered that Pushkar, the most sacred Lake in India, was not more than seven or eight miles away, I might pass that way but once, indeed had never expected to pass at all and to Pushkar I would go. The motor driver, it appeared, was a Hindu whom Hakim, on the seat beside him, said was "good man." At least he would not be wrought upon by the eloquence of the Mohammedan agitator. The road went through a lonely mountain notch and, after the day's experience, motors and Hindus seemed more promising for peaceful sightseeing in unprotected places than religious crowds and a *tonga*.

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It was by now late afternoon. The heat of the sun had abated to pleasant warmth. After a few miles along the Ana Sagar, the road became unpopulated and the motor began to chug-chug up a striking pass through the hills a mile long, and made interesting by the menace of bullock carts on the steep and winding road.

After we descended into the narrow Pushkar Valley, the place grew quite wild. On the edge of a jungle, I saw peacocks and several small animals scurrying out of the way. One was an Indian hare; also two kinds of monkeys.

Hakim's English was not equal to naming them. One family of small, grinning long-tailed simians chattered as we passed, scolded at the noise of our four-wheeled animal, not in fear—for the monkeys are protected—rather it seemed in derision.

Pushkar was fascinating. I wandered through an ancient and most picturesque town set on the lake bank and connected with it by innumerable stone steps, high, low, wide, narrow, appearing and disappearing amid balconied, flat-roofed houses. Many of these beautifully carved, and joined by little parapets that one came upon around the corner of a building overhanging the water in a most unexpected manner. On the parapets and on causeways jutting into the lake were shrines. Shrines to Siva principally. Everywhere the Siva symbols of the lingam and the bull. It is said two-thirds of the Hindus worship this god. Some of the shrines were on islands in the Lake, while on the opposite shore were several beautiful Maharajas' palaces. Turning through a narrow passage above the water I was startled by a large gray body hurtling past me. All but losing my balance by the assault, Hakim hurried up to save me from a plunge into the lake below.

"Lady Saheb, must be careful," was the irritating admonition, as though I had invited the attack.

Just then another enormous monkey with powerful arms and a nasty grimace appeared above us.

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"Lady Saheb, come away—monkeys sometimes bad people. Very bold. Scratch—bite—tear clothes."

"I suppose no one touches the monkey people, Hakim? There is a monkey god? Oh yes, Hanuman you call him!"

"Yes, Lady Saheb, Hanuman," responded my bearer dutifully. "Monkey god. Maybe, Lady Saheb now go Brahma Temple? Very old. Only God-house for Brahma in India."

This was a vernacular inaccuracy. There are a few smaller shrines, but the worship of Brahma, the Creator, first of the Hindu trinity, has given way to the more direct and appealing worship of Vishnu, the Light Giver and of Siva, the Destroyer as well as the Creator of human life.

The streets of Pushkar are unpaved. Dogs and goats and an occasional cow disputed the way. It was almost sunset by now and the evening life was beginning to show itself. On one low, flat-topped roof about forty persons were praying. On another, a livelier group were listening to what I suspected was a political speech. The men were mostly young and the little crowd restless.

Quaint old houses, some of them princely palaces, outline the twisting streets of this sacred city. At the far end on a hill stands the Temple to Brahma, a spot hallowed by the great sacrifice of Brahma and a place of pilgrimage as early as the Fourth Century. Even now as many as a hundred thousand pilgrims come here during the great *mela* of October and November.

Having had enough of fairs for the day, I ascended the stone steps so common in the East as an approach to "God houses," thankful for the gentle calm of the place. Yet even here I was to encounter the clash of alien consciousness, the irreconcilable antagonism of the Orient.

Under a carved arched gateway into a small courtyard the first thing to demand my attention was a huge bronze bell whose mellow tones had rung out a message over the town since far-off days. Small shrines and priests' living

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quarters formed the enclosure where flowering trees added to the prevailing atmosphere of peace. Courteous priests supplied me with coverings so that leather-shod feet would not profane the sacred cobblestones. They led me to the center where stands a small Temple, little bigger than a shrine, dedicated to the deity of the place. A Brahman high-priest with feet bare, in the yellow robes of his office, was offering oil and grains and flowers to the god, faintly visible within the open door of its altar. A small portico of marble floor, pillars, and roof, prevented a near approach.

The high-priest now came forward and with a graceful gesture, presented me with a garland of jasmine and rosebuds. Instead of offering it, he laid it at my feet with a Sir Walter Raleigh bow. It seemed rather a curious place for a garland. I responded by a money-offering for the Temple. As there was no receptacle for this purpose, the hand that held the "coin that makes the world go round" was extended towards him. No answering hand met mine. Instead came a gesture to throw it down. So it went to join the rosebuds on the marble floor at our feet.

I now realized with a little shock of insult that this yellow-robed person would feel himself defiled if he touched *me*!

This little incident brought home the caste idea in a burst of revelation.

The priest picked up his money and the lady picked up her garland. Each bowed affably and went their antipodal ways.

Cripples and beggars whined in various keys of impurity. The entire collection of maimed, halt, and blind apparently had been assembled around my motor to await bounty from the visiting "rich one." Some even clutched, as Hakim cleared a path through them to the shelter of the car. Once the engine was going and escape possible, Hakim was instructed to distribute largess. But one lad kept up with the motor for half a mile with enough breath

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and energy left from his sprinting to pester ceaselessly for dole, because he was "a cripple and dying of hunger."

Back to a dreary meal at the station lunchroom. Then a dreary wait till midnight, not sufficient light to read by, the only occupant of the First-Class Ladies' Waiting Room, all the doors barred, except the one in front of which Hakim squatted. I was glad, when the train, only two hours late, pulled into the platform, to get into a reserved carriage and exchange my stationary prison for a moving one.

As already stated, this being locked in through Rajputana and the Punjab may have been accidental. But more likely was it due to temporary disturbances which made the guards unusually cautious. I felt no hint of it in Southern India where night after night I fastened my compartment doors in the ordinary way only to prevent intrusion. However, the guard's key fixed the locks that night and I was glad of it.

The next day I was at Jaipur. The Maharaja is a minor under the tutelage of the Government. He had just celebrated, at the age of twelve, a State marriage to a Princess of Jodpur, several years older than himself, and had gone back to Mayo College, Ajmere, to complete his education. The bride had returned to her father. In four years when H. H. is sixteen, the "second marriage" will be consummated and the Maharani will have her chance to provide an heir—at twenty-nine, which is very old for this country. In the Jaipur Palace in a secluded part occupied by the Prince's mother and aunts, runs a long fountain waterway through gardens. At the far end of this, half a mile away, is a Temple to Krishna where the devout may worship without leaving the palace grounds. Peacocks and pigeons strutted about adding color to this lovely setting.

At the great abandoned Fortress Palace of Amber, the *zenana* (women's quarters) could now be trod by careless feet. Its high walls and many courts and apartments reached by dark passages lighted by stone lattices were

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most impressive. With all the ingenuity of the Oriental, the royal women of Jaipur had been shut away to lead their narrow lives. A series of bare stone rooms with outdoor kitchens attached were pointed out as having been occupied by the twelve ladies of a former prince. In them was none of the imperial and lavish splendor which had caused Amber to be chronicled in guide books and heralded in song. Poor little ladies of long ago!

And not far away was the blood-stained altar in the Fort Temple where a goat is sacrificed daily to Kali, the Goddess of Destruction, the practice of live sacrifice being maintained to this day.

The beauty of Jaipur, its pink houses, its marvelously wrought palaces, its library of ancient palm manuscripts, and its bazaars, has had many singers. It is the tourist's Mecca. But none prepared me for the cobweb gossamer silks of Jaipur that assail the eye and pocketbook with irresistible charm. This knot and tie dye-work of delicate colors, intricate designs and cloudlike delights is one of the most beautiful specimens of Indian craftsmanship. The infinite patience, skill, and artistry is the same today as has produced in the past the extraordinary Indian architecture, ornate, lavish, yet delicate, in design, and tireless in execution. While bargaining for these rainbow-zephyr silks at a bazaar near the Palace of the Winds that rears a façade of marble, wrought into turrets and columns and balconies like a gigantic bride's cake, I observed a cow next door being worshipped. The animal was standing quite unconcernedly in the street at the door of his master's shop receiving a red powder of ground beans that was thrown over her haunches in a prescribed manner, while the merchant repeated something. I was told it was *puja* (worship) of the Sacred Mother by the Hindu merchant. Two peacocks, also revered, strutting about in a stately manner, their tail fans spread, were the unconscious acolytes in this interesting ceremony.

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Refusing to go to the Zoo and look at "a fine collection of caged tigers," I dismissed the attentive Jaipur Official. Again I found myself sitting on my luggage waiting at the railway station for a delayed train. As the following eighteen hours were typical of my experience "off the mail train," I will recount them briefly.

It was a colorful crowd that surged by. Red and orange predominated with pinks, pale blues, plentiful lavenders, and turquoise occasionally. The long frock coats of the *Banya* class (shopkeepers) were more restrained.

A dandy, swaggering by with a thin, small cane, was bedecked with a pink turban, pink and white shirt tails, worn over white trousers and showing beneath a pepper and salt coat and vest; no necktie, and black foreign shoes.

Another kit was a short *dhoti* and foreign shoes with part of the hiatus covered with army puttees!

I noticed that the *Swadeshi* and *khaddar* garments and the Gandhi cap were not obvious in this Indian State. The women wore large silver anklets, full skirts, bell-shaped, and shorter *saris*. The Hindus have the right side of the head covered, Mohammedan the left side.

Hakim wore white or pongee turbans, very large, with back piece hanging; his coats and trousers were white or gray or gay checks. When not serving me, usually he thrust his sockless feet into black English shoes, with laces dangling as he was in and out of them fifty times a day.

Two hours more—a meal of sorts, clean and simple, in the little European restaurant at the Jaipur Station also had been added to the things accomplished. Another hour dragged by. Then the train came in, but missed connections now meant a far from attractive wait from midnight until one or two o'clock in the morning at a little railroad junction. Dinnerless I sat in a rickety chair on guard over the luggage while Hakim, who had fasted since morning, got food from a native stall.

Hungry as I was, the little eating-place in this instance

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was too smelly and germey to enter. I preferred sitting in the noisy darkness relieved only by two or three feeble station lights and surrounded by sleeping forms of native travelers, squatting in groups also patiently waiting to take delayed trains. The crowd was not openly hostile, but unfriendly, and Ajmere had made me less trusting.

Hungry dogs milled about. The skin drawn tight over their empty bodies, legs wobbly and tails dragging—they got the better part of the two egg sandwiches which Hakim finally procured. Two o'clock—the train at last and no space in it—except with three other women in a *second-class* carriage! There was no help for it. On that train I must go. Reluctantly, room was made for me by the annoyed occupants. With equal reluctance I wedged myself in on a long seat and curled up against my bedroll to wait for morning and for Bharatpur and the most welcome hospitality of its Maharaja.

After all sixty seconds must pass, and sixty minutes and one hour after another. At six o'clock a travel-stained, travel-worn guest and the dawn arrived together at Bharatpur Station. A smartly equipped motor car was waiting and all troubles disappeared in the interest of this quaint, Oriental capital just awakening to the new day.

Several miles away, near the Royal palaces, I was halted in a city of tents, "Rose Villa," where the Maharaja entertains his guests.

My suite had bedroom, sitting room, dressing room, bath and service corridor, beautiful rugs, modern furniture, electric lights and even writing table with stationery. Over it all was another larger tent, which made an air space for coolness, and enclosed corridors through which servants could reach the dressing rooms and bathrooms, and for storage space. In the Rocky Mountains a tent is a shelter, serving, often inadequately, to keep out the weather.

These guest tents, placed formally on laid-out streets with walks and flower plots, were luxurious homes where one

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could have lived indefinitely and where all sorts of intrigue and "listening in" could happen in those narrow hidden corridors about one. A huge *shamiana* was filled with drawing-room furniture, while adjoining it was one used for a banqueting hall, where excellent, elaborate meals with wines, liquors, cigars were served to the guests.

Among these visitors were several sportsmen. My jungle fever began to rise. A leopard had been seen only the day before, not forty yards away, by one of the sportsmen, who was out after ducks and had nothing but a shot gun with him. A tiger had been killed last year. While not plentiful, one was always possible.

The next day when I was received by the Chief of Bharatpur, H. H. Maharaja Kishen Singh, I was ushered into a European style palace and greeted by a charmingly mannered, modern young man who showed me the bust of his child then being done by an Italian sculptor whom I had met at Rose Villa. Very delightful this patronizing art in the good, old medieval way. The Dowager Maharani, his mother, was Regent for a time I believe, a splendid woman and well beloved. H. H. was married at sixteen, being now twenty-three. The present Maharani, his wife, Rajendrakuar, sister of the Maharaja of Faridkot, lives in a separate palace. She is devoted to her several children, her husband, and charitable affairs of the State. She is young, good looking, and expressed her mind, through an English Lady-in-Waiting, in no uncertain manner. She often accompanies her husband traveling but maintains as much *purdah* as possible having "already enough cares and responsibilities in the world that cannot be shut out," a point of view which set me pondering. At the same time, she has contrived to fly in an *aëroplane* from Delhi, the first Maharani to attempt this means of transportation.

His Highness was very gracious. Despatching his Private Secretary for his official calendar, H. H. found that a tiger shoot could be arranged for me a week hence.

A MERRY-GO-ROUND IN RAJPUTANA

Alas, I could not stay so long even for a much desired tiger *shikar*. The evil genius of my calendar interfered with the pleasant plan. A date was then settled six weeks later for the middle of March and so marked on the Calendar of Court Events between a Durbar and a Religious Festival to which I was also invited.

"You must not fail to see my palaces at Dig. It will be specially arranged. They are about 20 miles from here and very beautiful," said the Ruler of Bharatpur at parting.

I have never been quite sure whether the entrancement of my visit to those Water Palaces of Delight at Dig was wholly due to their intrinsic beauty, sufficient though it was to draw any traveler halfway round the world to see. I suspect the glamor of an Arabian Nights' spell was on those marvelous buildings, airy pavilions, exotic plants, carved marbles, mosaics, fountains, and water gardens that had been created with a prodigal hand by a former Prince to relieve a famine among his people.

In the background of this fairy loveliness the Maharaja of Bharatpur sat enthroned upon one of the two *gadis* of solid gold I had seen in the Fort that morning. On his turban, great diamonds flashed, around his neck were famous emeralds. Under his feet a great carpet of blue velvet, solid with gold a half-inch thick, made for the Prince of Wales' visit in two weeks by six hundred workmen, working in day and night shifts at a cost of \$300,000, spread out before him straight to the jungle where elephants and beaters were waiting to corral a dozen royal specimens of India's striped beauties. The High Brahman Official who talked to me so learnedly about the Hindu religion as he showed me over the wonders of Dig would have been startled could he, too, have seen the picture glittering behind my innocent, blue eyes.

All through the things to be seen in the town—the hospital, the schools, the silk-maker's shop—I sped over the carpet of sky-blue velvet incrustated with gold. I scarcely

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saw the cows and carts and the ceaseless pattern of white-robed, barefooted people in the Eastern street, until by the dusk hour, again back in my comfortable tent quarters, the shriek of a train whistle punctured my rainbow bubble. It called me to Udaipur, the Venice of India, lovely city of the Sun God.

CHAPTER IV

UDAIPUR THE BEAUTIFUL AND HIS EXTREME HIGHNESS THE MAHARANA

*Guest House: Slave Gardens: Zoo Tiger: A. D. C. of the Day:
Wild Boars Feeding: Audience with His Highness: The Sun God
Gallery: The Zenana and Krishna Kumari*

"Amongst men some are pebbles, but others are jewels."

—*Hindustan Proverb*

THE next wonderful thing to record is Udaipur the beautiful, and how a Rajput Prince was stirred to grant an interview to one of his guests.

It happened in this wise.

H. E. H. the Maharana of Udaipur is the most aristocratic of all the Rajput princes. Descended from the Suryabansi, or Sun-stock, the royal dynasty of Oudh, his family, the Sesodia, formerly known as the Gehlot, is "the premier house of India in point of blue blood." This Prince of Mewar, one of the original four great states of Rajputana, bears the comparatively simple title of H. H. Maharajadhiraja Maharana Sir Fateh Singh Bahadur, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O. He is also the most independent and conservative, rarely seeing visitors, especially women—which has given him the reputation of being a "woman hater," I should hasten to add, so far as Europeans are concerned, for his *zenana* numbers into the hundreds of female dependents, who are kept in the strictest *purdah* I have observed anywhere.

One must continue to use superlatives for this potentate. His capital of Udaipur, over two thousand feet above sea level, set like a jewel amid wooded hills, is the most beautiful, his palaces, the most surprising monuments of delight to the eye. These great structures of stone and marble tower over the town, rising like sheer precipices from an exquisite lake. They ramble over miles of ground in a series

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of courts and terraces and high walls and acres of masonry. Elephants still stand in rows at the entrance court and camels in ranks thrust out their supercilious underlips at the stream of palace life that flows by on foot, muleback and horseback. This last is usually some noble on a wide, gaily caparisoned, Rajput saddle, passing to or from his daily duty of saluting his Chief, thus maintaining an ancient custom of the East.

Here is the India of long ago.

When the superintendent of the Guest House met me at the station one beautiful day in February and a princely carriage scattered pedestrians in every direction to make room in the narrow streets, I reveled in the thing I had come to see—the East, living its own life—dust, dogs, donkeys, cows, half-naked babies, bazaars, scarlet, orange and blue, in the streets, in the courtyards, on the women. There was black in men's garments, in the shadows; and black of the elephants, looming up suddenly and dangerously in a narrow turn. A carriage is to a laden elephant what a peanut is to a pumpkin. When we met a chain of the huge beasts carrying great timbers, we backed out of the way without argument.

There was white everywhere, on the people, the walls, and the white glare of the road. White dust floated in clouds behind as we left the crowded streets of the town and sped past the Post and Telegraphs, past the Hotel, which I noted with that species of thankfulness known to the traveler who is spared the doubtful hospitality of an Eastern hostelry by being made welcome to the very real and delightful, often magnificent, hospitality of an Indian Prince.

Then the carriage began to mount a fine, modern road to a large, up-to-date palace above Pichola Lake. It is intended for a residence of the Heir Apparent, I believe, but is meanwhile devoted to entertaining the Maharana's guests. It was furnished in Anglo-Indian style. My large bedroom



(Upper) UDAIPUR, THE VENICE OF INDIA. THE BEAUTY OF LAKE AND PALACES
 (Lower) WITHIN THE PALACE GATES, WHERE NOBLES ON RAJPUT HORSES, AND
 ELEPHANTS, CAMELS AND RETAINERS MAKE A MEDIAEVAL SCENE



HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARANA IN A STREET OF PICTURESQUE UDAIPUR

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had a veranda sitting room which was a continual joy of sparkling blue waters below, azure skies and fleecy clouds above, and beyond the *Sujjagarh* (hill) and Sujjan Palace, set in emerald forests. The dawn, the sunsets and the rising "digit of the moon" all gently revealed their pages of delight and as silently gave place to other beauty.

After an excellent breakfast of European food served by barefooted *mistris* in livery, a polite official consulted my wishes in planning entertainment for the day. Every courtesy was at my disposal, carriage, servants, an official representative of H. H. as guide. Doors to public institutions or private houses could be opened, Government officials could be met. But it must not be assumed that a guest necessarily meets his host or any member of his family, unless the guest requests an audience, and not always then, especially in this State where the ruler adheres to the old customs of the divinity that surrounds a king. Moreover, I belonged to the despised sex. My request to be presented to the Descendant of the Sun was reduced to writing and sent to the Prime Minister with polite lack of enthusiasm.

Meanwhile an elaborate program had been arranged. It took me to the bathing *ghats*, and to a luxurious state boat flying the Maharana's ensign, manned by uniformed rowers and destined for the Island Palaces. An extraordinary scene lay before my fascinated gaze. It was my first glimpse of a bathing *ghat*. The whole bank for several hundred yards had been converted into stone steps which extended into the water of the lake. Upon them were countless figures, men, and in other groups, women, bathing and washing clothes. Many of the women walked into the water with their *saris* on, jumped up and down two or three times, rinsed their mouths sometimes, or brushed their teeth with a stick, a special kind of soap bark, and came out. They gave a few squeezes to the wet garments as they ascended the steps and went on their way letting the sun do the rest. Others disrobed very cleverly in the water and washed the

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several yards of cotton or linen, or silk, by slapping it up and down and, later, beating it on the stones of the *ghat*, then spreading it out to dry, while a clean *sari*, brought for the purpose, was assumed as soon as the sun had quickly dried their full, firm coppery bodies. Many of the women had beautiful figures—very few of the men. One young Susana, when she saw the camera, assumed the attitude of a crouching Venus. The inhabitants of Hindu Udaipur are largely Mahrattas and their religious customs include the daily bath before *puja* (worship) and the principal meal of the day. Musing upon the strange practices that cause faces to be covered one time and women hidden away from the world and the sight of man, while at another time bodies can be uncovered, we passed slowly down the lake on towards the Jagniwas Palace Island, the Dilaram and Bari' Mahal palaces set in beautiful gardens, and other palace-covered islands so beautiful with their fairy Indian architecture that the place seems like a crystallized thought.

The most Southern Island, Jagmandar, sheltered Prince Khurram, later the Great Shah Jahan, while he was in rebellion against his father, Emperor Jehangir. It was a refuge also for English ladies and non-combatants, forty-two of them from Nimach, fleeing from the terror of the Indian mutiny in 1857.

When we left the water by a great carved three-arched gate that framed the busy street beyond, I was lured to the Jagannath Temple, because, as a child, I had seen pictures of the terrible car of the Jagannath, which I pronounced "Juggernaut," grinding out human lives under its wheels and mothers throwing infants in its fearsome way. I found a very beautiful pile of stone of the Indo-Aryan style with the wealth of detail and skill of execution, which I was to know better in South India. My democratic ire was stirred by being refused entrance, but an obliging priest pointed out a small, high temple wherein the sacred bull was enshrined. By clambering up this I had direct view

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into the holy places and the god smothered in flowers and oil. Watching the people, it was evident that they go to their temple joyously. It is a relaxation, an exaltation—relief from their daily life.

Behold! as I was driving through the beautiful Zoo Gardens where some very fine tigers were kept, opportunity beckoned. A great clatter arose behind, of galloping horses. Two soldiers in khaki carrying lances, dashed by, clearing the way for the Maharana himself.

My official hurriedly stopped our carriage and getting out, prepared to salaam.

H. H. whirled by in a four-horse barouche with outriders. Four lancers in a row followed as bodyguard. Then two carriages filled with court gentlemen galloped madly past and I was left breathless, laughing like a child with glee. It was all just out of a story book.

I walked quickly after them to the tiger cages, alone, as my escort dared not approach the royal presence uninvited. I was a little startled to have the entire royal party appear on foot around a corner.

First came a servant, then an imposing man in uniform carrying a gun in a canvas bag and a huge scimitar. I was about to salute him as the Maharana when I saw that his beard, the pride and glory of a Rajput, was not quite spreading enough for the portrait I had seen. Of the next man there could be no doubt. There was the Great One himself, carrying a staff and slightly limping. Tall and spare, he carried his seventy-six years with much vigor. He wore green kid slippers, gold embroidered, of curious make, turned up in back, bare ankles, white linen, tight trousers, a long brown coat, over it a short dark tunic with military belt. A small white turban was crossed with a gold band and around his neck an orange woolly scarf was the only concession to weather—or age.

Without apparently noticing me, the party passed quickly on to a large enclosure where yelping dogs told their own

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tale and I approached a line of cages, each confining a "real, live tiger."

In the bazaar that morning I had purchased an ancient picture showing just how a shoot ought to be done. As you can see, it is all very simple. You just get up in a little fort and have several other "guns" with you in case of accidents to your aim—and then you wait comfortably, munching a sandwich, washed down by a bumper of white wine, until the hundreds of beaters in the surrounding hills have driven the tigers, three or a dozen, whatever you consider a morning's sport, one by one, pleasantly in front of you, and then you pull the trigger. The Shikaris are waiting below your tower to do the "dirty work" and bring you the much-prized whiskers. As you will note in the picture, this Rajput Prince has several gentlemen "guns" with him but his appetite for live targets has not yet been appeased, so none of them have had a shot as yet. One tiger has rolled over, gracefully dying, while number two has advanced conveniently into range. His grin and his chop-licking tongue denote ferocity as an additional *sauce piquante* to the killing. He, of course, will soon be made eligible for rebirth and it will be the turn of number three who is sneaking around the hill wondering what is causing the delay in his act.

Soon the golden umbrella will be furled, the firearms handed to the gun bearers, the happy party will mount elephants, sink into cushions in the howdahs, and go back to the palace for curry and *dal* and a siesta. Before long there will be some more tiger skin rugs on the floor.

"That," whispered my Tiger Ghost, "is a properly managed shoot." In my ignorance I imagined something like this would happen to me. I decided that the felt edging on my first tiger skin should be black and that I would have one done in blue for the blue room.

Then as I began watching the terrific brute in the cage before me, that picture faded before reality.

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"It is a very big tiger," assailed my ears in good English.

I turned to see a bewhiskered man in white linen, mousquetaire trousers, a blue cloth coat, and small turban. At first I took him to be a Rajput gentleman and wondered why he was doing the unusual thing of speaking to me, a foreign-woman stranger. Then I noticed a broad, canvas band slung over one shoulder to which was attached a canteen water bottle, the whole very much whitened with "blanco," or its Indian equivalent. It was a queer kit and I was puzzled.

To my astonishment he asked me a number of personal questions, who I was, where I had come from, until, not understanding his apparent inquisitiveness I broke in on his string of queries by remarking that the tiger in the cage was a very fine one.

"Yes, a very big one, recently caught."

I turned away, whereupon the gentleman departed after executing a dignified bow which caused me a pang of suspicion. I watched him join the Maharana and, later, climb up on the back of H. H.'s carriage! Too late I realized that he was the ranking A.D.C., that he had been sent to discover who I was, and that I had lost my chance to arrange for an audience with the Senior Lord of the Rajputs. How was I to know that to be "Bearer of the Water Bottle" was an honor conferred upon the A.D.C. of the Day? Opportunity hates a bungler. I got a lesson to be expansive to everybody for one can never tell.

Approaching the Dog Yard, through the half-opened gate I saw the royal party inspecting hunting dogs and several prize puppies that especially claimed H. H.'s attention. Then the cortege came out, the Maharana passing within six feet of me. He glanced at me, conspicuous enough, a solitary figure, as none of his subjects dared to approach within a block of him without permission and a group of them could be seen in the distance in attitudes of breathless respect, while farther off, music to their great lord was being

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intoned by a dozen laboring women, salaaming knees, hands, and forehead to the ground.

I returned the Maharana's interested glance by the *nama-skār*, a salutation of courtesy and respect among equals in his country. A gleam came into his eyes and he responded in the same manner by placing both hands together and touching the forehead with tips of fingers. Then he passed on to his carriage, an imposing figure. The *sais* jumped to their places, the four horses started smartly, the nobles hurried to their seats in the other carriages, the A.D.C. of the water bottle reached his place at the back of the Royal Carriage and the cavalcade drove off, but not before H. H. had turned his head in my direction and accorded an unsmiling, but gracious, bow.

The prostrate women now stopped chanting the hymn of praise and went about their business. The paralyzed life of the Zoo resumed its usual aspect and my official approached with the carriage.

Three other things now happened in amusing contrast. Just after leaving the Zoological Gardens for the Street of the Dancing Girls, another flurry along the road betokened the approach of a royal equipage. This time it was the Heir Apparent. His carriage was drawn by two horses only, but had outriders. There were three gentlemen in attendance. H. H. bowed and smiled as he recognized a state guest. He seemed a well set-up young man with several European touches to his attire. His training would indicate that he would be more progressive than his predecessor and that education and sanitation will be advanced, unless he, too, will not hurry the years, knowing that to educate the masses means destroying the throne.

Having arrived at the three small temples, I alighted to inspect the largest, which sheltered a well-sculptured cow with a Siva symbol before it—that of the Lingam which is much worshipped in this state.

As I looked at this stone cow in its shrine of carved stone,

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flowers from worshippers strewing the altar, black from native oil offerings, I wondered how far the Maharana and his heir had traveled on the religious path—whether it was the intellectual aspiration of the Supreme Soul, symbolized by the Sun God in his palace or the superstitious deifying of all nature, and worshipping her by homely symbols practiced by the common people.

With these questions unanswered, I entered the Dancing Girl Quarter, which looked like any other middle-class street, and good fortune! One of the dancing girls was standing in a doorway, arrayed in white trousers and long yellow diaphanous *sari*. Her middle and feet and arms were bare. She was not young, nor to my mind, good-looking, but she had well-developed muscles and supported the entire family on her earnings.

I was told that if I would stay a few days longer, H. H. would arrange a Nautch, but that his best dancer, Moti Jan, was away, having been loaned to a neighboring Raja for a wedding festivity. The Maharana subsidizes all the dancing girls and therefore controls their actions.

The principal business street was poorly paved. Most of its activities were transacted in dust and dirt. A barber was plying his trade opposite on the side of the road where normally a sidewalk would be. A cow, driven by a small boy, bore down upon me; two donkeys, heavily laden with huge bundles of washing, disputed the way; mangy dogs sniffed at me and at anything that promised food. A sore-eyed child tugged at my skirt begging for a *pice* (copper), and in a fit of misplaced generosity I gave it, together with a toy, which roused the whole neighborhood to clamor for alms so that I was glad to escape to the cover of the carriage. Whereupon the driver, clanging a gong, whipped up his horses, and dashed through the streets at a pace dangerous to the life and limb of H. H.'s subjects.

Later that afternoon I went out to see one of the sights of Udaipur—the feeding of the Wild Pigs at sunset. This

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takes place at Odi Khas, a shooting box built by the late chief at the southern end of Pichola Lake. A more beautiful picture could hardly be imagined. Over the roughened waters of this Lake, dotted with exquisite islands within which palace walls, marvels of beauty lie in sculptured stone, rich carpets, brocades, that famous "Kinkob" of gold and silver weave, rooms of wrought crystal, of brass and colored marbles. In one of the island palaces that I had seen the day before while going through the Prince's suite, was a picture of the Maharana which I had studied with interest—keen eyes, wide-spreading white whiskers and moustache. It had enabled me to recognize him. I thought of it now as this fair scene of his dominion lay before me and the eye carried on to the far-distant Royal Palace towering in the background. Between the two gates of that Palace under eight carved arches, his predecessors upon mounting the *gadi* (throne) had been weighed against gold and silver and these coins have been distributed to the populace in largess. And today much the same thing is practiced. Any ascetic can live upon the bounty of the Lord of Udaipur. On the road to Odi Khas I passed many holy men each camped beside the road in a small three-foot circle, a pot of water, a tiny charcoal or wood fire for their only equipment. They are mostly youngish men with unkempt black hair and billowy moustaches, and rags for clothing. Some of them were rubbed gray with cow-dung ashes, and huge red caste marks on their foreheads. One passed, riding an old white horse. He wore a gee string and a covering of gray ash paste. His hair was long, dragged up to the crown in a great feather duster effect, the whole plastered with the paste—a strange sight truly! One old woman, quite alone, seemed also to have adopted the Maharana's bounty—she had no shelter, no fire, only the rags on her back and the royal dole of wheat flour and corn.

Also this daily feeding of the Wild Pigs is another of the ancient customs continued from medieval times. The Odi

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Khas is in modern Indian style: wide terraces, courtyards, open work stone grills, brilliant flowers, and it is from the Western parapet that often H. H. and his guests watch the hundreds of wild boars as they congregate late every afternoon for food to be thrown to them. Swarming on the hillside fifty or a hundred feet below—safely out of reach, for these beasts are dangerous and savage—they devour their food with loud grunts and vicious snarls and, often, bloody altercation with their neighbors, doing wicked execution with their saber tusks. I conceived a very elaborate respect for their powers of destruction and decided that pig-sticking would not be my favorite pastime.

Returning to the Guest House I went far on the north side of the city by way of the Fateh Sagar, a great reservoir, made by a very long causeway and a dam of skilful engineering. Lying under its protection below, I remembered having seen the beautiful Slave Gardens with tropical plants and flowers and a water court that sprayed thousands of gallons of water into the air. These water screens, caught by the sun, were made to reveal their rainbow colors in a mist of graceful designs. Here of old came the ladies of the court to bathe and refresh themselves. The Fateh Sagar, named after the present ruler who built it, also gives secure water supply to the city and saves the lovely Pichola Lake from depletion. Thus the Maharana is not averse to modern mechanics when it suits his royal mind.

Of course, there are other modest evidences of English invasion such as the Library with a statue of the late Empress done in the usual mid-Victorian style and a small Woman's Hospital, named in honor of Colonel Walter, a British Resident. It was down at the heels with but two patients in it, though *purdah* I believe. This did not mean that there were no suffering women to be there but that the *purdah* system was so strong and modern education so weak with the masses that the women prefer to die in their homes than to subject themselves to the unknown horrors

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of the "outside," where both *purdah* and caste rules might be violated.

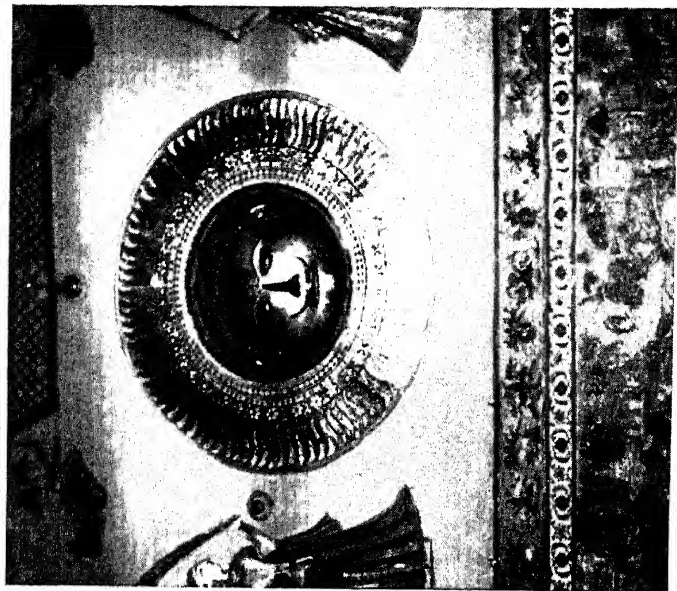
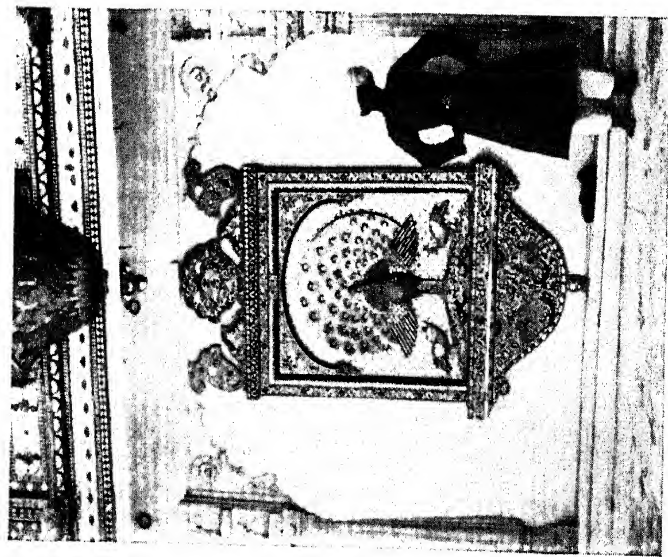
The next morning brought a real thrill of excitement as I passed through the Tripoli Gate and on through the great courtyard of the Royal Palace, where the elephants were, and through the guards and into the palace itself. The Prime Minister had sent word that he would be awaiting me! H. H. had consented to see his guest when he discovered that she was the lady who had salaamed to him at the Zoo.

I traversed interminable dark passages and steep stairways of stone, up several stories to the roof terrace where through marble screens and from cupolas of exquisite designs, was the whole capital spread out before me—the town below, and beyond, fields and forests. My official announced that the *Diwan* (Prime Minister) would join me here. The office of *Diwan*, or *Pardhan*, is one of almost unlimited authority. It was with much interest that I turned to see approaching, a gentleman in the long dark habit, slashed over the right breast, the white wrinkled trousers, girdle and weapon, the small turban, gold band, and jewel of the Rajput gentleman. A heavy, gold, aiguillette was looped across the left side over an official belt, the insignia that he was in attendance upon H. H.; European half-shoes of patent leather were the only foreign touch. He wore bracelets, linked chain anklets, and a jeweled necklace and, when in full dress, several large pearls suspended by chains from his ears. Yet his appearance was in no sense effeminate. Why should not men wear jewelry if they want to? In this part of the world, velvet and silk robes and gorgeous uniforms, broad ribbons and jeweled orders, seem in place.

The *Diwan* of Udaipur, Fateh Lal Mehta, is a person of high cultivation and ability. He has been trained to his job, having succeeded his father. The Mehta family ranks first among the nobles of Udaipur and has the distinction of having given three prime ministers in succession to the



H. H. MAHARAJADHIRAJA MAHARANA SIR FATEH SINGH BAHADUR, G.C.S.I.,
G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., SENIOR OF THE RAJPUTANA PRINCES



(Left) THE MARVELOUS PEACOCK GALLERY OF UDAIPUR PALACE
 (Right) SURYA, GOD OF THE SUN, A REMARKABLE FRESCO IN UDAIPUR PALACE
 (Photos by author, special permission)

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service of the chief. It belongs to an influential family of Bikanir but towards the end of the sixteenth century one of the grandchildren of Karamchand settled in Mewar. The *Diwans* have been high in the favor of the British Government; the father, Rai Panna Lal Mehta, was given a C.I.E.

Fateh Lal Mehta was educated at the Mayo Government College at Ajmere where only the Indian princes and nobles may attend.

In delightful English he described many Rajput customs and conducted me to another part of the roof where I could look down upon an inside court paved in marble with fragrant trees growing between fountains. On a marble terrace were perhaps twenty men being served with a substantial meal. The hour was eleven. Their rich garments and jewels and belts with dagger, or long pistol, indicated that they were of the upper class. The *Diwan* stated that it was the custom for the principal nobles to report at the palace each morning to pay their respects to their Prince to be received in audience if he were so inclined. In any event, to partake of the principal meal of the day from the Maharana's bounty. Evidently a very agreeable survival of ancient privilege.

What a wonderful old palace it was! It was started in the middle of the sixteenth century by Maharana Udai Singh about whom there is a romantic story of his having been saved from being murdered as a baby by the devotion of his nurse who substituted her own child.

While being led through a maze of stone passages, dark, steep stairways, little open courts and balconies as bewildering as before, the amiable *Diwan* asked if I cared to see the *Chhoti Chitra Shali*. The question being superfluous, we were soon entering one of the most beautiful places the world holds. It is not large, an exquisite gem of an open room set in the earth and the sky. It had no roof over the major portion of it, although one end had a cover supported by slender columns. Here H. H., the Heir Apparent, holds his

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audiences. One side was a high marble screen, pierced in intricate filigree patterns that secluded it from a courtyard below where tropical flowers nestled in glistening green sending faint perfume aloft.

But the wonder was the other side, which was formed by a high wall of mosaic and marble carvings where the famous peacocks of Udaipur scintillated in jeweled glory. It is hard to give an idea of the radiant delight of this blue, green, and gold set in the delicate tracery of marble—a blaze of beauty, a vision captured. Almost could I worship the peacock when transcended into these glorious birds. I stood in rapt delight before them until, happening to turn my head, I saw a gleaming disk of gold beckoning me from an alcove forming the other end of this rare casket which I now saw was embellished for this great jewel it sheltered. Going nearer, the whole design held me in awe. It was the Great Sun God, Surya, the especial deity of the ruling house of Udaipur.

Seldom has the work of man made a greater impression. Some fragments of the ancient Vedas came floating around this curious radiant face that was human yet not human, set in a glory of gold and attended by temple maidens dancing in praise. Angels held a jeweled canopy over the Glorious One.

Later Surya became involved in Agni, that greatest of the deities, hymned by the ancient Richis. Agni, the deity of fire and light including the domestic household, ultimately became the incarnation of justice and purity. Still later the Vedic hymns expressed the more intellectual and spiritual conception of all the gods resolved into one Supreme Being, the divine Sun, the Supreme Soul, who pervades and governs the universe. It is a symbol of this that is portrayed on the wall of the Maharana's wonderful palace and which I was able to photograph.

That morning as I watched the sunrise over Sujjan Hill I had met also another deity of Udaipur—Ushas, that ex-

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quisite goddess of the dawn. In the Vedic hymns she is arrayed in white robes that trail over a sleeping world awakening it with love as a mother does her children. To this gentle deity I gave homage six mornings out of every seven, the whole of my stay in India. For Surya, the Sun God, as he strides high in the heaven, pours his fiery rays too fiercely upon the head of a cold-blooded Northerner, who must worship under cover, or perish.

There were still other marvels in Udaipur Palace—the Moti Mahal and the Manak Mahal are astonishing and beautiful exhibitions of Indian artifice and royal expenditure. The Moti (pearl) Mahal is a mirrored room; mirrors, large and small, arranged in intricate designs over the entire walls, ceilings and, if I remember correctly, the floor as well, producing a thoroughly Oriental dazzling effect quite different from the large, mirrored surfaces of the famous *salle des Glaces* at Versailles. The Manak (ruby) Mahal has glass and porcelain figures, marvelous in execution, but to my eye no more pleasing when wrought in chandeliers and big pieces, than the Venetian glass, to which one does homage in Italian palaces more for the glass blowers' skill than for its intrinsic beauty.

Thus pleasantly occupied, the time passed quickly. A palace attendant salaamed the *Diwan* and conveyed the news that H. H. was ready to receive us. Again we went up steep stone steps, along several narrow stone passages with abrupt turnings, through doors that never were placed opposite to one another. This palace had been built to guard against attack from without or even treachery from within. Becoming confused by this approach, I was somewhat startled to be suddenly in the presence of twenty or thirty nobles in a large, handsome apartment, one side of which was opened by arcades of carved marble upon a court garden below. They were all clad in rich brocades and various insignia which betokened their office and were either in attendance that morning upon their chief, or awaiting an audience.

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Nearly all were seated on heavy quilted mats upon the floor. Some were smoking. Traversing this room a door was opened and closed after me. I was in a dark stone passage. A few feet to the right in the opposite wall the *Diwan* now opened a door and without further warning I was precipitated into the Royal Presence.

It was not a durbar hall for, this being a private audience, His Highness received me in his private apartment—a large roof terrace open to the sun on one side and protected by brilliant silken draperies. Several nobles were standing in a group near the door but all other details were swallowed up in the picture before me. In the middle of an expanse of white linen fully forty feet square was the tall, spare figure of H. E. H. the Maharana of Udaipur. The Indian potentate was dressed in long white garments, a great jewel gleamed in the small white turban, slippers of green velvet and pure gold shone upon his feet. He had arisen from an ordinary cane chair and now motioned me to occupy a similar chair beside him. In the far corner were the long cushioned rolls of silk and gold and plump round pillows forming his usual resting place. The bentwood cane chairs were a courtesy to me. I made a salutation from the edge of this snowy expanse of padded floor and hesitated to defile its dazzling purity by dusty alien foot-gear. Should I remove my shoes as the others about me would have done had they been summoned to the royal carpet? With no lack of courtesy my democratic training could not quite permit that.

The *Diwan* now urged me forward. "His Highness is expecting you to join him. It is a great honor."

Inwardly cringing at the trail of dirty smooches marking my progress I advanced to the seat, accepted the royal hand which was extended, much to my surprise, for a Western handshake, and we both sat down on our stiff chairs. How ugly they seemed in that sea of soft white linen and colorful silk background!

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"Your Highness," I began, after the polite exchanges had been gotten through with. "May I say that yesterday when I met you at the Zoo, you reminded me of your own royal tiger, as magnificent and fearless and typical as the Indian Tiger itself."

This speech evoked a smile and broke the conversational ice. His handsome face and brilliant piercing eyes lighted up with many a sharp flash of wit. His intelligent sagacity and acumen lived up to the traditions of the Royal Rajputs. There was no hint of the "woman hater"—probably a myth—like so many that grow up around the exalted of the earth.

The Maharana speaks no English and prides himself upon his conservatism, but I found him exceedingly well-informed, and felt no language barrier for the Prime Minister's command of English was exceptional and his memory and grasp of the Western as well as the Eastern viewpoint was such that the conversation flowed along, even into abstract thought, with no consciousness of the medium. Whenever this very high personage spoke to the Maharana, he did so behind clasped hands so that no disrespectful breath should touch the Exalted Ruler.

Although desiring to keep his State strictly Oriental, H. H. knew about and admired the inventions of America—the phonograph, electricity, telephone, and mechanical contrivances. He approved of President Wilson and his fourteen points and wished that America had come into the League of Nations. "It would have been better." He did not like missionaries and proselyting and thought everyone should worship in his own way as he has been brought up.

When I ventured to remark that I found his State backward in schools and hospitals, his response was that the ways of the East are different from the ways of the West, that his people were not unhappy when they could be fed. He agreed that the railroad has helped the famine conditions. He was not interested in "Mahatma Gandhi" and

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dismissed him with a complimentary sentence concerning his "good intentions." Udaipur owes fealty to the great White Raj and has no wish to be disturbed.

At the end, my host graciously posed for my camera which I had had the temerity to bring and, later, he sent to the Guest House by the *Diwan* himself, a beautiful portrait in his Durbar robes beside his throne made of solid gold. The gift was carefully wrapped in folds of sheer white linen—a truly Oriental touch.

With many polite exchanges of courtesies I withdrew, taking with me a satisfying impression of an Eastern potentate, dignified, powerful, astute, in gorgeous feudal surroundings. A splendid Indian Tiger but lightly tamed by the British Raj.

On the way out I was conducted through the large outer courtyard of the Shambu Niwas Palace with towering, unwindowed walls in the far corner of which was a tall archway and iron-studded doors. Two guards stood before it. My direction lay to the left through another guarded doorway, but knowing that this entrance barred the *zenana* quarters, I turned towards it as three veiled women, evidently palace attendants, issued from it. I had not gone ten steps before the officer of the guard had stiffened to attention at the possibility of a stray glance from even a female foreigner's eye penetrating into that sacred enclosure. Amused at the sensation created I turned away, well-knowing that any meeting with the Royal ladies must be arranged officially and that, owing to the serious illness of the Maharana's daughter, the moment was inopportune. Two English "lady doctors" were arriving that day, having been called in consultation. What a boon to suffering *purdahna-shin* is the woman surgeon and physician!

In the olden days death was such an easy thing for the woman. Some form of "off with her head" appears in all the legends of India's Heroines. In this very Udaipur Palace lived Krishna Kumari, the daughter of a Maharana who

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took poison because she was so beautiful that every eligible prince wanted her for wife. It tore her father's kingdom with strife and matters came to such a pass that at last he consented to her extinction. But the beautiful Krishna Kumari was as lovable as she was lovely and no one could be found to do the fell deed. Finally the heroic daughter took poison on her own account and so charmed was her life that twice the deadly poison only made her deadly ill. But finally on the third attempt, by which time the mother had gone insane, death consented to accept the sacrifice and the Maharana was left with his kingdom and a shattered household.

However, he doubtless quickly recovered. The Rajputs are born fighters, coming from the Kshatriyas, or warrior caste, and have therefore been called the "arms of Brahma." They used to make their elephants drunk, perhaps themselves, and then ride them into battle. The maddened beasts charging down on the enemy drove all before them and great was the slaughter. Legend does not state which part of the old palace Kumari inhabited. Her little part in history was played long ago before the Mahrattas had crept over the Rajputana using wiles rather than wars to subdue the fierce but generous and honorable Rajputs whom, it is said, alliance with the British saved from this fate.

That night the travel fever raged again.

"Come away, come away from here," it whispered.

"But it is so beautiful here and I have not seen half enough wonders," I protested. A great roar, like mighty wind in trees, came booming over me.

"Fool! There are hundreds of wonders to see, thousands of miles to cover, millions of people to know. Get on!"

CHAPTER V

THE BHOPAL JUNGLE

The Sanchi Topes: Robbers: Viper: Leopard

"He knows not the charm even for a scorpion and yet he puts his hand into a snake's hole."
—*Proverb of Hindustan*

QUITE suddenly at Sanchi I was introduced to the jungle.

The story of Bhopal proper, of its remarkable woman ruler and its progressive institutions is told elsewhere.

The Jungle of Bhopal, where many of the Yellow Striped Ones are still leading their free, predatory lives, speedily proved to be packed with "quick events."

When Her Highness knew of my interest in out-of-door India and its monuments as well as the women and customs, she suggested an expedition to the Sanchi *Topes* or *Stupas*, one of the most ancient and wonderful relics of Buddhist origin in all Asia. It was about thirty miles away in the forests, not near any town. I would have to spend the night in a Dak (post) bungalow and take my own food and servants. Splendid! Into the jungle and to meet the jungle folk! Allah was being kind.

H. H. authorized the State Librarian and Curator of the Sanchi Monuments to accompany me and make arrangements for our stay in the wilds. As the roads were very bad, motor cars were not feasible, and to go by elephants would have taken a long time, it was decided to go by the railroad which the previous Begam had assisted the Government in putting through her domain.

A few days later, getting off a local train about four in the afternoon at the little flag station of the G.I.P. at Sanchi not far from the Gwalior border, I was surprised to see lurking beside the path that led to the Dak bungalow,

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little dancing heat waves that spelled out the words, "Look out for *snakes*."

The Librarian of Bhopal is an antiquarian and a scholar, a brilliant linguist, and proved a very agreeable companion. In response to my rather obvious questions, he replied, "Yes, of course, we have many poisonous snakes about here. It is so close to the jungle. There are miles of forests all around."

It seemed that the Cobra and the Russell's Viper, even the Krait, three of the deadliest, all adored the place.

The Rest House was a welcome respite from the glare of a mid-afternoon sun. It was a series of one-storied rooms strung together after the manner of such bungalows and set in a large fence-enclosed compound under great trees. The center room had doors, front and back, opening on to the compound for better air and was used for eating and living purposes. It contained a long dining table, an oil lamp, and a dozen straight chairs. A simple tea service, set at one end, provided welcome refreshment. On one side of this room was a door connected with two bedrooms containing several beds which the State Librarian and his assistant Curator of Sanchi were to occupy. On the other side, another bedroom with dressing room and bathroom attached, was assigned to me. The kitchen quarters were in the rear and the servants' quarters detached. I have been thus explicit, as subsequent experiences made me realize how completely politeness had isolated the Visiting Lady—a circumstance which at one stage of that stirring night, I thoroughly deplored, while the Tiger Ghost cavorted with joy.

About five o'clock when the Sun God was slanting his rays less fiercely and the air had cooled to the temperature of a hot day on the Texas plains, we prepared to set forth on a visit to the Great Stupa and the other ancient Buddhist relics. My interest was prepared to be entirely antiquarian and to absorb from the fountain head—from the one who

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with Sir John Marshall had restored these curious and beautiful structures—all the lore concerning them that could be crammed into the short remaining hours of daylight. But the first words of the Curator Saheb before we left the Rest House as he inspected my costume, put an edge on things which did not grow less sharp as the evening progressed.

"You had better conceal those pearls. There are robber desperadoes about, rather an active gang. They have been bothering a bit lately. We have not been able to catch the ringleader yet. They are really jungle folk but they seem gifted with invisibility and can pounce on one and slip away before you know it. H.H., on one occasion, barely missed being robbed of her tiara and jewels which were in a locked box beside her. The bandit came right into her room and was making off with the box when a scream from the Lady-in-Waiting brought General Saheb, H.H.'s second son, with a gun. No, do not leave them behind—might be stolen, you know. Some of the servants are strangers to me, not in H.H.'s regular employ. But your bearer will watch things, of course. Just drop them inside your dress out of sight."

This done, the Curator Saheb placed himself on the right of me and his assistant, a tall, broad-shouldered pleasant person, on the left. I noticed they were both carrying heavy canes. In this three-abreast formation we walked along a five-foot path and began to mount the sacred hill, the steepness of the incline being relieved by groups of granite steps. On either side about twenty feet of the dense jungle had been cleared away.

"You see," announced the Curator Saheb with satisfaction, "I have had this path cleared so that we cannot be surprised. The leopards are pretty thick about here; no use having one springing at us without warning."

"You do not seem to have a dull time here," I murmured,

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straining my eyes into the thick jungle of thorn bushes and scrubby trees. "How far can a leopard spring?"

"I have heard of a tiger leaping twenty-three and a half feet by actual measurement. I should think a leopard ought to do fifteen, probably not more than ten normally. They have little fear of man. Sometimes we have had them come right into the compound of the Dak bungalow—after dogs you know."

"Of course they never go into the bungalow?" I inquired.

"No, not usually. But sometimes when very hungry. Twice they have gone right into the house. And they got a man each time."

My Tiger Ghost was sneaking around in the most excited way. Perhaps my eyes were snapping for the Curator Saheb said comfortably:

"Oh, you will be all right. I have a number of extra men posted all around here in the jungle. They will see any robber or dangerous animal and give warning. I am responsible to H. H. for you so I am taking no chances."

"That is very kind of you," I responded politely, not in the least relieved to know that my escort had deemed it wise to park scouts around in the woods. "What other kind of dangerous animals are there?" I inquired, wishing I had something more substantial than a gold penknife upon me.

"Oh, a tiger is always possible or a bear or ——"

"Look out!" came from the assistant on the left and at the same time an ominous *hiss-ss* at my feet brought quick action from all of us. A Russell's Viper sunning on the hot stone steps was coiled in front of us hissing protests not two feet away and ready to strike!

Oh dear, what a place this was! Just one thing after another. Quite fascinated, I remained motionless with astonishment. The assistant pounded on the stone near his snakeship which caused it to pause for an instant while from the big stick carried by the Curator Saheb out flashed sev-

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eral feet of sharp, glistening steel which he held high, also poised for action. I had not suspected it of being a sword cane!

A moment of breathless suspense! Nobody moved. We all remained transfixed like a sculptured group. Then the Viper decided to give up the attack, turned and glided majestically off the step.

"Why did you not kill it?" I inquired. "Is not its bite most poisonous?"

"Usually fatal," the Curator Saheb replied in his gentle, high-bred tones. Then with a shrug he added, "But if it will go away, no use to kill it. There are so many more!"

It must be confessed that the rest of the afternoon had an accompaniment of mental "Look outs" in which the Tiger Ghost reveled, but the feminine portion of me had many a qualm as we poked about among those wonderful stupas. Every clump of grass and dark shadow potentially held a lurking Viper.

Neither the jungle robbers, and the outrages they had committed, nor the leopards bothered me at all. Not so these *snakes*!

But finally even they could not hold against the wonder of carvings and of studying that stone construction wherein the unpliable mineral had been made to behave as wood and the great beveled slabs had been fitted and morticed into place with marvelous skill. Several interesting Buddhas faintly smiled impersonal greeting. One with a chipped face sitting in the attitude of contemplation—echoed at me: "Here have I been for one or two thousand years—who are you?"

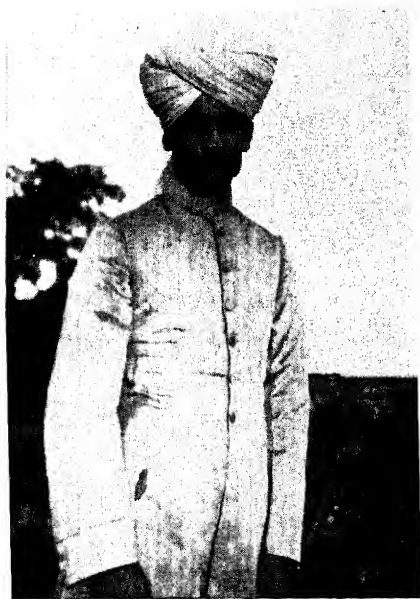
The sunset from the Temple site was not to be foregone, snakes or no snakes. As the last glow faded from the valley far below, the Curator Saheb urged quick walking.

"We have no *buttee* (lantern) and you must 'watch your step' as they say in your country."



AT SANCHI

- (Upper left) The Curator Saheb and his Sword Cane
 (Upper right) A Buddha faintly smiled impersonal Greeting
 (Lower) The Giant Stupa, where unpliant Mineral was made to behave as Wood



(Upper) A FESTIVAL IN THE STREETS OF CALCUTTA, THOUSANDS PROSTRATING
THEMSELVES IN WORSHIP
(Lower) THE YOUNG PRINCE OF BHOPAL, ELDEST GRANDSON OF HER HIGHNESS
THE BEGAM

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No one cares to be out in the jungle after dark. That half-hour walk back to the Dak bungalow, a creepy enough place which now seemed a Haven of Refuge, was anything but a pleasure promenade.

Progress was slow. Both men tapped the ground with their canes as they walked so as to give a reptile the chance to get out of the way, and he is usually gentleman enough to do so. Of course, if one is unfortunate enough to step on a viper, no one can blame him for retaliating.

Our formation for the return was somewhat different. I was still in the center but the Curator Saheb walked a few steps behind and the assistant a little in front. In case of attack by man or beast I suppose. Nothing was said about it.

Suddenly I jumped! Instantly so did the others, which showed that the walk was producing a bit of "nerves" for all. I pointed to a dark object about two feet long and an inch wide, slightly wavy, just discernible in the deepening dusk.

"That is a crack in the ground," announced the Curator Saheb and we proceeded in silence.

The lights of the Rest House were most welcome. A pleasant dinner followed and by the glare of an unshaded lamp well into the night, the Curator Saheb told me many revealing things about Indian customs and Indian point of view. Like the *Diwan* of Udaipur, his command of English and knowledge of foreign literature made real conversation possible. But here, instead of the man of action, was the soul of a poet—a dreamer—combined with an intellect which held it in check by the cold light of reason.

The Curator Saheb brought me back to present realities with his good-night remark.

"Better keep your doors and windows closed and a light burning. If you are disturbed send your bearer to call me. By the way, it would be as well to have your bearer inspect your bed again."

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I knew what he meant—inspect it for scorpions, a krait, or any unwelcome occupant who might have been able to crawl into a warm corner, or under the pillow.

"But he did all that when he made up the bed at sundown and tucked in the mosquito net."

"Better have him do it again."

So by the light of a feeble lamp the obliging Hakim ripped up my bedding (one always carries one's own in India) for the lurking pest.

"Hakim."

"Yes, Lady Saheb."

"You will sleep outside my door tonight?"

"Yes, Lady Saheb."

"You are not afraid?"

"No, Lady Saheb. I will sleep at dining-room door, not outside door. Many bad people about. Very Jungali. Hakim stay here, Lady Saheb."

"Hakim."

"Yes, Lady Saheb."

"Is there a gun about?"

"No, Lady Saheb. Don't think—have see no gun—foolish people here."

"Good-night, Hakim."

"Good-night, Lady Saheb."

"Well, at least if the panther comes it can take Hakim first," was my amiable thought, firmly suppressing any ethical considerations as to whether ninety rupees a month and extras was sufficient offset for being maimed by a leopard or knifed by a robber.

The night was stifling. I simply must have air. The door opened on to a veranda only a foot from the ground. I decided that the window was safest and accordingly opened one side. It was a tall French window about two feet from the floor and perhaps four feet from the ground outside.

The little smoky lamp made the atmosphere even more

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unbearable and the light was annoying but I left it, inwardly rebelling. I crawled under the mosquito net, tucked it in carefully and felt better inside its flimsy protection. Half my clothes, my pocketbook, and pearls had come to bed with me! I inaugurated that night the horrid trick of getting under the net with my shoes and stockings on, placing them at the foot of the bed to be reassumed in the morning before stepping onto the floor. This became a practice whenever I was in out-of-doors India. The houses are so open to the insect life and there are so many crawly varieties, anything may occur on the floor of out-of-the-way places.

Sleep seemed impossible.

The lamp smelled. Turned too low probably. No, I would not lift the net to fix it and risk getting punctured with a malarial germ from several mosquitoes fighting to get in. How hot it was! Thoughts ran zigzag over the day's happenings—that pesky Viper—what a glorious sunset lighting up the pastoral plain below—strange country of so much beauty—with death grinning at you just around the corner. It lurks in the water, the milk, the vegetables, the meat, animals—even humans. Wonder how old that cracked-face Buddha is and who sculptured him. I wonder if Asoka really did rebuild that Great Mound of a Stupa and if—if —

Great Jumping Jehosophat! What on earth is that awful sound! I was wide awake now—every nerve tense!

The yell arose again closer. It was in the compound! It was right opposite my window! Like a fiend in torment—the catawauling shriek rang in my ears, shivered through me—a horrid, terrible sound clutching my solar plexus.

There was no doubt about what it was—a leopard—yelling for food, for victims! Its shriek was both mad and hungry. So loud! Surely not fifty feet away and the window open! One or two bounds of its mighty legs, a tussle,

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a few scrunches on bone, slits through soft flesh—no one near enough to help and—one Visiting Lady the less.

There was no time to lose. Slipping out of bed I dashed to the window and slammed it shut and dropped out of sight on the floor. Fortunately the window opened in, but I had not taken time to bolt it. Crouched there, a moment dragged past in tense suspense wondering what to do and what would happen next.

If this had occurred several months later after my long trail of the Tiger I would have gone out of that window into the night straight into the arms of that leopard and slain him if only with a penknife—the only weapon available—for leopards are vicious, treacherous, and septic. The carrion upon which they feed gets into their claws and their embraces too often produce blood poisoning and extinction. Leopards are feared almost as much as a tiger and many sportsmen would far rather face the Royal Cat than his smaller brother. Six or eight feet of devilment is quite sufficient to take all the joy out of life, if you do not see him first and forestall his attentions by an explosive bullet in the right spot.

But this was my first experience in the Jungle. Like all novices, I thought the chance to get leopards would be always just convenient to my wish.

I had no gun. For aught I knew there was not one in the bungalow. Not daring to remain longer outside the mosquito netting, exposed to the malarial Anopholes, and not relishing the idea of bare feet on a floor where ants, of the biting kind—insects, beetles, possibly a scorpion or a viper, might inspect the intruder upon their domain, I took the chance of the insecure window and slipped back to bed, hoping that no exploring snake had dropped from the ceiling onto the roof of my frail netting and found a way through.

The *chita* screamed only once or twice after that, and all

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was silent after the faint yelp of a dog suggested that he had found pleasing nourishment for the night.

Soon I heard Hakim gently snoring outside my door and I, too, went traveling into a dream jungle where a King Léopard sat upon a throne of cobras wearing a robe of black velvet spotted with gold while I was being cooked on a huge platter, held fast in folds of suffocating mosquito net, in front of him.

It was no privation to be disturbed by Hakim at four o'clock that morning with the announcement: "Bath ready, Lady Saheb."

It was still black night and an earlier upgetting than usual as the train which was to bear me away was inconsiderate enough to pass at dawn. It was an Express and stopped only by courtesy, when flagged. I had visions of the irate sleepers I would disturb when projected into a Ladies' Compartment and I may say now that the worst was realized as the telegram for reservation which had been sent ahead miscarried, and my lot—and luggage—was thrown amid confusion supreme, a charming young English mother "going home," a baby, a nurse, three other small children, a greyhound and five puppies in a huge open basket, and a tea basket, ice box, bundles, bags, bedding, *et al!*

"Bath ready, Lady Saheb," again announced Hakim patiently. The prospect of what I might, or might not, find in that dark little bathroom connecting with the compound—made me linger. I pictured a viper crawling in through the drain hole, a cheery sociable habit it has, I was told—and a krait dropping from the rafters into the bath, and a scorpion sitting in the soap dish.

"Hakim, bring tea. No bath now."

"Yes, Lady Saheb."

His not to question why, his but to do and fly. An early matutinal scramble was further complicated by Hakim's discovery that the key to my traveling case was

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gone! It had been locked the day before against jungle robbers and now held its many conveniences with an obstinate finality! A frantic search by the glimmering lamp-light revealed nothing.

A solemn little procession with lanterns swinging traversed the half mile to Sanchi Station where a sleepy, but courteous, station master did the needful flagging, and assisted in solving the puzzle of putting one more into a fully occupied train. Dozing in one corner of a seat, shared with a small, plump cherub, who had cried herself to sleep because of the proximity of the "strange lady," I took up the long trek South where Madras, the Queen of Cities, was waiting to pour out her cornucopia of treasures, her sea, her sunsets, her temples, her vivid people and—her cobras.

CHAPTER VI

MADRAS, QUEEN OF SOUTHERN INDIA —HER SNAKES AND THEIR CHARMERS

The Unnecessary Attentions of a Giant Cobra

.
Whither dost thou hide from the magic of my flute-call?
In what moonlight-tangled meshes of perfume,
Where the clustering keovas guard the squirrels' slumber,
Where the deep woods glimmer with the jasmine's bloom?

I'll feed thee, O beloved, on milk and wild red honey,
I'll bear thee in a basket of rushes, green and white,
To a palace-bower where golden-vested maidens
Thread with mellow laughter the petals of delight.

Whither dost thou loiter, by what murmuring hollows,
Where oleanders scatter their ambrosial fire?
Come, thou subtle bride of my mellifluous wooing,
Come, thou silver-breasted moonbeam of desire!

"THE SNAKE CHARMER"—SAROJINI NAIDU

HERE was I, caught in the grip of southern India, which caused me to eat up weeks as an elephant does hay. All hope of getting north to keep the fascinating engagement for a shoot with the Maharaja of Bharatpur had to be laid on the funeral pyre of Fate.

Madras, the beautiful, with her fakirs, her snake charm-ers, and her cobra, held me. Especially her cobra and what happened when I met this king of the serpents.

Other snakes I had seen—the Russell's Viper in Sanchi Jungle, the krait in Rajputana—but the nearest acquaintance to a cobra had been in Bombay, on the second day of India, when, guest at a beautiful home on Malabar Hill, I casually strolled off the marble terrace to inspect the garden below. It was nearly nine o'clock, the fashionable dinner hour of the English colony. A full moon cast romantic shadows from the flowering trees upon the lawn—an expensive and rare thing in India—and a silver brilliance upon some very fine chrysanthemums.

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These I was about to inspect when the quiet voice of my host, who was mixing cocktails on the wide veranda, arrested my inquiring feet.

"Yes, they are beauties—er—er—I'll show you the chrysanthemums some other time—in the daylight."

"But I can see them very well in this lovely mysterious light."

"Um—yes—but you see there may be cobra in the garden. The *mali* (gardener) has killed nine in the last week."

"*Nine* cobras—right here in the city of Bombay!"

"Yes. Little ones. Babies you know—two or three feet long. But we have not caught the old ones yet. They must be somewhere about."

I quickly remounted the dozen steps to the veranda terrace, keeping an unostentatious, though sharp, eye out for uneven shadows and made the obvious comment.

"'And e'en in Paradise devised the snake.' No wonder the old tentmaker took to the grape. How pleasantly human that ice sounds tinkling against the silver shaker. Do cobras never come into the house?"

"Yes, sometimes, but not often. My butler found one on the second story last year coiled up on a coat of mine. We had a great fuss killing it. Finally got it pinned down with a long-forked stick and I shot it. The butler had shut it up in the room and sent for the snake charmer. Yes, the natives have such persons. I have actually seen an old fellow play to a big cobra in my friend's garden. He had a little flute and in about half an hour that big serpent was all neatly coiled up in a small basket, with the lid on."

"A lovely part of the world it is here—yet——"

"Oh, you need not be nervous," said my host. "This is India. One gets used to it. Snap, the dog, would give warning, and besides, cobras do not like the smooth marble of the terrace. Most snakes will usually crawl away if not

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with thatched roofs, were set in palms and brightened by the pipal tree and the flowering acacia. Wooden toys were for sale by the station venders, and coral beads. A low range of hills follows down the coast and humanity has shed most of its raiment; the *dhotis* (one-piece garments) of the men are white with red or pink border. The turbans are smaller than in the north. Likewise the people grew darker skinned. The women were barefooted, sometimes even the better class.

The costumes of railroad officials also showed climatic adaptation. A red helmet turban, a khaki shirt, and very short "shorts," bare legs and feet, except for khaki puttees! One free lance was wearing an official turban and a loin cloth hardly larger than a gee string.

Just as the train was leaving Calcutta the guard tore off my "reserved ladies" and inserted an apologetic female in white flowing coif with much small luggage. She proved to be a French nun who had been working in a Madras Catholic Mission for twenty-four years. She never unbent, nor disrobed, other than to take off the first outer layer of starched headgear. Her head still swathed in linen, she arranged herself, with her luggage roll for a pillow, flat on her back, a drapery over her face, and toes demurely turned up like a fourteenth century effigy. There she lay hour after hour exhibiting marvelous self control. The heat, the dust, the mosquitoes, caused no quiver. Long before day-break she was up and ready to get off, but had a long wait as the train was late. From the station where she finally alighted she had to do fifty miles in a bullock cart. This would take three nights. Travel in this part of the world is done by night to avoid the heat of the day.

At a small station another woman got in my compartment, again with much small luggage—tin boxes, metal pans, and food containers, baskets of provisions and rolls of bedding and clothing. She wore but one garment, a white *sari*, cotton, with a pink embroidered border. Good features,



THE SWORD-BASKET TRICK

- (Upper left) Woman thoroughly trussed up in net
 (Upper right) Absorbed in basket which she completely filled
 (Lower left) Sword thrust through it in every direction
 (Lower right) Woman leaps out unharmed



(Left) STUDENT RINGING THE BELL FOR PRAYERS AT THE OLD CHAPEL, WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN COLLEGE, MADRAS
 (Right) A YOUNG DAUGHTER OF INDIA PLAYING THE VINA, WILLINGDON RECREATION CLUB, MADRAS
 (See Chapter XXI)



MADRAS, QUEEN OF SOUTHERN INDIA

slim ankles, evidently high caste. She, too, seemed indifferent to her body. She curled up like a caterpillar on the hard seat and went to sleep any old way. She neither ate nor drank nor left her seat for the eight hours that she remained with me.

During the same time I had six sodas, two oranges, two bananas, three cups of tea and four slices of toast—between 10 A.M. and 8.30 P.M.—then I had dinner. The other meals of the day had been a “Three-decker”—breakfast at 9.30 which also served as luncheon. The menu was porridge, fish and potatoes, mutton chops, chicken with a vegetable, bacon and eggs, a meat curry, toast, marmalade, fruit, coffee—which was sufficient to nourish one for a few moments. At six-thirty Hakim had appeared with early tea and toast and a plantain. Of course one does not drink the water unboiled, nor the milk, and no uncooked vegetable, and only fruits that can be peeled.

In Madras the days sped by on a golden road of novelty. Madras, Queen of the South, like a lovely woman of refined charm and experience, her lure was greater than any other city of India. Her many delights have not been advertised for the stream of tourist travel flows not towards her. Protected by the barbed calumny of excessive heat, she has suffered less from the corroding march of alien feet.

Lying by the sea, the tropical moon reflects her glories in its restless mirror. Silver beach, majestic buildings, commodious homes, nestled in flowers and greenery, wide streets and winding rivers make a setting for the pleasant social and highly intellectual life of the Southern Capital.

But it is not of the universities and colleges, the institutions and clubs that I would tell you—not even of its fascinating women, nor of its picturesque street life, with the crowded bazaars; the never ending pageant of weddings—a scrap of a girl nine or ten years old, her tiny hand engulfed in the great paw of her thirty-year-old husband who

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was taking her to the subjection of another wife and a mother-in-law; the funerals, where the calm face of the dead, surrounded by garlands, illumined by a circle of lights and borne aloft through the night, looked to heaven in solemn dignity; and the god processions that jostled the placid pedestrian or, in the poorer quarters, narrowly missed some sleeping prostrate form, the street his only bed.

None of these claimed attention for long.

It was the eternal lure of the East. Its mysterious contacts with wild life, its awareness of a world that the city-bred knows not. Imagine a friend of yours, instead of jumping into his motor or tuning in on the radio for amusement, taking a little reed, going into a desert and singing for a cobra! And when the great snake glided up, charmed by the music, coaxing it into a basket only as big as one's head and going home with it!

In Egypt I was told that the genuine snake charmer always "calls his own snakes from the unknown," that he never feeds them. If he does that, the "charm" is broken and the snake will attack him. The Egyptian cobra lasts about six weeks. When it dies the "holy man" goes into the desert and "calls another."

In Madras the Indian butler apparently had no difficulty in producing jugglers and snake charmers at a day's notice.

It was a curious scene in the shadow of my friend's bungalow veranda where the plumbago and the hibiscus flowered blue and red amid the overflowing green. As the troupe, a motley collection of men, women, boys and babies, lined up for inspection, I noticed on their heads various baskets and pots containing the tools of their trade. Two of the performers were very lively cobras who were put through their paces like a two-ringed circus, at the same time as a juggler began the mango trick. He kept up a continuous patter in French and English which was designed to further distract, while a good assistant did diligent work on the drum.

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"See Mamma, see Papa, see little seed," began the showman, holding up a large black mango seed from which was an inch sprout of green. Evidently the patter was learned by heart as there was no "Papa" present. However, "Mamma" was all attention. His next move was to bury the seed in a small heap of dirt brought in a bright-colored handkerchief, shaping the earth into a cone about six inches high and covering the whole with a large cloth under which his hands appeared to be manipulating something, while his tongue rattled on.

"Come along, Mamma. *Regardez bien*—I speak the French—I speak the English—I very clever. Look, Mamma! Look, Papa! The mango—he grow very big. Ramasamy—see Mamma." Out came his hands. They seized a little flute and played shrill notes. The cloth began to rise a few inches as though pushed by something beneath it. Now a hideous little doll, used as a mascot and made of wood and rags and feathers, resembling the medicine doll of the Alaskan Indians, was trotted about and tapped with a wand.

"See, Mamma, coming," referring to the mango. "One—two—three—four! Mem Saheb see—no, not coming—*Jaldi Jaldi* (hurry) yes, coming!"

The cloth was jerked off and from the dirt-cone now appeared a sprout ten inches high with fresh, glossy leaves. Again the plant was covered and the rigmarole gone through, which resulted in a "tree" perhaps eighteen inches high with several branches and many leaves. Upon examining it, I found it was properly sprouted from the seed. The substitution of one tree for another could explain this, I fancy, especially as it is said the trick is not done successfully except during the springtime of the mango.

The juggling of a ball of threads cut up, put into the mouth, chewed up, and coming out yards and yards of one long thread and the several stones apparently swallowed

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and again unswallowed and brought to view, were much more clever juggling.

The two prize tricks were the fire and the sword-and-basket. With every opportunity for examination, right in front of me, I could not detect how either was done. The first was a little clay cylinder, open at both ends, placed on a boy's head, his hands being firmly tied. A fire was built in this cylinder apparently on top of the boy's black hair, with nothing to protect it. A little pot of water was placed on the cylinder over the fire. The boy was then draped from head to foot in a striped cotton cloth. In a few moments, perhaps three, while the showman pattered, the drum beat and the cobras writhed—the water in the pot began to boil!

The pot was lifted off, the boiling water poured on the ground, and, with the wand, the hot cylinder was struck from the boy's head, the drapery switched off and behold! the boy smiling and unburned!

"Good boy, no burn boy, two rupees for boy. Yes, Mamma!" rattled the showman.

Then a slim woman tossed her baby to another and removed from her head a big bundle which proved to be very strong hemp rope, woven into a wide-meshed bag. The chief juggler then bound her securely, or so it seemed, and tied her into this bag. Thus trussed up she was placed in a small basket into which it seemed impossible she could be squeezed. The cover was firmly clamped down and, in dead silence this time, the showman flourished a long sword and thrust it through the basket in every direction.

"Look, Mamma! Look, Papa! Woman gone!—I very clever! Nothing in basket—put sword anywhere. *Pipp! Dekho!* Say Mamma, say where put sword."

I indicated several thrusts including a downward stroke from the top of the basket and a low horizontal one. The sword was genuine. It seemed impossible for anything inside to have escaped.

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"See, Mamma, I very clever. Woman come back now." He made several passes over the basket, did "funny business" with the mascot doll, took off the lid, and behold! out stepped the woman, freed of her bag and her ropes!

Intent upon inspecting the basket I started forward, which precipitated a thrill of another caliber. One of the cobras darted towards my feet! The snake charmer made a lunge after it to recapture his escaping performer. He barely managed to grab the cobra by the tail just as it was poisoning for a strike, not a foot away from me! I kept right on going. Indeed I had no inclination whatever to stop, until, from a safe distance, I inquired of the butler, who spoke English:

"That snake—is it harmless?"

"No, Lady Saheb, man say snake has had 'medicine' but better not go near." That warning needed no emphasis for me to obey it.

"Butler, cannot they do the boy who climbs to heaven on a rope that stands on end?"

"No, Lady Saheb, man say heaven rope only for holy man."

By which I suspected was meant that the famous trick requires a real Fakir, perhaps one who can hypnotize, for photographs have been taken of the boy climbing up out of sight, and several persons have solemnly sworn they saw it, yet the negatives have revealed *nothing*.

The troupe finally went away with "much money, Lady Saheb, everybody do no work for a week." Only the Lady Saheb was not satisfied.

"Surely, Butler, there must be real snake charmers who do not 'dope' their snakes, or who are not all prepared for tourists, but are genuine."

"Yes, Lady Saheb. I know one—a woman, but she lives very far—other side of Madras in the fields. She catch snakes herself, very clever. Lady Saheb no good

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to go alone. Tell Master (his employer), maybe he go in motor car."

The next evening, as the blazing, fiery chariot was swinging toward its Western berth, "Master," an important business man, having small interest in reptiles, except to avoid them, but acting the agreeable host, was directing his chauffeur how to find the "Snake-Lady."

Far into the suburbs, past feathery bamboo and through some rice fields, beside a little stream we halted. While Master sent his butler exploring, we inspected a small wayside shrine very crude, smelling of oil and fading yellow marigolds. Beside it, a potter at his wheel was turning out little pots of clay, by hand, in the same old way that Omar sings about, and even did "the hand of the potter shake" as he beheld for the first time a foreign woman looking at his humble performance. That pot came off the wheel "a vessel of a more ungainly make."

A hubbub from the inevitable rabble now assembled around our motor caused us to return to it. Besides, Master had decided that wild, undoped cobras were best seen from its back seat.

"We'll take a private box at this show. By George, they have brought two of them! That big fellow is six feet long and four inches thick! We'll stay right here."

The show began, and this time I was fully satisfied. There was no fake in these two specimens. They were thoroughly alive and their keepers handled them with great respect. I looked with interest to see if either were the Hamadryad, or King Cobra, but neither had the two large occipital shields on the top of the head. Instead, the cobra spectacles on the hood of the larger one were unusually clear. They have pleasant little habits such as eating their young and other cobra. Anything, in fact, that the individual is big enough to get outside of and crush down whole. A convenient arrangement of backward set teeth

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makes escape of the victim, once he has entered the jaws of death, difficult, if not impossible.

The first cobra was about four feet long and "charmed" by a man who coaxed the creature out of its basket, picked it up, and advanced close to us. The cobra, its sides a nasty yellowish green, was squirming and wrapping and unwrapping its tail around the man's arm, throwing out its hood. The spectacles were plainly marked. It was evidently angry. The man was shaking a rattle at it when suddenly it twisted around like lightning and buried its fangs into his arm!

A murmur ran around the crowd.

A horrid feeling went up and down my spine.

These people had no patter, no English, no tricks of the trade.

The man had to take hold of the cobra's head back of the jaws to make it release and there were four punctures where the teeth had entered, a bright red drop of blood from each. Doubtless the poison had trickled down the grooves in the fangs and entered the wound.

"Butler, is that snake very poisonous?"

"Yes, Lady Saheb. Man says he wants money—must go home now and take medicine. Make him very sick. He throw up. Maybe two or three days, he all right. His woman take care of him."

A woman now came forward, gripped the snake behind its head, shook the rattle at it and coaxed it into the basket. I was not sorry to see the lid go down on that reptile. She now held out her hand for the dearly bought fee, seized her husband by the arm, and the two immediately went away through the fields.

By the attitude of this untutored crowd, it was clear that every one believed the sooner the man got his medicine the better.

I had no time to speculate upon his fate nor to find out,

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if possible, what the "several herbs" were that provide the antidote, to the cobra da capello, for Master was exclaiming:

"I say, do you *have* to have that big cobra come any nearer. It is right down at the wheel now. By George, look at that woman squatted in front of it! Well, she can have *her* job!"

I was hanging over the side of the open motor speechless with amazement. A scrawny woman was squatting on the ground, a young baby in her lap! Her right hand held an ordinary tin can. Its shining end, perhaps three inches in diameter, was being rotated in front of the cobra about six inches away from its head. At intervals she darted the can forward. Slowly the great reptile uncoiled himself from the basket and glided out onto the ground. The Snake-Baby-Lady grabbed its tail as the whole of the creature writhed into view and poised for a strike!

Now, a man came forward, squatted beside "his woman," and took charge of the cobra's tail, leaving the snake charmer freer to manipulate her can—and lucky for us that he did so, as later events proved.

The Snake-Lady never took her eyes off her deadly companion. She never held the can still an instant. Now fast, now slow, back and forth, forward and backward, she seemed to divine the moods of that huge cobra whose body was bigger than her arm. The snake grew more and more excited.

Again and again it reared and poised and darted forward. But the woman always met its strike on the can. Completely fascinated, I was leaning far over the motor's side and so was Master.

"Butler, find out if that cobra is dangerous."

A conversation in Telugu ensued, in which Master joined, which divulged the facts that the cobra was a new one, recently caught, that it had been "made good" about five weeks before, that for the first three weeks, the poison resulting from a bite is not very serious and is all right



(Upper left) THE FIRE TRICK
 (Upper right) THE MANGO TRICK, WITH RAMSAMY, THE MASCOT, AT LEFT
 (Lower) THE SNAKE BABY WOMAN CHARMING A LARGE COBRA



THE COBRA ATTRACTED BY MY CAMERA. JUST BEFORE IT SUDDENLY STRUCK OUT
STRAIGHT TOWARDS ME

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with an antidote. After a month one must be very careful, and by six weeks the poison sacs are as virulent as ever. So this six-foot writher was well-equipped to satisfy his anger with a death-dealing potion.

I decided I would have to get down onto the ground to photograph it and did so, taking two or three snapshots. Master protested. I returned to the motor and leaning far out and down was within a few feet of my involuntary model, with my eyes on the finder, when my heart missed a beat at what I saw there.

Suddenly the cobra's head, upon which I was focussing, got bigger and BIGGER and BIGGER, like an oncoming locomotive in a movie.

"Look out!" yelled Master, jerking me back just in time.

Its body had shot out towards me, straight and stiff from its squirming tail to its vicious head! That great, beastly, pointed head with its glittering tongue and venomous fangs and its great hood waving like a cape on either side!

"Great Caesar's Ghost!" was Master's further comment. "I had no idea cobras could do such a thing!"

Thanks to the gods of the travelers, that tail continued to be in the vise-like grasp of the Snake-Lady's husband.

I, too, thought their specialty was rearing, at the most, two feet and striking, at the most, one-half the body length, but as someone has said bromidically, "experience is the best teacher." The Snake-Lady had failed to hold the cobra's attention and it had honored *me* and the camera with a thrust which was too nearly successful for repetition. Another inch and this tale might never have been told.

"Now," said Master, considerably stirred and proportionately masterful, "I think that will be about enough. This is where your investigation comes to an abrupt close for this day. Chauffeur, you may drive on! Butler, give this ten rupees to the Snake-Lady and tell her to take her baby home—and *her cobra*—and enjoy herself—and *Good-bye!*"

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Two days later, again taking up the trail of the Tiger Ghost, which was leading me to the Progressive Hindu State of Mysore, I inquired about the bitten snake charmer. The Butler shook his head, gentle and unsmiling.

"Man very bad—maybe die, maybe all right soon—man no good with snake——"

The charmer had bungled. The gods, perhaps, had not been propitiated. Thousands die every year in India from snake bites. The Butler was no longer concerned. He dismissed the matter with an Oriental shrug.

CHAPTER VII

A PROGRESSIVE HINDU, MAHARAJA OF MYSORE

Cattle in Stream: Snake of the Lake: A Scorpion Visitor

"An elephant, however lean, is valuable."

—*Hindustan Proverb*

ONE day in March the Governor of Madras Presidency inquired, "What can I do for you?" The result was that I stepped into the beautiful and modern city of Mysore as the guest of one of the most progressive of the Hindu princes, Col. H. H. Maharaja Sri Sir Krishnaraja Wadiyar Bahadur, G.C.S.I. His Highness had opened a guest house near his Summer Palace for his visitor who found herself sole occupant, a charming, modern mansion set in a large park, bearing the occidental name of Park House. It was thoroughly equipped in European style and luxuriously staffed. Leading from my personal suite was an open-air sleeping terrace, where under the full moon, all through the night I heard weird Indian music drifting through the fragrant air from distant parts of the city. Upon the Chamundi Hill, rising picturesquely from the city plain, lights gleamed, and at the summit, though hidden from view, I knew the Temple of the Patron Goddess of Mysore's reigning house, Chamundi, an incarnation of Kali, was ablaze with lights in honor of the Full Moon Festival. White palaces gleamed through the shadows of garden and grove. A faint tinkle of some distant fountain beat delicately upon a scene fairer than a poet's vision.

Such was the night at Mysore.

At dawn, the rarest hour of the tropical twenty-four, little birds sang in the first faint light. The fierce heat of the sun had not begun to redden the pale, smooth trunks and the feathery tops of the eucalyptus trees standing sen-

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tinell in the park. From my couch on the roof of the Guest House I looked across the park to the Summer Palace outlined white and square against a luminous sky of opalescent blue, pearly gray, and rose. Now it received the salute of the rising sun, the plaster walls reddening with its touch. Below me the blue sprays of plumbago and passionate trumpet-flower revealed their colors. Far above two eagles soared almost motionless.

In the west, half a mile away, through the park, towers flame-touched the gilded dome of the Fort Palace, where still shone the red light which from sunset to sunrise denotes that His Highness is in residence.

Such was the dawn. The day was crowded with princely hospitality. A motor car to go wherever the guest wished, a majordomo seeking to know her wishes in matter of food and comfort. The court palmist to tell her fortune. Dinners, luncheons, and appointments arranged by the Maharaja's private secretary, so that she could see the royal, official, educational, and social life of this beautiful city. Sight-seeing trips to its temples, palaces, institutions. Each day filled with wealth of interest and new impressions of a life not known to our Western utilitarian world and each night traveled over the deep, blue-spangled arch of heaven in soft, musical, fragrant silver glory.

I was received by H. H. the Maharaja, in his Summer Palace one morning at nine o'clock. A dignified, serious-minded gentleman, in the semi-European garb used by the progressive Princes of India, talked in excellent English about his State. The Chief of Mysore has established a functioning cabinet whose ministers proceed along legal, rather than emotional or autocratic, lines of municipal and state government. There are certain elections for officials and a still further extension of the franchise is planned. There are even one or two members of the low caste now in the Assembly. Various educational and social reforms are also being fostered. Huge engineering works are in



COL. H. H. MAHARAJA SRI SIR KRISHNARAJA WADIYAR BAHADUR, G.C.S.I.,
PROGRESSIVE RULER OF MYSORE



A HOUSEWIFE AT SERINGAPATAM IN THE HINDU STATE OF MYSORE, BEARING WATER
FROM THE TANK FOR THE DAY'S SUPPLY

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progress to provide an adequate water supply against droughts and famine. I had already seen the vast Sivasa-mudram dam at Cauvery Falls and at Gangan Chaki, that was transforming a river into a reservoir of plenty for the future. It is one of the most important modern developments in all India. The steel pipes carry such a volume of water down four hundred feet to the many generators that thousands of electric power units are carried to the Kolar gold fields ninety-three miles away.

H. H. told me of the special industries of his State, the silk, sandalwood, rosewood, ivory, and metal products that are receiving particular attention, of the technical schools that have been established and the effort that is being made towards universal education, elementary, primary, normal, collegiate and even a Woman's University. Of the entire revenue of the State 13.5 per cent is spent on education. All this under a prime minister well qualified to carry out the wishes of the enlightened and powerful prince whose motto is "May I always uphold the Truth." As the Maharaja has no children, the succession will probably pass to his only brother, the Yuvaraja, whose full title is H. H. Sri Kantirava Narasimharaja Wadiyar Bahadur, G.C.I.E., K.C.S.I. The Yuvaraja is also keenly interested in reform, has traveled about the world, and his little son, the prospective heir to the throne, is getting a very liberal education. Apparently Mysore, the third largest in area, with a population of six millions, will continue to deserve its reputation of being in the front rank of progressive Native States.

The audience finished I drove through the palace park to the Great Palace Fort to visit the Maharani-Mother, H. H. Sri Vani Vilas Sannidhana, C.I., who was the former Regent. Also H. H.'s consort who was a Rajput Princess, Pratopa Kumari of Kathiawar, and other visits to the members of the reigning family that had been arranged for, including the Yuvarani and her two children.

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Curious glimpses they were into the lives of those whose every thought and action spring from an environment strangely different from that of the wealthy, high-placed women "back home." Gorgeous in palatial setting, restricting in *purdah* customs, developing in spiritual qualities, along the lines of unselfishness and abnegation, it is a life impossible for the twentieth century suffragist to survive. For those gentle obedient ones, I felt constrained to throw the garland of *puja* and step lightly away.

Motoring in Mysore off the beaten track is an endurance test, although that was of small moment compared with the opportunity it afforded to get intimate glimpses of the life of the people. The eighty or ninety miles, however, from Mysore to Bangalore, are well paved. Some of the distance under spreading trees, a most happy accompaniment to a day that registered 112 degrees in the shade. Even the cattle were languid and sought relief from the intense noon heat by wallowing haunch to haunch in a shallow pool. Unfortunately, the camera had a sunstroke and overexposed the film, blurring what should have been an interesting souvenir of outdoor India. An old cow in a field was companioned by a small white stork. The two appeared to be on the best of terms. Near them reared the tall spikes of the aloe or yucca plant from which ropes are made. The great cables of the Nanjangud god cars had been made of fiber which comes from a variety of cactus. In fact Bengal claims the jute monopoly of the world, and the jute mills of Calcutta show India in one of her progressive moods.

Another curious thing happened on that trip. My companion, an Indian agent of American Big Business, pointed to what looked like a snake shooting up at least two feet out of the water of a nearly dried-up tank, waving itself about in a very unsnakelike fashion, disappearing, and reappearing in a puzzling manner. Neither of us could under-

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stand. I decided it must be a water bird of some sort, although no feathers were discernible and the neck, about an inch thick, seemed smooth and glistening, while the head did not appear to have a bill, but a very serpentine contour. So far no one has known what it was we saw.

The snake of the lake is still a mystery; although the scorpion in my slipper that morning had not been. I had grown lax in that luxurious Guest House and ceased to be vigilant for the little death dealers. Hastening for the tub I thrust a careless toe in my *mule*, which Hakim had left on the dressing-room rug. The toe came out much quicker than it went in as it felt something foreign, something small and hard. I appointed no honorable committee. I impaneled no reluctant jury to pass the death sentence on this trespasser. Whether it added to my Karmic sins, or not, whether some one's stepmother had sought refuge in this venomous form to atone for past sins, I stayed not to question. Throwing the slipper half-way across the room, it landed on the dressing table with a crash and a lively scorpion was catapulted through space alighting cheek by

jowl with the hair brush. Before that surprised insect could get his business end in action he was deprived of his opportunity to function further on this plane of illusion. I went back to the routine of inspection of belonging and of keeping things off the floor. "If distant, even enemies are friends," runs a Tamil proverb, and another sapient saying in Mahratta, "Tell your troubles to your own mind, your happiness to the world," suggests closing the subject.

I remember a much more agreeable occupant of the dressing room



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which, please note, was on the second floor and perfectly kept. One cannot always escape pests in the tropics, no matter how luxurious the surroundings. This was a little green lizard, of course quite harmless and charming, who lived behind the mirror. He used to run along the immaculate plaster wall, making invisible patterns upon it while I was dressing, keeping me company like a good little genie.

On the glistening tiles of the bathroom I watched a colony of ants attack a piece of soap that would not have covered my thumb nail, but was as big as a thousand of them put together. In half an hour, by what seemed consciously directed effort, a regiment of these tiny creatures had moved the soap mountain fourteen inches towards the water drain. It was equivalent to many human miles. In two hours these Lilliputians had conducted their Gulliver out of sight. It was doubtless a rare food prize for ant royalty.

At the Ladies Recreation Club, founded in 1913, for both Indian and European women, the *Diwan's* wife and daughter arranged an opportunity to meet some of the interesting women of Bangalore. I heard their music and poetry and grew familiar with modes of thought as expressed by the Progressive South Indian woman. At another club, during tea hour on the terrace, a brilliant scene, I met the alert and competent officials who formed the Maharaja's cabinet.

Finally the *Diwan* took a "morning off" and guided me to the sericulture Farm, to the makers of soap, perfumery, furniture, and the marvels of carved ivory, rosewood, gold, silver, and brass for which Mysore is famous. The fragrance of the Sandalwood Oil Factory still permeates my memories of Bangalore. Two hundred pounds daily are extracted from this pungent wood. Six per cent from the roots, four and one-half from the branches, two per cent from the bark. A whiff of it never fails to bring back the weird charm of South Indian dusks, the gleam of white champak blooms

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on their dark bare stems, the flowering acacia, the delicate bamboo foliage swaying in a breeze, the tall, smooth pillars of the feather-duster palms, the twinkling leaves of the sacred neem tree, the heavy scent of jasmine, and the glory of gold mohur.

CHAPTER VIII

LOOPING THE LOOP IN CEYLON

*My Rogue Elephant Hunt: Tracking a Man-Killer in the Jungle*¹

Strange faery miles I flew today
Long league on faery league . . .
That distance was much farther than
The utmost distance that you can
Conceive. Its very farness fills
My language with fatigue.

Tr. from Bengali of Rabindranath Tagore
by H. CHATTOPADHYAYA

WOMAN proposes, Fate disposes. With every intention of going on to Hyderabad, I made the big hop from Mysore back to Madras to keep an unbreakable engagement.

There my next objective was changed from Hyderabad to Ceylon by means of an innocent letter "from a friend to a friend" suggesting that I might try to get a man-killing elephant.

In four hours I was on the train speeding south towards the famous Island and its capital, thirty-eight hours away. The still breathless Hakim, having accomplished a miracle of packing and transportation of ourselves and luggage, ventured to remark as his only protest against being uprooted from a comfortable hotel where he had unpacked for a several days' stay:

"Lady Saheb, always traveling. Never saw a Mem Saheb like this Mem Saheb, always on the trains, always going somewhere, never sit down, never do *nothing*. Last Mem Saheb, Lady — stay long time in Delhi—take week get ready to go on train—" My distraught bearer by now having made up my bed and arrangements for the night, prepared to betake himself off at the next station with the usual formula:

"Anything else, Lady Saheb?"

¹ A part of this material appeared in the *London Daily Express*.

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"Hakim, don't you really want to go to Ceylon and see elephants and leopards and jungles and Buddhist monasteries and marvelous mountains and tea gardens and rubber estates and the Temple of the Tooth at Kandy, and Colombo beside the sea, where all the ships pass to Australia and China and where the Galle Face Inn will give us really good food and rooms and modern bath, and we shall see all the travelers of the world—English, American, French, Dutch—scurrying off their ships for a few hours in port? Where there is the best jazz? Also, Hakim, the best curry and chutney in the tropics?"

A wide gentle smile rewarded me.

"Yes, Lady Saheb, glad to go with Lady Saheb. Good-night. Come early, bring tea six o'clock. Good-night, Lady Saheb."

The heat next day as we passed Madura, where stands the famous temple, a miracle in carved stone, was so penetrating that a queer feeling in top of my head obliged me to wear a solar topi even in the closed railway carriage. The sun's rays were developing that equatorial intensity which burns even when the sky is clouded. Everything one touched was hot, and a metal cup I lifted made me jump as though touching a hot stove lid. The earth too was parched, the grass brown, patiently waiting for the rain some weeks ahead. Near Danneskodi Pier I rattled and shook over scorching sands. The roadbed was too rough to read or write, if the heat had left one enough energy. But the heat at that point was dry and the station crowds, dressed in bright colors, orange and red usually, seemed cheerful. The food was good, the service clean, all officials with glistening duck uniforms, silent feet, and soft voices, and the pictures through my window frame showed picturesque fishing huts on a low outline of beach, and fishermen toiling in the shallow water. Masses of purple, beach, morning glories made a garden bed along this thin spit of land.

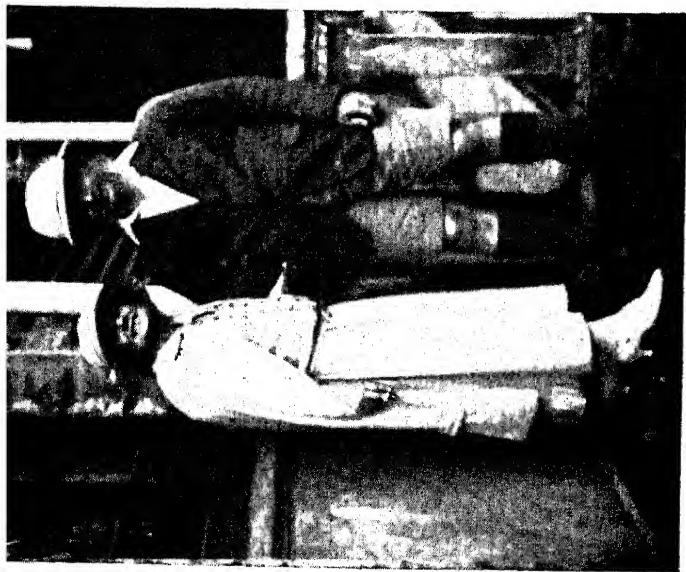
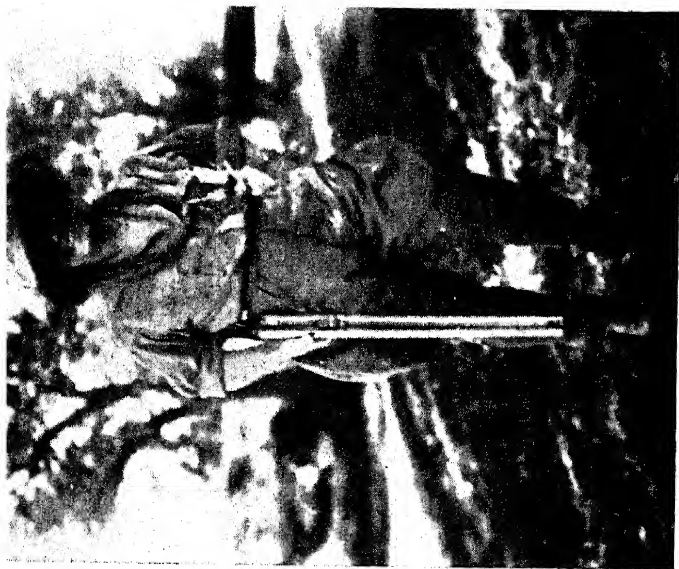
ADVENTURINGS WITH OUTDOOR INDIA

That night going through the Ceylon forests was a startling contrast to panting India. Here the high greenery of gleaming trees, cocoanut palms, waxen leaves, and shining smooth, gray barks were dripping with moisture as though in a cloud. A cool, damp breeze played through my compartment, which soon set me sneezing with a queer sensation of being hot inside and cold outside.

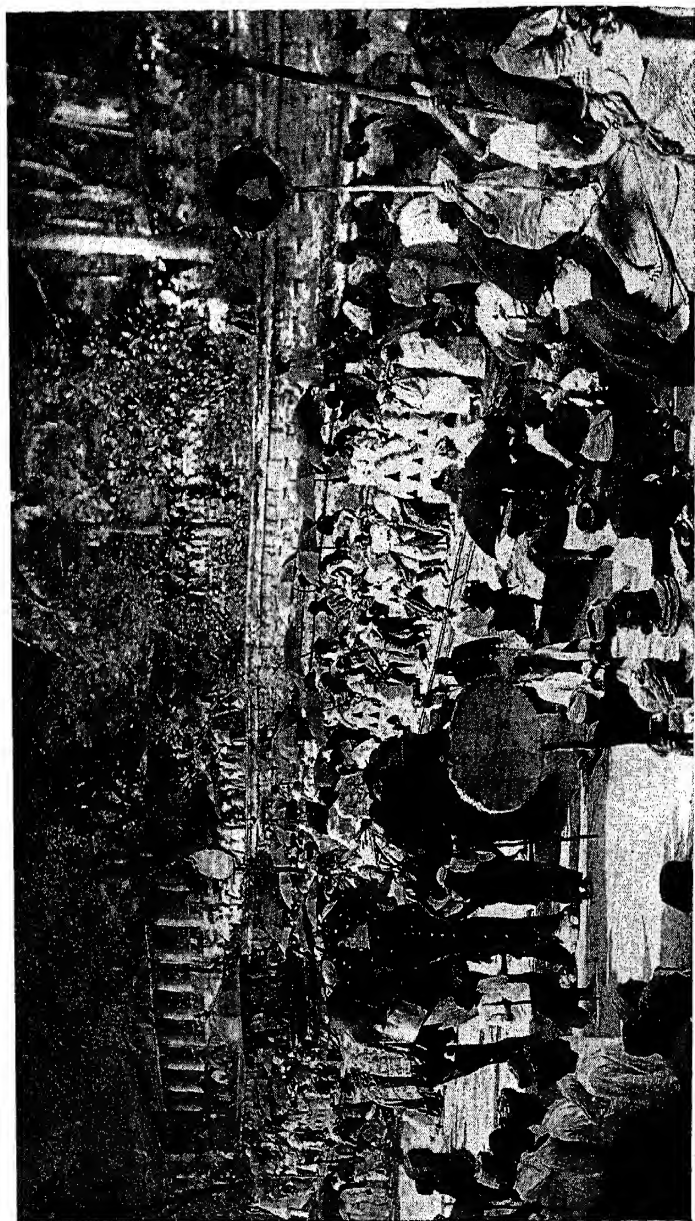
In the following two weeks I was to learn that there are many ways of courting Nirvana in the Tropics. One runs a merry chance with bear, pig, leopard, snakes, and scorpions, but the one method promising the most immediate and picturesque finish is shooting a rogue elephant on foot.

There was a hazy rumor that a woman once did it, but neither the lady nor the trophy is producible, nor probable. Therefore, when my Host in the heart of a Ceylon jungle agreed to give me a chance to go after a certain noted outlaw, I lost no time in going back to Colombo, where a sporting kit of sorts was quickly procured, and in three days I was again in the steamy center of a Ceylonese jungle, arrayed in Jodpur breeches, heavy boots, a Viyella shirt, a double *terai* (felt hat), a spine pad, and a determination to do or be done. I was further fortified with a "gun and lethal cartridges."

Just here let us pause for a little international elucidation of when "a gun" is not a gun, and what is "a lethal cartridge." Being a novice at the noble art of sport as practiced in the Far East, I supposed that a lethal cartridge (*i.e.*, made to kill) was a lethal cartridge, and so it is, when it is a lethal cartridge. That is—if one can get near enough the animal to put the bullet where it can become lethal. But a lethal cartridge is a lethal cartridge, if it is one, regardless of whether it kills or not. I hope this is quite clear. But there is plenty of time, as we are getting deeper and deeper into the jungle. I will phrase it differently. There is on the market a cartridge loaded with—getting on dangerous



(Left) ON THE TRAIL OF A ROGUE ELEPHANT IN A STEAMY CEYLONESE JUNGLE
 (Right) A MORE CIVILIZED MOMENT. THE AUTHOR AND A "STANDARD OIL BOY" (Chapter XVIII)



TEMPLE OF THE TOOTH, AT KANDY, CEYLON
Elephant carrying holy relic in Perahera festival (*See page 294*)

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ground again—well, loaded with whatever it is loaded with, but it is safe to say there is powder in it, and a ball of a certain shape, which is known as “lethal cartridge.” Then there are many other kinds of cartridges loaded with a variety of combinations of death-dealing substances, safe again to say powder and ball, which are also designed to kill big game and are therefore “lethal.” It was this kind of a lethal cartridge which my host used. And now about “guns.” In our free and easy America we do not hesitate to say gun for any kind of a weapon that kills, from a snub-nosed revolver to a Big Betrha. Not so with ye Englishman, Patron Saint of ye Sport. A gun is a cannon—big stuff, you know. A point can be strained, and a gun can also be a shotgun. A rifle is never, *never* a gun, and even a shotgun that shoots shot out of one barrel and ball out of the same barrel is not a rifle. No indeed, it is a “paradox.”

So now having established the fact that I had a weapon in my hand, unnamed, but nevertheless effective, and lethal cartridges, that is, cartridges loaded with highly explosive powder and ball, ready for instant use, we may proceed to a little more action.

For a week, trackers had been out over a hundred miles locating my bad elephant. The ways of being disagreeable that a man-killer can devise are as many and as ingenious as the Chinese tortures. The principal joy of one rogue was to separate one's spirit from one's body by placing a large forefoot firmly on one's chest, playfully wrapping his trunk about one's neck and pulling one's head off, the way naughty little girls sometimes do with their dollies.

There is a finality about being scattered over the landscape in this manner which made this rogue elephant most unpopular with the natives, and several persons had been so dealt with, including, I believe, a trained hunter with eighteen dead elephants to his credit. The advent of this man-killer rogue was the signal for whole villages to be

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depleted of their population, the terrified residents seeking the safety of trees and caves and distances until such time as the "evil one" passed out of the region.

There was an especially arresting story of a seventeen-year-old girl who had been found in various parts of her corn patch one morning. During the night her grandmother had heard noises and sent the girl to go out and chase the bullocks out of the garden. The girl did not come back, for the excellent reason already stated. I am not sure that this particular deed lay on the trunk of my particular rogue for so many stories of what elephants could do when going "must" or turned "rogue" were poured into my willing ears that some of them may have become shuffled out of place. My rogue, or another, had also stamped on a bull in this same manner. As an elephant weighs seven or eight tons one stamp is sufficiently convincing and settles all argument.

There was no confusion, however, in my mind on the point of what I had to do. I had no intention of executing any polite "after you, Alphonse" movements.

When one meets a rogue elephant, who has entered man's domain of killing, not for food but for killing's sake, a bullet in the right place is the only effective argument. And it must be done *first*. After an argument starts, a hundred-and-thirty-pound human on foot in the jungle has about ninety-five of the hundred odds against her.

I am not persistently bloodthirsty and I would far rather work a camera, which perpetuates the wild life, than a fire-arm which destroys it, but the Tiger Ghost will sometimes get the upper hand and revert one to the jungle mood. There was a progressive Frenchman of the last generation when asked if he went in for sport replied, "*Oui, je fait le sport. Je fait le Kodak*" (which freely rendered was "Yes, I go in for sport; I use the Kodak"). While this no longer applies to the present-day France of the "Olympiques," it does apply to the "new hunting" with the camera. But hunting a rogue elephant is different. He is outlaw and

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dangerous and I was keen to have his off hind foot doing duty as an umbrella stand in my hall, and his capacious scalp dangling at my belt.

My rogue had been located about ten miles from the one motor road that leads through the jungle between Polonnaruwa and the Kantalai Tank.

That jungle road unrolled mile after mile of excitement. So little traffic upon it, the wild life did not shun it. A herd of five spotted deer looked at us in astonishment as we whizzed by. Monkeys chattered casually at us. They make a little click-click when a leopard is about, often useful to the hunter. A big gray monkey near Haborane leaped across the road in bounds four times his length and disappeared through the *gloriosa superba* whose orange-red flowers hung in masses like honeysuckle clusters. There were wild roses and bell flowers and the pink balls of the sensitive plant spread many a delicate carpet for the jungle folk.

Three lesser egret were scarcely disturbed in their setting of water lilies. Millions of these pink and purple nymphæ decorated the lovely Minneri Tank and cast a brilliant blanket over some overflowed land called a "villu." Here, too, were a few of the beautiful Marabou storks, most effective black and white splotches, their feathers securely upon their backs instead of edging some far-off feminine finery. We got out once and sneaked to the bank to surprise a crocodile. A few miles further a Sambur stag, a magnificent creature, threw up his antlered head and moved away proudly. Seven cheetal, a big stag with his harem, doubtless, bounded lightly into the deeper jungle. A peacock squawked at us. A mongoose with beady eyes remained motionless watching us. A bronze pigeon winged by, also a heron. Several jungle cocks ran along the road ahead of us. My host aimed at one. It was mile after mile of thick jungle full of mimosa and wait-a-bit thorn and

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lantana tangles, small thorns and creepers. To get through it is an art.

There were stretches of grassy glades dotted with thick clumps of trees. Some big black buffalo trained to the yoke were working near Dambulla where is a curious cave-temple of Buddha buried on the hillside and well-nigh forgotten, in the rocks. I saw a jackal galloping away, and some red deer (*muntjac*) who live in the thick jungle. That wonderful jungle!

Enormous ant hills, hard as iron, ranged along the roadside like sentinel boxes. Once we stopped to inspect a big tree not twenty feet away which had been smashed down by a rogue elephant the night before. A little further was another bush marked by the careless feet of the mighty one. It made me feel quivery to realize that the beast was actually in the neighborhood. He might be thirty miles away or he might be just around the curve of the road!

My host told of being charged by an elephant while he was *in his motor*! What a fight that would be—charging an elephant full tilt in a Rolls Royce! No indeed, nothing less than a six-ton truck would sound attractive to me for such a war chariot. When two elephants fight in the forest it is the battleground of Titans. My host was not prepared to give battle just then and barely managed to escape. I believe he went back later and got the belligerent one.

After many hours motoring, we reached the nearest spot possible on the road at about three o'clock in the afternoon, and prepared to track the wicked one.

Ten miles in new boots through the jungle, the temperature around one hundred degrees in the shade, and humidity bad, a pitiless sun, mosquitoes, and eye flies for torment—that was the prospect. Ten miles, when my motor-pampered muscles had not negotiated two miles at once for half a year!

The boots were not a good fit, too large and incredibly heavy for feet accustomed to glove-fitting, paper-soled cover-

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ings. This had to be a triumph of mind over body. The elephant was not conveniently at home, and I wanted that elephant.

I walked eight miles before dark, watching every step that it should be a silent one, with no twig snapping to betray. My host placed me between a native tracker and himself as we proceeded mile after mile through a wonderful forest, over muddy watercourse, and through park-like glades.

Suddenly the tracker stopped and pointed to a track in the soft ground. It was that of a large leopard—fresh, not two hours old. Near by were several parallel gashes where he had cleaned his claws. He might be anywhere near, perhaps watching us.

The tracker examined my "weapon," which I had handed to him loaded, but with the safety-catch on, and my host moved up behind me so that we were traveling in close single file.

We had already passed several fresh elephant tracks and a tree stump, broken open by a bear hunting for ants. I had already seen a big tree smashed down by an elephant the night before. Anything might happen at any moment. The law of the jungle is not merciful. Kill or be killed is the motto. The heat was intense. I was much burdened by my heavy clothing. Instead of a few ounces of silk, I was carrying pounds and pounds of khaki and wool, and felt and leather, and hardly an inch of it was dry.

The hotter the sun the more one puts on in the tropics; one must protect against the solar ray. At first, flannel seemed an outrage in such heat, but as one constantly perspires, wool is the only prevention against sudden chills, so common and so dangerous in hot countries. I even heard of a man who got a sunstroke in his foot!

I could hardly breathe at first with the excitement of the trail. Everything was a novelty. It being absolutely my first experience in a tropical jungle on foot. The trees, the

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flowers, the vines were unfamiliar. The straight, feathery leaves of the lancewood, the exquisite daintiness of the satinwood especially charmed—there was the ebony tree and the Kampok, its bark something like a sycamore, from which the natives make a shampoo for the hair. Also ropes and ropes of creepers that tangled all with their neighbors and provided aerial routes for the gray monkeys to follow us and to chatter telltale information near our creeping forms.

The tropical bird-notes were all strange. The paroquets went by in flashes of green beauty, a hawk or a vulture sailed slowly by keeping an eye upon us, no doubt, for in some secret overhead way the birds of prey know there is often good pickings, where the two-legged one walks.

Still silently we traveled from the thick trees to a little open grassy park with a few big trees and a stream running through it. Beyond, on the edge of the jungle, a copse of second growth, hardly more than bushes, looked something like the Rocky Mountain aspen. The tracker stopped with his eyes glued to this scrap of woods. A word was breathed in my ear—"Deer."

All three of us, unmovable as statues, strained our eyes towards the clump of trees and underbrush. I could see nothing. I ranged my eyes right and left, up and down. Still nothing. I ventured a slight turning of the head, now right, now left, very cautiously. Afterwards my host said he did not see how I could expect to stalk game if I danced about like a dervish. Evidently my slight head movement had not disturbed the deer family, for we crept up closer under cover of a big ant hill and I snapped the camera at them just dimly visible, two does, and a fawn resting, before they jumped up and bounded away.

That remark about the dervish rankled. I had been at fault. I did know how to "freeze," as my husband calls it. All animals know the trick of complete absence of motion when anything suspicious happens, and man, the hunter,

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must learn it, too, if he wishes to be successful. This was no child's play. Serious business might develop any instant. No slips could be allowed. Even the click of the camera brought an expression of annoyance upon the face of this experienced sportsman. Perhaps he was a bit "liverish." After a score of years in the tropics few escape a touch of that but he had the responsibility of the life of a "friend of a friend" of his upon his hands. The chances were big enough. There was no margin—and no excuse—for stupidity.

An elephant hunter once told me of watching a big tusker not ten feet away, stamp down a bush believing that his victim was beneath. He had just barely been able to crawl from under it and hide behind another bush. His description of the avalanche destruction of those mighty feet and the merciless uprooting of those stout branches by a vicious trunk, brought home the cunning and power of these Lordships of the Jungle.

I decided to observe all the tracking p's and q's I knew.

On and on we tracked through that turkish-bath of a jungle, but I hardly registered discomfort or fatigue. The interest of the trail was all-absorbing.

A faint click-click (the prearranged signal) which my host made, caused us to stop short in whatever position it found us and "freeze." Straight ahead of us, fifty yards, perhaps, was a herd of cheetal, two stags, and three does. It was an easy shot. One of the heads was very fine. But I had no desire to take the life of that beautiful creature. It gave me a deep, primitive thrill of delight to watch the graceful actions of these Little Brothers of the Forest, as they moved about in their homeland all unconscious of our presence.

We had not gone ten minutes further when with bated breath I glimpsed an immense animal through the greenery and beside it a smaller one. "Cow-elephant and her calf," my host's lips indicated, and I needed to be told no more. A mother elephant is an "ugly customer" when surprised

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with her young, and we were not out to murder such. I was after the man-killer, the outlaw, the criminal, and only him.

Presently my chance came to bag a large wild boar. We saw it suddenly, as is usually the case, not sixty yards away, across a marshy place, through some trees. My host quickly, though quietly, thrust his rifle into my hands. I saw the boar's tusks gleaming as he paused for an instant, to give me a shot. Up went the rifle—but I did not aim. No, not even a wild boar did I want. My host nudged me, urging me to shoot. "The only animal in the jungle I hate and fear is the pig," he had told me. "One of them nearly got me once and I'll get every one I can."

The boar plunged quickly away, and I felt a pang of remorse, not that I had let the beast go, but because I had disappointed my host—a great game hunter.

"You are taking grave chances going after a rogue," he told me. "And I am taking a long chance in allowing you to do it. This tracker is the best one, and I have never had an accident so far, but one can never tell. Shooting an elephant on foot takes nerve. You must wait until you are certain of your shot, and then you must shoot quickly and shoot straight. The slightest bungling and it's the last chapter for you, or for us both. Why not be content with more ladylike sport? Why not have taken that boar? It was a fine head, and the pig can be devilish enough to satisfy any one."

I apologized, murmured that nothing but the Man-and-Woman-Killer would do, and we pushed on in silence.

Another mile or so when my flagging energies were stirred by a strange scene. On the edge of an opening under two or three somber trees with gnarled trunks and low hung branches was the skeleton of a rogue who had paid the price of his devilment a few weeks before when my host and a "man from home" had tracked him and, "seeing him first," had gotten in the effective shots that had reduced this tremendous brute to carrion, a feast for jackals

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and buzzards. There it lay, the fallen monarch, unpleasant to see, unpleasant to be near. Mother Nature had not yet sent her henchmen, the elements, to bury and destroy.

Yet even in death and corruption, as the evening shadows fell, the power of the beast struck home. I turned away with a cold grip of determination, almost primitive, that if opportunity offered I would "shoot straight" and shoot quickly.

The sun was down. The tropical night was coming fast, and the rogue was still ahead of us.

"It's no use. We cannot make it tonight. We must get back to the car. Night travel in this jungle with you is too risky," said my host. "We are very near where the rogue was located this morning. We must wait for daylight."

How I ever made one foot go in front of the other is a mystery, but I did manage thirteen miles altogether. It was black night when, about an hour and a half later, we reached the road, led there by a skill uncanny. The tracker was sent several miles further on for the car, and I dropped in the middle of the road as the only place comparatively safe from attack by the jungle folk. My host breathed a sigh of relief.

"Nasty place this, at night, without a light."

I struggled to my feet, as just in front of me was something dark and slim and crooked. My host interposed his bulk between, and poked it cautiously. It moved not.

Snakes are not so bad in Ceylon as in India, where they kill thousands yearly, but one cannot afford to take chances.

With a sigh of relief I collapsed again in the road, and waited for another hour in a semi-comatose state of extreme fatigue, until I thought I heard an elephant trumpeting. Startled into wakefulness, I found myself staring into a pair of flaming eyes. They were the headlights of our relief motor, and its warning horn had been my trumpeter.

A few miles more and we reached the haven of a little

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Rest House, where a tin tub-bath and fresh raiment revived my energies. The bungalow was on the shore of a beautiful tank, very comfortable considering its remoteness from civilization. About ten o'clock we sat down to a welcome repast, principally of tinned food. My host and a young Englishman who "was a good shot" were attired in loose white washable garments open at the throat, which very sensibly did duty for evening dress in that climate. There are so many agents that soil—heat, gnats, insects in abundance. The air was hazy with "eye flies," tiny midges that give one no peace, and the cement floor seemed to waver, so covered was it with tiny ants. When I first noticed them in my bedroom after a short nap, earlier in the day, I thought I must still be dreaming. The floor looked unsubstantial like a badly focussed film.

At dinner I heard a curious clicking noise. On the walls several little green lizards were crawling. They are called "chick, chicks" because of their sociable little comments upon the Gargantuan creatures whose houses they inhabit. If one puts a finger on the tail of a "chick" he scoots away, very politely leaving it with one and proceeds to grow another in a few days.

The night was very hot and the day had been thoroughly exhausting, but once my host mentioned hunting leopards that night by lantern light, I cast away dull aches and pains and urged the adventure. I put on a flannel hunting shirt over my one garment, a white silk frock. The two men were in equally amusing kit, brown shirt tails hanging over white trousers, and about midnight we got into the motor and started along the jungle road on one of the most extraordinary expeditions I had ever known. The top of the touring car was down, so was the windshield, and *four* of us were in the front seat! That is, the chauffeur was seated as usual, with my host beside him. My feet were between them while I was perched on the back of the seat, rifle in hand ready for instant use. In this position if required to

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shoot, I could clear the heads of my companions over the lowered windshield and over the motor hood. The "good shot" was seated on a spare tire on the running board and manipulated the electric searchlight as we sped along.

A weird sight was that jungle in the hot, dark night. The white light revealed a hairy monkey clinging to strange, unnatural foliage. A rat ran across the road, looking twice his normal size. The eyes—the staring, shining, gleaming eyes were always the first things to be seen. Often the *only* glimpse of the animal.

Suddenly we all saw two great eyes looming out of the darkness. My heart stopped a beat. Surely that was a leopard. They were a little too high for it to be standing on the ground—crouching on a log perhaps. No! now the dim outline of a large deer. Big antlers! Now it has turned and dashed away. A Sambur stag and a beauty! The rifle went down again.

On we went gliding silently along that marvelous road. I was told the leopard would more likely be in the middle of the road—although these vicious merciless cats with muscles like steel bands, have been known to drop upon their victims from branches overhead. Also there is a very aggressive bear that does not stop to question why, but engages in a death grip without provocation.

Oh, it is a merry part of the world! Something happening, or liable to happen, every moment.

More eyes gleaming in the dark! A hare leaped into the open and stood dismayed blinking at the light. For twenty miles that ribbon of light shot through the jungle—a wild, thrilling ride, punctuated by *eyes*.

The leopards although reported in the neighborhood were not to be seen that night, and long after midnight a weary woman tenderfoot was glad to crawl under a mosquito net and sink into a few hours of blessed sleep upon a springless cot.

Before daybreak we were up again to take to the road and

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be on the trail again before sunrise. In the tropics this occurs one or two hours later, a very different matter from the dawn. In fact, I collected more sunrises in India—about six in each week—than in all my life before!

Alas! I was condemned to remain a Buddhist in action if not in heart and not take life that day. The man-killer by all the rules of the elephant game should have remained in that locality for another day at least, but the trackers reported that he had traveled thirty-five miles through the dense jungle and was wallowing in the river bottom lands, up to his hips in mud and water.

Surrounded by miles of bog, it was impossible to follow him into that submerged land. Had he perchance visioned my Jodpur breeches and fled the locality? What was the hunter's luck that prevented the woman and the weapon and the wild one getting together? The necessity of a traveler hurried me away two days later, leaving my rogue elephant still triumphant in his wickedness, still unconquered by woman.

CHAPTER IX

TRAIL OF THE ~~TIGER~~ GHOST

ABOUT THE TIGER GHOST ITSELF

THE tale of this trail is a long one and in some respects a sad one—if you are a bloodthirsty reader. Until I went to India I had the usual conception that tigers were liable to jump out at one almost any time and any place. But now I know better. I never saw a tiger in the streets of Bombay, nor Delhi, nor even in the whole of Bengal, where tigers are supposed to be romping through the jungles of Calcutta with gaping jaws, septic claws, and horrid roars. True there were tigers in Bengal—thousands of them—but they decorated the bill posters, advertising a well-known commodity, or appeared as a trade-mark on a commercial letterhead.

My trail of this King of Beasts in India extended from west to east coast, Rajputana to Madras—Mysore to Assam, from the Himalayas to Ceylon. Everybody tried to help me get near this quasi-mythical beast. Official India from H. E. The Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in India; their Highnesses the Maharajas of Mysore and Bharatpur, the Nizam of Hyderabad who is an Exalted Highness, to the Governors of Madras and of Bengal itself, the very home of the object of my *shikkar*. Other men of influence in commerce and industry lent me their assistance. Finally, in the wilds of Assam, I arranged a shoot myself!

When enough energy had been expended through many months to bring me face to face with an army of tigers, the net result was that I saw two—each in a Zoo!—until in the last act. Whether it was the lady, or the tiger, who won, must be reserved for the final curtain.

So now when I read of a party bagging eleven tigers in a week, or someone shows me large, striped skins on the

TRAIL OF THE TIGER GHOST

Likewise, in the dry, cracking heat of the United, or the Central Province, were tigers. And there was cholera and the aforesaid fevers and incredible heat.

All the Maharaja shoots were over. It seems that the inconsiderate habits of the Striped Ones make them much more readily approached some months than others. In Nepal, yes—many tigers, a good chance. The Commander-in-Chief was just back from there with a trophy. But Gurkha-land did not welcome women sportsmen. One woman had shot a beater instead of the quarry and her sex must suffer for her accident. A drastic order of exclusion was in force.

Again in the high fastnesses of the Himalayas, two days' pony travel away was a horse-killer and, I think, a man-killer. Very cunning—never killing twice in the same place, never going back a second time to finish a kill, no matter how succulent. Again it was problematical whether I could reach this beast without an elaborate expedition—horses, tents, cook, foods, etc., and plenty of time for a camping trip.

So on through the gamut of the possible, each receding into the improbable. Perforce I settled down in Darjeeling to wait a few days with what philosophy I could muster. Never was there a more marvelous place to loiter. There was the never-failing interest of the stocky Nepalese, storm-tried, like their mountain oaks, carrying their loads French-Canadian fashion with a tump line across the forehead; and the sturdy women who gave as good as they got, carrying enormous loads and asking no favors of their men. Very shrewd they were, too, at driving a bargain, having learned how to capitalize their picturesque appearance and refusing to be photographed except for money compensation. The glory of sunrises over gleaming, glossy peaks. Each morning's unfoldment, a marvel from Nature's palette, while the mystery of clouds on this top of the world lured one into the nebulous and the unknown. Nearly six miles towering

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above sea level, Mount Everest, the unconquered by man, reigns over the loftiest of old Earth's upheavals.

There was the social life of the Government House Colony and the Darjeeling Gymkhana Club, where roller-skating takes the place of golf and one cuts capers and figure-eights on a wooden oval instead of cutting out divots from an emerald perfection. And where "We Have No Bananas" vies with the more sedate two-step in setting the world jazzing. In fact, not only in "the hills" but all over India, I two-stepped with "Katy on the Back Porch" where, apparently, the whole civilized world "loved her best of all."

Then came word from Lord Lytton's Secretary. It proved to be the key log in a lumber jam. Things began to move, slowly at first, then finally into the wide stream of an unfrilled, genuine tiger hunt. The keyword was, "H. E. has asked me to inform you about the results of his inquiries into the possibility of a tiger shoot. The only thing possible would be to tie up between Sukna and Sivoke, which are down at the bottom of the hill, and hope for a kill within a reasonable time. This would involve staying at the Sukna Forest bungalow and making all arrangements for food, servants, cooking utensils, and so forth; and at this time of the year I do not think it would be at all pleasant staying down there, especially as it is reputed to be very malarious. What do you wish to be done in the matter?"

Of course I accepted the Sivoke Forest area, with or without malaria, and the Chief of the Forest Rangers was accordingly asked to make arrangements. As H. E. thought it best for me to wait in the hills until news of the tiger came, I remained in Darjeeling where I could slip down the mountain in a few hours by motor and be on the spot in time and thus avoid, so far as possible, exposure to the pestilential fevers of the Sukna, Sivoke jungles.

Two days later came the welcome inquiry: "About tying up a tiger, and H. E. tells me that he has promised to lend you one of his guns. He has: (1) a 12-bore shot gun which

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you could use with lethal bullets; (2) a 500-express rifle; (3) a Mannlicher, but he thinks No. 3 would be too small. Would you kindly let me know which are the guns you like?"

Ha! The weapons! Affairs were moving.

Further days dragged by, punctuated by a report of progress. "H. E. asks me to let you know what his present information is regarding the chances of a tiger. Of the three places where they have tied up, there is a chance of a kill in one place and they propose to tie up until the end of this week. If, however, there is no kill by then, H. E. is afraid that you will have to give up all hope of getting a tiger in this neighborhood."

Why would not that tiresome beast indulge his beastly ways and murder the unfortunate cow staked out for him and permit me to complete the cycle of destruction, so that all future cows would remain safe from his rapacious maw and my long quest would be ended?

The same day came a letter in His Excellency's own script.

"Government House, Darjeeling.

"I had a talk with Mr. Homfray (Chief of Forest Rangers) yesterday about the chances of your getting a tiger. He says that Mr. Hodge will be returning to Kurseong today so I have told him to ask him to come up to Darjeeling and report on the position. If any tigers have been heard of lately it will be worth your while to wait, but if the recent forest fires in that neighborhood have driven all the tigers away then there would be no use in your waiting for the chance of one coming back. We ought to hear something definite today. Mr. Homfray says he has a gun which fires a ball cartridge (a paradox) on the spot, which he will be glad to lend you and which will be lighter and shorter in the stock than my 12-bore gun. So I am only sending the rifle and ammunition. I am also sending two spent cartridges to be used when snapping the trigger for practice.

"I do hope your patience will be rewarded.

"Believe me,

"Yours sincerely,

"Lytton."

On Easter Sunday morning just before church, H. E.'s personal guns were taken out of the gun room and placed

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on the hall table of Government House—a formidable array—for my selection. Lord Lytton also took me into his study to see a collection of *kukri* (Ghurka knives) and offered to lend one, but I became enamoured of their cruel, curved blades and wicked little points for sinew cutting and decided to become the possessor of a *kukri* of my own.

I have always suspected that *kukri* of mine of being hoodoo. It had a gleaming graceful shape like a baby scimitar and upon its leather cover was a gold tiger enriched with turquoise and coral. When discovered in a little Nepalese shop on one of those Darjeeling streets that cling precariously to the perpendicular inhospitality of the mountain, it was consorting with a small Tibetan prayer wheel of carved ivory. I did not break the affinity of the two strange shelf mates, being assured that the prayer wheel would bring "good luck." That was doubtless true, but as to which had the good luck—the lady or the tiger—is a matter of future revelation.

That night while the Tiger Ghost impatiently awaited news "from below" that "my tiger" had finally been lured to a kill, I went to a Devil Dance of the Lamas under the patronage of H. H. the Maharaja of Sikkim, Sir Trashigyal, K.C.I.E., C.S.I. It was a strange contrast to the Christian Easter whose joy bells had rung out so merrily on the crisp air that morning. Instead, the hollow thuds of the great drums struck one's solar plexus unpleasantly and the weird discordant shrillings and boomings of the Tibetan horns formed a concatenation that shocked and then stunned the senses. These horns were of copper, seven feet long, but could be made different lengths to produce different notes, being two-foot pieces fitted into one another. A small one-foot horn shaped differently provided the shrillest notes of all. The fantastic costumes and painted faces of the performers added to this emotional attack upon the observer's imagination. A *lama* (priest) sat in the center of this bizarre orchestra twirling a silver

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prayer wheel about six inches long, with a hollow cylinder two inches in diameter wherein was placed the prayers. This wheel being constantly rotated, provided a vicarious appeal to deity for benefits desired. Every thousand revolutions advanced the rotator along the path of virtue or, equally, if he were carnally minded and had placed such an appeal within the wheel, rewarded him by furthering his desires. The history of the Black Hat Dance reeks with tragedy of persecutions and reprisals, of treachery and murders. The Black Hat Devil Dancers wear uncouth garments and grotesque masques representing various monsters with animal heads. *Lang*, the elephant, the stag-headed ogre, the tiger, the lion, the roe and the *Sadag*, master of earth demons. Also the King of Ogres (*Ye-she Gon-po*) as God of Death, and his fiendish hordes.

With extraordinary muscular, rhythmic dancing, leaps in the air, and great bounds, the dancers fall upon *Lang Dar-ma*, the enemy of Tibet and Lamaism, represented by an effigy of dough, brought out by two cemetery ghouls and laid in the center of the hollow square formed by the madly capering Devil Dancers. Eventually the enemy is stabbed in the heart, the legs and arms chopped off and reduced to fragments, and scattered to the four winds of heaven.

"Peace on earth, good-will towards men," sang the Easter choir a mile away in the little stone church on the hillside.

"Whoop la! Bang, boom, smash your enemies!" wailed the trumpets and pounded the drums as the grotesque horde brought their Devil Dance to a close, collected their money and prepared to return to their monastic fastnesses. Yet who shall say that their worship is less acceptable to the All Knowing?

The next morning H. E.'s rifle arrived in my room by a trusted bearer and Hakim put it reverently away in a safe place. The Tiger Ghost now burst all restraint and insisted upon being taken from this life of innocuous ease to the pestilential spot beloved by the Striped One. So it

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came about that my pleadings were granted. On the sixth day of the Great Wait, a gentle-eyed young athlete of the Forest Reserve, ready for adventure and indifferent to danger, was detailed to conduct me down below. He frankly admitted being "not much of a shot," and preferring the trees and flowers to "killing things."

As I had had no Indian jungle experience, although familiar with big game hunting in America, and had never even fired H. E.'s heavy express rifle which I was guarding so carefully, one might say that the god of chance was looking after his own from the time we started on that wild three-hour ride down the mountain, eight thousand feet in a motor cycle, coquetting with death around every corner until many days later, punctured by mosquitoes and filled with fever germs, I closed the drama of that tiger shoot.

Within the hour after the Forest Reserve man called, we were packed up and I got into the side car of F. R.'s new motor cycle and off we started, precariously slipping down a muddy road out of that glorious scenery where threatening clouds hung over the snows and the sun was already edging towards extinction.

It was quick work. A limousine piled to the roof with out belongings and carrying F. R.'s orderly and my bearer, followed. Hakim having again executed one of those speeded-up packings to which no other Lady Saheb had ever subjected him.

There is a first time for everything and this was mine in a motor cycle. Its little tin coffin of a side car with only one wheel to keep me from going back to Mother Earth literally and conclusively, provided me with a baptism of mud and enough novel sensations of elemental slipping, bumping, and skidding, to have qualified for any initiation.

Down, down we slid, in endless curves, following the contour of the mountain, weaving in and out over the narrow track of the Darjeeling railroad. This was a narrow gauge, a roughly constructed connection between the heated plains

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and the frozen peaks. Motor travel on it was forbidden when a train was on the line, for any one of a hundred curves might suddenly plunge one into destruction under the oncoming train. Even with special permission to travel we had to stop at each little station to see if the downcoming train was in that section, and even then one could not always know.

The day was quickly fading. We must get off the line before dark. We pushed on as fast as we dared. Took a chance and passed by a station without stopping, whizzed around a cutting, came full tilt upon the railroad track at that point running parallel with the road and crossing it sharply a hundred yards below.

On this track suddenly appeared a *special train*! It was bowling merrily along towards us and making very little noise about it! We both saw it over our shoulders at the same time.

It was a tense moment.

Would the brakes serve? Or would we have to turn into the ditch and if so, could we keep from tumbling down the precipice?

The F. R. kept right on going! He bumped over the track with a minute to spare. The immediate protector of my destiny had gauged the distance and had swept on to safety.

Nothing was said.

Were we not alive and for the moment safe?

And were we not in a fascinating world of changing forms, a vertical cross-section from mountain types to tropical? It was strange, uncanny, as the dusk deepened and the unknown of the jungle crept around us. Doves winged through the thick overhead. Monkeys chattered an occasional comment. Jungle fowl scuttled across the road. Every foot of the road as it met us in the dim light of the cycle headlamp was fraught with the ever-possible adventures of the forest, the great wild part of the earth where

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surprise attacks happen and **man's** wits and strength are pitted against those of the forest folk.

Then the dark fell, as it always does in the tropics, suddenly, like a curtain. It was very black, not a star out, when we got onto the plain and scuttled away thirty miles an hour for Siliguri trying to keep ahead of our motor with the luggage so that in case of accidents we could be picked up. Precariously we passed bullock carts, stopped for the night alongside the road and taking up a dangerous share of it. At Siliguri we had permission to use the P.W.D. (Public Works Department!) bungalow and found the *chuprassi* expecting us, thanks to a wire from His Excellency.

Another wire had been sent to the station restaurant, a few blocks away, where European food of sorts was obtainable. There in a dim light and furnace-like heat, suffocating after the hills, the slow *punkah* (fan) barely moving the dead air, we had dinner. Mosquitoes silently hovered about, occasionally nipping arms and ankles. Their activities checked, however, by the skeeterfax with which I was literally smeared—an unsavoury precaution which did not add to the attractiveness of the meal. I surveyed the red marks resultant from their attentions with fatalistic shrug, took some quinine and hoped for the best.

What mattered was that at last I was on the Trail of the Tiger. One had been killed at Sukna last week. Another, a quarter of a mile away, had killed two men!

I crawled under the mosquito net at the Works Bungalow and had hardly turned over on the hard bed, or so it seemed, when Hakim called me, five hours later, at 3:30 A. M. While I struggled into the same absurd hunting kit I had worn in Ceylon, Jodpur breeches and all, with the exception of a khaki shirt in place of the woolen one, Hakim brought tea, eggs, and toast, and at four-thirty still dark, I was in the tin coffin again beside F. R., and with the carburetor spluttering protest, we started for Sukna Bungalow in the Forest eight or nine miles away. Before we

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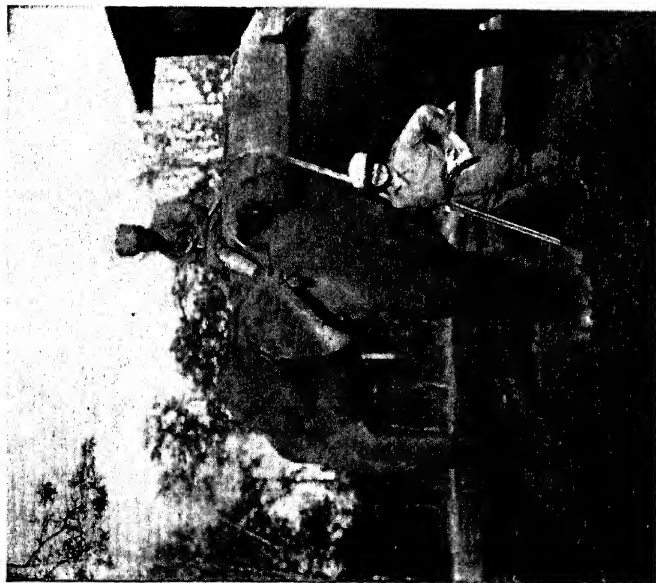
reached there twenty minutes later dawn had caught up with us.

In the compound of this isolated place was the F. R.'s elephant waiting, a great dark mass in the morning mist. A straw pad was sketchily roped on to his back and a *mahout* sat upon his neck. The F. R. asked if I were ready and I replied "I suppose so," but where was the howdah? My acquaintance with Maharaja elephants having caused me to think that the two were inseparable.

The F. R. snorted politely and informed me that the pad was all I got, that this was a working elephant for the Forest Rangers and there were no frills. That I need not expect any. That it was not so bad after you got up. He ordered the *mahout* to make the elephant kneel which the beast did, of course, by getting down on its stomach with its huge limbs stretched out before and behind.

I surveyed the vast bulk still much higher than I was and wondered how I should ever climb onto it without a ladder and how stick on after the elevation had been accomplished. The first half of my problem, however, was soon quite jauntily executed.

I stepped on His Majesty's huge hind foot, then on his tail which I now noticed was curved upward for my convenience. This brought my head almost on the level of his back. I grabbed the rope around his tail and began to haul myself up, hoping that nothing untoward would happen to my victim and that he would stay down until I got up. A considerate boost from F. R. expedited my activities and once on top I explored along the roof of this creature to the front end of the raftlike pad where I could let my feet drop on either side of his neck behind the *mahout*. There was nothing to hold onto. H. E.'s precious rifle and my equally precious camera were handed up to me by F. R. who scrambled lightly after them. Then came the great upheaval. A lurch forward and back, a plunge and a heave, and we were nearly a dozen feet in the air!



(Right)

My Last Machan for Tiger Beat, in the Big Simul Tree, Assam
It commanded a wide view of jungle growth and wet nullahs



(Left) Off for the jungle

Rifle in one hand and a camera in the other



(Left) WHILE JALMUTTY TOOK ABOARD A FEW BARRELS OF REFRESHMENTS
(Right) MY PORTER AT DARJELLING WHERE THE WOMEN STAND NO NONSENSE FROM THEIR MEN



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Our transportation having risen, off we started a long, slow, powerful tread, past a clump of giant bamboo out of the compound of the Forest Bungalow into the jungle.

What a thrill it was!

The *mahout* had his great knife out cutting branches and hanging roots and vines that blocked our way. The elephant aided in this with a cleverness truly surprising. When a branch was too large for the *mahout*, by some mysterious communication he would pass on the job to the elephant. Up would go that great trunk, around the unruly branch it wrapped and something had to give way.

The power of the brute! We passed a group of giant bamboo. Many stalks, fully ten inches thick, had fallen. Some were twisted aside with its trunk. Others were trampled upon with a tremendous crackle and noise of breaking wood.

I began to enjoy myself. A confidence born of ignorance made me feel secure, affectionate, towards this powerful creature. Mile after mile we explored in the early morning light.

We came upon a sambur stag. Later, another with a very big head, who allowed us to approach within a few yards of him. So long as he did not get our wind he took us for granted as a part of the elephant. I took a chance at a photograph but the light was dim before seven o'clock under the trees. Then a big doe ambled into view and joined her lord. After several minutes they moved off quite unalarmed. It was a rare thing being a part of the forest so that I could participate in this family scene.

Now we came upon a drove of wild pigs, several old boars, and a string of babies running helter-skelter after their mothers. We got very close to them and I took one shot at an old fellow with big tusks, more to try the rifle than anything else, as it is a horrid feeling not knowing one's weapon. How it shoots. What is its recoil. How much the elephant would jump. Would he spill me off.

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Oh that 500 express! It had five hundred "kicks" thrown into one! I decided it would take a tiger in front to make me get behind it again! Fortunately the elephant stood like a rock and my complacency concerning it continued for a little longer.

At the explosion, the drove ran off in an eye wink, except some babies, and almost immediately we came upon a litter of piglets in a clump of bushes—a dozen at least. They were about ten inches long. The *mahout* ordered the elephant down so that F. R. could jump off and catch one. But the little beggars were too fast for him and scampered off in all directions.

Like all men who live in the open a good deal, my companion was not loquacious, but when the excitement of the wild pigs had died down and we were again weaving quietly through the jungle, he delivered himself of the following:

"What a life you must lead! Adventure and interest—something happening every minute. Imagine my mother doing this, climbing on the back of an elephant and going off into the jungle. Why, she won't even leave London without father!"

We came upon some fresh wild elephant tracks which stopped conversation. We saw jungle fowl and butterflies and birds and beautiful flowers like wild hyacinths, snowlike patches of white jasmine. Then fresh sambur spoor, but no tiger sign. It was very disappointing.

After five hours on the elephant we got back to the Forest Bungalow, cleaned the guns, had some soda. What a joy a draught from a crystal cold spring would have been. F. R. received a report that none of the kills had been touched, put me into the motor cycle and sped for Siliguri. At the railroad station we had a ten o'clock breakfast—then came out to see a strange object for that part of the world. Nothing less than a whippet tank fitted with an express wagon body just arrived from England and bound for Phari on the border of Thibet, to join the Mount

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Everest Expedition. Two Army officers had it in charge and they hoped to get as far as anyone in scaling the Himalayan Peak. The whippets had conquered the Sahara Desert. Would they be able to conquer the unclimbable mountain? We waved them godspeed as we came back to the P.W.D. bungalow for a rest during the hottest part of the day. I sat in a draught between two doors and picked off ticks, which my intimate acquaintance with the elephant had provided.

At four, we were again in the motor cycle back to Sukna for a couple of hours in the jungle before dark, a pet time for tigers. Perhaps the gods would be kind. It was now that my education concerning elephants took a fresh start and all mental comfort followed the physical comfort with which I had parted in Darjeeling when the tiger trail began.

My transportation was not in the Forest Compound as per orders. It was explained that elephants have to eat—that indeed they stoke away twenty *monds* of grass a day. A *mond* is eighty pounds, twenty-nine to the ton. Sixteen hundred pounds a day! And this one had to travel many miles to where the grass was—but that here it was at last. I also learned that it was a temperamental female,—by name, Jalmutty.

When she arrived she brought her temperament with her and when ordered to kneel refused stubbornly. Standing near her, waiting to mount, I began to feel smaller and smaller as the clash of wills between the *mahout* and Jalmutty assumed to me a terrifying aspect.

The *mahout* again gave the rebellious Jalmutty the signal. She waved her trunk and refused. The *mahout* tucked his feet under a chain around her neck and gave a hard jab on the top of her head with a heavy iron prod pointed at one end. Jalmutty stood pat. Another tremendous blow caused her to snort and twist her trunk, always a nasty sign, and then to my horror, I saw her swing around and try to

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pull off the man with her trunk. She got several terrific clouts from the iron. Frustrated, she started to roll over head down to crush her keeper!

The *mahout* was a good sport and pounded her skull with all the force in him. It was enough to fell an ox. Suddenly Jalmutty decided to behave. The *mahout* had conquered—for the time being. Down came the great hulk and I was invited to climb aboard as though nothing had happened! Silently I did so with what feelings may be imagined. All illusion gone, I crawled along her capacious back with horrid apprehension, especially as she had refused to quirk her tail for me to step on!

As the shadows deepened in the jungle I was further enlightened about Jalmutty. It seems she was afraid of wild elephants and also *afraid of tigers*. Two weeks before when a F. R. had taken her on a tiger hunt she had been clawed in the chest—the scars were still fresh—by a monarch of the forest who, with a terrific roar, had sprung upon her trying to reach the hunter on her back. Jalmutty had reared and bolted, almost spilling her riders. After a perilous passage through the jungle, every moment threatening to be the last that the hunter could manage to keep from being swept off her back, Jalmutty succumbed to the punishment of the iron prod and was forced back to the tiger. There it lay in an upright position apparently looking at them. It proved to be paralyzed and could not move. When that tiger had sprung upon Jalmutty and clawed her legs and trunk it already had a bullet in its spine and a death wound! I frankly sympathized with Jalmutty's point of view, but it did not make hunting for tiger upon her back any easier.

Ten feet in the air on a temperamental mountain not under good control is not a sensation of the rocking-chair variety, especially when one has nothing to hold onto, stuck on the top of a straw pad sketchily roped on.

I also learned more about Jalmutty's interior. She mois-

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tens her delicate meal of green stuff with an occasional drink of several barrels of water. Coming to a stream she waded in and permitted me to view the landscape while she sucked up a few gallons in her trunk. I could hear it like a small waterfall pouring down her "red lane." Each time as her great barrel swelled under me it was a curious sensation like a balloon inflating. Twenty times or more she did this, for fully five minutes before her thirst was appeased.

That morning the jungle continued to show its reverse side. Going along with H. E.'s rifle on my lap and a camera, I was unprepared for quick action. Besides the elephant ticks, there befell a most outrageous experience with red ants. Nearly all the jungle creepers and shrubs have spiny fingers that clutch at one. In releasing my veil from a thorn's rude clutch, I disturbed, from an overhanging branch, a nest of ants gummed up in two or three leaves. They began running all over me, stinging like fire. Maddened by this fury on face, neck and arms, I signaled the *mahout* that I must descend. I tumbled off any fashion and went prancing along in front of the beast as F. R. was walking far ahead and out of sight. I was afraid of being outwalked if I fell behind. The more I knew of that jungle the less I cared to play Red Riding Hood in its Delilah confines.

Suddenly I heard a shot on ahead. F. R. was firing at something! We must hasten to him but not on foot! No indeed, I had had my lesson. Better on top of a bolting elephant than alone on foot to face a tiger or wild elephant. I scrambled up somehow and started. Then I knew a wild elephant was just beyond in the thick bush. I could hear it. Jalmutty registered a distinct inclination to bolt. I grimly got the rifle ready to fire. Jalmutty took a run forward. It was an awful moment. *What* would keep me from capsizing with my precious rifle and my camera. No time even to strap it on me. Both hands were fully engaged. But hold on to something I must! Oh, for an extra set of arms like the goddess Kali!

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Then that *mahout* got the surprise of his life. He felt two shoes with Jodpur breeches attached, firmly clamping his waist! No time for etiquette. That, or fall off!

Jalmutty humped a few times, then succumbed to her punishing prod. The wild elephant, startled by the shot that had not hit him, moved away quickly. I ventured to release the *mahout's* waist from my footed embrace. We caught up with F. R., found him standing very quietly looking at his rifle. It seems it *went off by mistake* though the safety catch was on. He had heard the wild elephant and was getting ready in case of need when the bally thing fired. What if it had been *pointed* in our direction! Oh well! the Fortunes of the Forest!

Of course the most dangerous pest of all is the lady Anopheles who passes on her germ of malaria. The Sukna, Zulma, and Sivoke forests on the plains at the foot of the Great Himalayas are noted for their unhealthiness. Death in one form or another lurks in these fair woods. Pythons often have been met with in these jungles. One, eighteen feet long, swallowed a whole barking deer—hoofs, horns and all—smothered it with saliva and slowly absorbed it alive. The criminal was killed not long after, caught with the less destructible parts of its meal still in evidence. F. R. killed a king cobra nine feet long that had crawled into a fire box of a sawmill engine. It always attacks and is a deadly thing to get near—can coil and spring many feet like lightning, but the morning being cold, the reptile was a bit sluggish. F. R. jumped upon a pile of wood, seized a long stoking iron and dealt the deadly blow first. Man has to struggle against tremendous odds with the jungle folk. Yet the forests are being timbered over and replanted.

The service of the Forest Officer is six years, the Forest Ranger's two years. They get malaria and are knocked out and have to quit. It is known that malaria shortens the life by many years and even when it does not take its toll at once. A frequent story is, "Oh, he lost his wife and two

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children here—very unhealthy.” Yet the jungle looks so fair. On the rising slope are the tea gardens set like flower plants in trim rows of delicate green, and far above always the towering snows of “the hills.” I doped myself with quinine, six, nine, twelve grains a day, and skeeterfax at all points north and south. F. R. covered his exposed places, which were considerable, as he wore shorts, with kerosene. (Paraffin oil it is in this country as “gas” becomes “petrol.”)

That night at dusk, rifle in hand, F. R. and I went on foot just a few hundred yards from the Forest Bungalow along a jungle wood road to a dried-up watercourse. It was a favorite spot for tiger. We might come upon one any minute and what might be more unpleasant, one might come upon us! This had happened only a week or two before where two men were sawing wood in a clearing. The tiger sprung upon them and then there was only one. Having no rifle, the live man dashed off for help. Yes, there was the very clearing! That story did not lessen the solemn creepiness of the gathering darkness. I grasped my rifle with a firmer grip. In every bulking shadow was a menace. I feared to see. I hoped to see. Afraid that I would—afraid that I would not—meet the object of my long *shikar*.

The next day something happened. We came upon fresh pug marks and Oh Joy! knew there was a tiger at last in the vicinity. He was a coy, or unhungry one, alas, as he had not been lured to any of the “kills.”

Time was pressing. We decided to take the long chance of his coming to a kill that night and accordingly made a tie-up at a point in a dried stream bed where his beautiful tracks had been made the day before. There was a chance that he would come again.

Up in a big simul tree a machan was built. This was a platform six feet square made of small logs bound with bark strips to several larger ones as stringers which were lashed to the tree. On one side was a little rail to prevent

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me from being hurled to destruction. Two big bamboo thirty feet high, with a few cross pieces very far apart, served as a ladder to this eyrie which overhung the stream bed fifty feet below.

F. R. was game to accompany me and prepared himself for a sleepless night that I might spend from sunset to sunrise on that waffle iron in the simul tree. If anyone wishes to speculate upon relativity let him try that particular form of Roman torture of sitting on a few saplings, speechless, motionless, hour after hour as the slow minutes tick off eternity and the spirit of an Indian Forest in the dead darkness of night creeps around one with a fearsome clutch. With every nerve tense, listening, hardly breathing, getting numb and more numb, and dank, as the night dews dropped in great splotches from the leaves above and like a ghostly phantom, wrapping one in a clammy, miasmic embrace.

Jalmutty had brought us several miles through the jungle to this spot and we had settled ourselves about five o'clock in the afternoon to be forehanded. The rungs of the rough ladder were so far apart that I had to kneel on one rung and haul myself up to the next. Our rifles, a flashlight (not to be used except in emergency), a steamer rug, a package of sandwiches. Heavens, we had forgotten the thermos bottle! Nothing to drink! And two human beings, who three days before had not known nor cared about each other's existence were on those few saplings up in the air marooned for an arc of time. We smelled like a pest house from various mosquito preventives, F. R. indulging in an especially liberal smear of kerosene over his bare knees which made my skeeter oil seem quite ladylike. F. R. curled up his athletic form in caterpillar fashion and with Spartan courage remained that way for hours at a time. I suspected him of dozing at the imminent risk of falling over the edge, if he moved six inches.

But for me this was the night of nights.

A SHOOT AT LAST

Sleep, that sly robber, should not cheat me, if opportunity favored.

As the sun set, absolute silence held the forest. Shadows grew deeper until only blotches could be seen in the darkness. Here and there a stone gleamed white. The copper hammersmith kept up its knocking. The barking deer at intervals advertised his presence by his hoarse cough. Several loud-voiced birds gave shrill notes.

The dank darkness increased. A long, long wait. Muscle after muscle sent word to the head office that it was cramped and tired. Nerves shrieked and then sulked as inexorable orders arrived to keep still. A rustle below startled me to intense alertness. It was the tie-up swinging on its tether!

More silence. The strange world was slipping away. With a jerk I came to as I bumped against the little rail—not very safe that. Across the opposite bank I saw two eyes gleaming. What a thrill! No, I knew they were too low for tiger—probably a wild cat. The eyes flitted here and there and disappeared.

About midnight the waning moon arose and threw enough light to distinguish objects. Could easily have seen to put in a shot at a tiger, but alas! it would not come. At 4 A. M. the dawn slowly chased away the moon shadow. Well, at least the tie-up below us was intact. The sun was up—five-thirty.

Six o'clock. Now the elephant came. Jalmutty and his *mahout* Muzumdi who was a good scout, and it was all over.

Clambering down stiff and sore in muscles and of heart, we explored the stream bed. I took a photograph of my two companions on that night, F. R. surveying the wretched cow who at least had cause for rejoicing. The *mahout* added the last drop of bitterness to my cup of disappointment by saying that he had passed the fresh tracks of my tiger not *a hundred yards away* where the Chuklong River forks and there the pug marks showed that while I waited

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and watched at the East fork the Striped Monarch had come during the night, had paused—then the angel of the Wild Ones turned his mighty feet West instead of East!

My Tiger Ghost well-nigh fainted with despair. F. R. must go back to the Hills. I must exchange Jodpur breeches for silk frocks and fly to Calcutta.

It was but the common lot of hunters. Even the Viceroy was not exempt. A letter received from him shortly after, written from Viceregal Lodge, Simla, in his own kindly hand, had tried to soften the blow:

"I am very sorry your adventures have not led to your killing a tiger but he is an elusive gentlemen, not always ready to 'play up' when desired. I have recently had a similar experience myself at Dehra Dun where for several days I devoted myself to finding the tiger without success. . . . However, I hope you may still be successful in your quest.

"Yours sincerely,

"Reading."

Enriched I had been by a wonderful adventure. The feel of the jungle was mine. The kinship with the forest folk. Why did I want to break the sixth commandment "Thou shalt not *kill*." And yet, if the tiger had only turned *East!*

CHAPTER XI

TRAIL OF THE TIGER GHOST (*Cont.*)

IN THE WILDS OF ASSAM— THE TIGER BEAT

Fifty Miles in Bullock Carts: The Orchid Man: Night in the Jungle: Storm and a Cyclone: Buffalo Attack: "The Rains": A Dangerous Perch

"In sandal trees there are serpents. In the waters with lotuses there are also alligators—there are no unobstructed pleasures." —*Sanskrit Proverb*

THE Brahmaputra River threads together the wilds of Assam and the forests of Bengal with two thousand miles of wet windings. On its treacherous channel drifts a vast traffic of Oriental commerce. Jute buries the decks of river steamers going down to Calcutta for the great marts of the world, and supplies take its place going back; while the people, always the people, accept their allotted deck spaces and, haunch to heel, pass the long hours, dozing, chatting, and watching the river life.

Near two of its myriad feeders, the Matunga and the Durranga Rivers, the Tiger Ghost rallied for a last attempt to capture a fur rug for home use. If fortune balked, then indeed must the Swan Song be sounded.

My Tiger Ghost who had wiggled his whiskers derisively and refused to be lured by pomp and circumstance of Excellencies and Highnesses must be made to yield. My last hope was to subdue him by a shoot which I would organize myself.

It was the first week in May, well after the shooting season. Any self-respecting official, or Maharaja, tiger would have a grievance against the bad form of being pursued so late. It "was done" in "cold weather." No tourist lingered in Calcutta and for weeks the women and children had been sent to "the hills" or "gone home" for the hot weather. An army of electric fans in the European quarter hummed a

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mighty hymn of heat. Simmering, blazing, scorching, breathless, lay the city in the merciless grasp of an elemental demon. Had it been less terrible I might have wilted before it, but it was like a great emergency when all the forces are assembled to combat.

Even two or three days of fever—a present from my last shoot in the Sivoke jungle—and a tenuous diet of malted milk, did not discourage. My steamer passage for home was again postponed and sympathetic friends helped to discover a possible place for tiger on several thousand acres of jungle in Assam that were owned by a jute syndicate. Only a few miles of them had been converted into cultivated fields. The Superintendent's Bungalow was a veritable outpost of civilization on the foothills of the Great Himalayas near the Burmese border.

Fate also revealed in the suburbs of Calcutta a European who had taken root in the country, had married an Indian wife, and whose modest home contained not only several children from this union but trophies of his other passion—tiger shooting. Here at last was a man who had shot eleven tigers and *on foot* if you please. Somewhere in the north of Burma he had a pet place where every year he pitted his rifle and his enthusiasm against the strength and wits of the jungle monarch.

He appeared to despise those who hunted tigers from a *machan* or on the back of an elephant; denounced them as poor sportsmen. He showed me several fur rugs and mounted heads which looked fearsome enough and related the yarns of each killing. He consented to accompany me to Assam as a professional *shikari*, and two days later with boxes of food, our bedding, weapons, and personal equipment we slipped out of Sealdah station with the Calcutta thermometers toying around 108 degrees in the shade.

Telegrams to the Assam wilds had been exchanged, arrangements made, and again a friend of a friend of mine was prepared to be host to a lone woman who thirsted for big

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game. Hakim, as usual, was in charge of the luggage. He had very nearly failed me, for his Calcutta cronies had filled him with forebodings about this trip.

"Excuse, Lady Saheb, but Assam where Mem Saheb goes is bad place now. Not healthy—very hot, bad water, bad food, bad country. No other Mem Sahebs there. No place for Lady Saheb, excuse. Maybe get sick. Hakim maybe get sick. Very far—all jungle—bad things there. Maybe I go home—Bombay side. Maybe I find Lady Saheb good bearer. Hakim no like leave Lady Saheb but——"

"Hakim, are you afraid of the tiger?"

"No, Lady Saheb. Have been on plenty shoots with Sahebs. Never with Lady Sahebs. Ow, bad place—maybe get sick."

However, after a little persuasion to take his chances on the "bad things," supplemented by the promise of an extra present at Bombay at the final parting, came the desired:

"Very good, Lady Saheb, I will go with you," which decision had in it a certain element of devotion, for Hakim knew much better than I how much there was to endure on this expedition.

Eighteen hours of a fairly comfortable train with only one change, brought us to a few huts and a railway station which bore the name of my destination. Here civilization lapsed into primitive India.

Instead of a motor and the superintendent, I was met by a note which ushered in one of several days of the hardest physical experiences my itch for adventure had ever subjected me:

"I am sending down two covered carts for your good self and your luggage. It has been raining here since Saturday afternoon and I am afraid that I shall not be able to get very far owing to the state of the roads. Hence the carts.

"If you will please leave the railroad station as soon after arrival as possible, I will come as far down the road as I possibly can.

"Spread your bedding out on the cart and you will be fairly comfortable.

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"All arrangements for elephants, etc., are being made.

"I am sorry you may have some little inconveniences getting here but you may rely on me reaching you as soon as the state of the roads will allow me to do so in my old Ford!!"

Bullock carts! Good, a new experience. There they were, beyond the freight office. But Hakim and Mr. Hunter looked glum. *They* had had experience.

The usual Oriental delays ensued. The bullocks had to be retrieved from a muddy field. By the time the carts were loaded an hour had gone by. It was high noon, but not unbearably hot, when the little procession trailed out of the freight yard along a very muddy road. Hunter and I walked the first five miles. We looked in upon a thatched-roofed home where several tired women, one blind, an old man and a young one and three children, all pot-bellied from enlarged spleen—a malarial symptom—formed the family. They stood looking at us languidly. No resentment nor enthusiasm stirred them. Two mangy, starving dogs sniffed at my skirts. One small boy with rickets as well, would soon be relinquishing this incarnation if medical help were not forthcoming. He clutched avidly at the dole of a rupee. It was more money than the entire family had seen for a week.

Skiping between mud puddles became tiring, and in the third hour I sought the respite of the cart, soon to discover that a bullock cart is the last word in tedious, wearying, transportation. It is not a question of going so many miles, but so many hours. Two miles an hour, twenty miles ten hours, and what slow grinding hours they were! Jolt, creak, bump, jerk, hour after hour, frazzling to the nerves and fraying to the muscles. The victim arrives at the journey's end hollow-eyed, weary, past talking about it.

There is not even any excitement about it. An upset and the hours of arrival are the only uncertainties.

It was getting along about seven o'clock, the time I had expected to be at the bungalow for dinner. Hunter had

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been whiling away the hours by relating many a hairbreadth escape he had known with tigers. Still we dragged along the weary miles of mud, jolting and creaking, bump, bump, thud, rumble,—*wrrrr uppp* gee there! ged-ap! or whatever those strange gutturals of the Assam equivalent might have been.

Tropical night had flopped its black pall about us as we came to a stretch of bottomless glue, where the straining bullocks wallowed and my cart very nearly capsized. The slimy, sticky mud was up to my shoe-tops in places. I had already walked eight miles and was doggedly weary. But far better struggle on with soaked feet and bedraggled skirts than more of that long, drawn-out agony of both man and beast. Hunter and I started on ahead, when we saw approaching a most welcome figure in a topi (a khaki solar helmet) and shorts. It was the Superintendent, at that moment the most desired of men. Where was his "little old Ford," and how long would it take us to get to shelter, food, and dry clothes?

The Ford was a "mile or so down the road" being dug out of the mud, and if we had good luck we might make the bungalow by ten o'clock that night. One egg sandwich and a few bottles of soda water had been my rations since morning! A high wind had sprung up and another rain was imminent.

"You cannot know India by coquetting with a few towns during cold weather," said a wise Government Official of the old type. To understand the Indian character, you must know "the rains" and the "hot weather." There could be no doubt that Assam was prepared to deluge me with information concerning the rains, which had started earlier than usual for my especial benefit. Mercilessly abandoning Hakim to his fate as guardian of my luggage, we extracted the precious weapons and a suitcase and my bedroll and in due time packed ourselves into an ancient roadracked "Tin Lizzie," so badly damaged by her sad experiences with

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Indian mud that she crawled along on first most of the way. She loudly complained to her anxious load that her carburetor was unhappy and her springs weak. However, she eventually accomplished the well-nigh impossible and the lights in the bungalow guided us to it through the down-pour. So jaded, hungry, and wet, I could hardly alight and carry under its roof my burden of unpleasant sensations. Even the trained ministrations of Hakim were missing. The butler, a very "jungly" person, provided food and unrolled my bedding in the room assigned to me.

My host came up with an additional lamp to see that no snakes nor poisonous things were about. I took some quinine, smeared face and hands against mosquitoes, and crawled in regardless of creature comforts. Blasts of wind and rain rattled the windows. It was a wild night. It would have been nice to have had at least Hakim, the tried and the known. I hoped he would not get sick. I heard him arriving with the carts in the very early morning. Poor Hakim! It was nearly three o'clock. Fifteen hours of hard pulling and tugging to do twenty-five miles and all because there was not yet enough enterprise in the country to make a passable road! At six as usual my bearer brought early tea—a gray wraith of a Hakim.

"Good morning, Hakim. Everything all right?"

"Yes, Lady Saheb. No, Lady Saheb, I died last night!" His hand went dramatically to his side, as he told me of the long hours of toil in the rain and mud. He had gone to sleep, when suddenly the cart gave an extra lurch, went completely off the road and upset. He was catapulted into the ditch with the soda water case and a portmanteau on top and was finally extricated much the worse for two cracked ribs.

"Oh Lady Saheb, bad place. I died last night," he repeated solemnly as he went feebly about his business of making me as comfortable as the limited furnishings of the place permitted.

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In the morning sunlight the bungalow took on a more cheerful tone. From the second story veranda I could see a lovely sweep of the Bhutan Hills and beyond, the Himalayas, where the low-hung clouds would occasionally lift and allow a glimpse of the "snows." A large circle of coolie "lines" were outside the compound fully one-quarter of a mile away, placed with the prevailing wind so that the Bungalow noses need not be unduly assailed. The coolie houses had bamboo walls woven with grass and mud cemented. The roofs were thatched with grass that turned the water, if the rains were not too violent and the grass too old. A row of bullock carts wound their slow tread on the road towards them. A water buffalo, nasty huge beast with a flat head, huge barrel, and long, curved flat horns, was crossing the compound, also a Nepali woman carrying a kid as we would a puppy. Below me was a circle of annuals with the *mali* (gardener) working at them cutting out by hand the long silver grass that ran riot within the fence. Back of the bungalow a long, covered gallery led to the cook house, which later was to furnish me with a sensational moment, and staked nearby was a captive hog-deer. Beyond were acres of fields seeded with jute, from four to six feet high. Its long reedy stems of fiber are soaked and chemically treated and make an awful smell while soaking. Forty thousand acres of jungle is thus gradually being reclaimed from these vast wastes.

The bungalow had a phonograph and many beautiful orchids were hung in baskets and growing on rocks in the portico. This was the Superintendent's hobby. He grew orchids to keep from going mad in that wild spot.

The elephant was late in coming and while Hunter inwardly fumed to be off on the trail, no less impatient, I employed the time by plumbing the depths and heights of an orchid devotee. Orchids were his familiars. He had pretty fancies about them. The *Renanthera Imsutiana*, Indian red, an inch long, was "shaped like an aëroplane or like a bird

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trying to fall backwards." The *Cypripidium Hersutissimum*, a lovely green, was native, growing on precipices. After patient search, when he finds one he lets down a coolie by ropes to collect it! He rattled off their long names like old friends and described their "clothes" with a passionate love.

The *Cymbidium Aloefolium* had "long sprays of yellow white with a claret lip" and the *Dendrobium Fimbriolum* had "a maroon lip decorating its tiger clusters." The White Cluster was like "a hyacinth," and the Blue Orchid, a "bit of the sky." In fact he announced with satisfaction that this uncivilized place is one of the richest districts in the whole world for these children of the air. There are over forty *Dendrobiums* alone! Also, through an orchid path, he has connected himself with other souls in far-off countries. From England, from South America and Korea he exchanges his treasures for theirs. Often he has the despair of watching his alien pets sicken and die from home-sickness and wrong air, too much moisture, or too little.

The Orchid Man, for he became that as soon as he introduced me to his loves, cautioned me against the small poisonous snakes that also seem to have a passion for beauty, or for the temperature of the orchid sheds. And that was not all in the way of reptiles. No, indeed! Besides the Russells viper and the krait, there is the python and the Hamadryad, or King cobra, who loves to eat his lesser kinsmen and asks no questions, even when his diet contains his progeny. Here too, has been provided the mongoose, their one valiant little enemy.

I was in an elemental country dealing with elemental things where Nature has permitted an orgy of creation. There are rhinoceros in the great Reserve Forests and crocodiles on its streams. A man from the British Museum in one month collected 950 species of mammals, none bigger than a bat—some no bigger than a rupee. And he found a new rat!

While in this gentler mood the Great Modeller had shaped



(Left) MY BUTLOCK CART IN ANSAM
(Right) MY HOST, THE ORCHID MAN





(Upper) THE AUTHOR AND A GROUP OF "BEATERS" BEFORE MOUNTING "BAHADUR"
FOR THE TIGER SHOOT IN ASSAM

(Lower) THE BUNGALOW, A VERITABLE OUTPOST OF CIVILIZATION. ON LEFT,
COOKHOUSE ROOF THAT BLEW OFF IN CYCLONE

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the doves and the pigeons and the friendly gray lizards, the sheldrakes, the ducks, and the egret. The list represents a sportsman's paradise—peafowl, partridge, snipe, golden plover, and the Indian game cock, or jungle fowl. Yet more birds! The air and the bushes are full of them—kingfisher, night jar, blue jar, woodpecker, and green parrot and the "Did-He-Do-It"!

There is a pigmy hog very rare. Wild pig, of course, and barking deer, hog deer, and sambur. There is the porcupine and the tortoise, and the Orchid Man found an armadillo who did not seem to know that this is not his locality. There is the vicious sloth bear and the dog-eating cats and the boldest kind of leopards—*chotabagh*, the natives call them. Also, the wild buffalo and elephants, big and little, and there is the Great *Bagh* (tiger) himself.

A thrilling place for the naturalist. A precarious place for the unwary. A curious place for a woman alone, unless she be a Mrs. Tarzan with a pet lion for protection.

The morning wore away and still no elephants. A runner, sent several miles to a lumber camp, reported that the big elephants could not be spared for several days as a bridge had been washed away and the great beasts must "work" and fix it before going on a shoot.

This was a blow. Somewhat cheered by the promise of a small *hathi* the next morning at daybreak, I prepared to go to a place which a native *shikari*, also annexed as guide, pronounced the most likely for results. During the day he had built a *machan* on the edge of a jungle. It commanded a view of a wide, gravelly river bed, broken by great clumps of grass, ten feet high, and on the swampy ground, by occasional short thorn bushes which sported red berries like small cherries.

Hunter and I installed ourselves in this perch about four o'clock and I prepared to emulate the stoicism of the native. The *shikari* staked out a *guma* (cow tied up) forty feet be-

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low us and sneaked down the river bed to another tall tree a quarter of a mile away.

Absolute silence reigned on the *machan* and, at first, in the jungle that curved around three sides of us. A half hour dragged by. As elsewhere stated, in a *machan* one becomes like St. Lawrence, or whoever that saintly gentleman was who was martyred on a gridiron. The small corrugations of the bamboo of which this *machan* was built, furrowed their separate ways into the flesh. A bug, an ant, a mosquito, even a spider, had to be allowed to pursue its irritating course over my anatomy undisturbed. My back ached, every muscle was cramped, and to move became the most desirable thing in the world. *Machan* work is an endurance test. But there are compensations.

Soon I began to spy upon the doings of the jungle—to live its life. In the long silence a brown butterfly alighted upon the rifle upon my knees. It fluttered a bit, dressed its wings, curled and uncurled its proboscis, did not like the oil smell on the hammer and veered off, unconscious of the mighty power to destroy dormant beneath it.

Silence. Eyes only on the move—slowly searching every tangle and the distant *nullah* (ravine). A flock of small birds winged by. Silence. A wild peacock cried in the jungle. Later, a humming sound I did not like. It was a swarm of bees. They passed under us, fortunately. The sun slowly dropped behind the "Tiger Jungle." The frogs began to crackle and sizzle below me in a rushy swamp. The sound was not loud, very like butter sizzling in a pan.

Suddenly a hog-buck stepped out of the bushes. I watched it moving like a shadow, ears and senses alert, for its enemies also were abroad in the dusk. Across an open patch of the river bed it moved and quickly stepped into the reeds again swallowed up, lost in the ten-foot cover.

More "watchful waiting."

It was now quite dark. The *shikari* appeared at the foot of the tree. No use to stay longer unless we remained all

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night. A storm was brewing. The O. M. had promised to meet us two miles away at the beginning of the level, grassy ground where the Ford could run without a road. Those two miles were accomplished in wary silence. On the alert for a leopard, a bear, or even a tiger that might pounce out of the bushes upon us.

Indian file, the *shikari*, carrying my rifle, walked in front to pick the way. I worked a flashlight playing into the bushes for beasts and onto the ground for snakes. Hunter covered the rear with his rifle ready. It was black night, no stars. We had to go through a dry *nullah* which was the worst of all.

At last we saw Tin Lizzie's eyes beaming at us from afar. In time, I collapsed into her rough embrace, my feet disputing place with tools and oil can, rifle and camera riding on my lap as we bumped along in the mud and the rain.

The next morning a very small elephant carrying a young and dirty *mahout* on a dirty pad, and his own troubles in the way of ticks, ambled into the compound well after sunrise. The *chokra-hathi* (boy elephant) had a name which described him as being "brave." Events in no wise proved his right to this appellation, but perhaps the little fellow would have been all right if not weighted by three-grown-ups—too heavy a load for him in times of stress.

Trying not to think that fate was still crossing her fingers at me and hoping that the proper, big *hathis* with *howdahs*, etc., would get through their bridge building and arrive soon, I started out to explore the country and track the tiger to his lair. Hunter, whose experience with elephants was as sketchy as my own, clung to the rear of the pad with many expressions of disapproval, mixed with longings for his Burmese, dry, open woods where he trusted to his "two legs and a quick shot."

Naturally it was impossible to negotiate this muddy ground and tall jungle grass and on foot. The vegetation often was so high as to obstruct our vision and made perfect cover for

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its wild denizens. Frequently we heard movement which we could not see. Several times we startled deer. It was only chance that we did not run on the fighters. Our rifles—and nerves were ever ready for quick action.

It was wonderful country, but several hours on that little elephant in the blistering sun and steaming vegetation made the bungalow and its bare comforts most welcome. A bath, a rest, and fresh clothes—Hakim was kept busy drying and cleaning garments as I had to make from three to five changes a day—and again at three o'clock we started to locate my tiger. This time I was in the Ford, driven by the Orchid Man with his pal Jordan and Hunter on the back seat. The native *shikari* was down where the river forks, building another *machan* which I was to occupy that night, and arranging the scene for an experience I shall never forget.

Meanwhile I was jolting over several miles of rutty roads and finally over a sea of untracked grasses that rippled a silvery topped response to the high wind bursting up fitfully. Once in a while we would almost fall into a gash in the *mutti* (earth) a few feet deep which would have to be skirted, or a swampy bit where Tin Lizzie stuck and would have to be pulled out. Finally we came to a *basti* (pronounced *bustee*, a native village).

There were only two or three grass huts and a handful of coolies. The news they gave us was cheering. They had *heard a tiger last night!* It was roaring in the wet *nullah* not half a mile away. They thought there were two, as one of the men had seen two tracks, probably a lioness and half-grown cub.

What a thrill that gave the Tiger Ghost! He fairly danced on his tail. At last the long trail was nearing to its finish. That tigress must be my trophy!

We worried along a short way towards the distant *nullah*. Then my escorts decided to reconnoitre on foot a distant island of trees set in acres of swampy grass, and, if possible,

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to locate more precisely the tiger for tomorrow's shoot. The place was impossible for the Ford! Too strenuous for me without an elephant. I elected to remain in the car and feeling quite cosy, I watched them all disappear.

Not a living thing was in sight. Only the grass undulated in the breeze, and far beyond to the West towered the purple Bhutan Hills. A thousand acres around me, where a first crop of jute would be sown next year. A glorious country—and so much of it! I was drinking in the beauty of it when suddenly I realized that I was very much alone. The place was so dead, so silent, so far away from human touch. I picked up a 12-bore gun and slipped "lethal" cartridges into place. Instinct told me to lay it across my knees. One could never tell. Things happen in this part of the world and they happen quickly.

How appallingly quiet it was! Even the breeze had gone. What was the matter with me anyway? What was I doing with the heart of a rabbit when I needed the will of a lion?

Good Heavens! *What* was that!

Suddenly looming up not two hundred yards away was a great, dark bulk charging down upon me.

It was a Wild Bison! Such a big horrid beast! If it ever struck the Ford it would be an even match, with flying glass as odds for both.

What was I to do!

A hundred yards!

Still on he ran straight at me. His head up, his great flat horns sweeping outward.

I felt awfully alone, and the Ford seemed so little. Still I never moved a muscle and watched the oncoming beast. How appallingly big he looked!

I did not want to shoot, if possible to avoid it.

He was still coming. Such a horrid feeling.

I would *have* to shoot! He was getting so near. Still I played "*dead*." Animals rarely charge an inanimate object.

Sixty feet! My brain was working fast. One of my

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Viyella flannel shirts was beside me. I decided to throw it at the beast. Like a mad bull, he would perhaps stop to worry it and I could get a brain shot.

Fifty feet! My hand crept to the shirt!

"A buffalo does not feel the weight of his own horns," runs the proverb, but I assuredly did not wish to feel the weight of them either.

My heart was pounding a mighty chorus of "Shoot! Shoot!" Still I never stirred a muscle but watched his every move out of the tail of my right eye.

Ah yes! No! Yes, his pace was surely slowing. Very slowly keeping his distance, he passed around to the side. Then he stopped not forty feet away! He began sniffing, his flat head thrown back. He pawed the ground in tentative challenge. He snorted, his nose twisting in a nasty fashion. Still he did not charge. He was puzzled by the absolute inertness of the curious creature in front of him. Its smell was not familiar, but non-challenging. Several minutes more of an hour's duration each. He stood there undecided. At last he moved a few feet, hesitated, sniffed, pawed the ground again, as though not sure whether it would not be better to charge after all, then reluctantly passed to the rear of me a hundred feet away. Again he stood for a long time, awaiting some move on my part. Then he slowly disappeared. I was thankful that was over. What a country!

The men came back at dusk. They had seen fresh pugs and the next morning I was to meet my elephant at this point and proceed to beat that *nullah*. If only we could have had the big *hathis*! But we would have to take a chance.

Meanwhile the tigress, or another, might come to the *machan* that night. I hurried back and got into a fresh kit. Had my waterproof dried, for it was threatening another rain, and with Hunter and the native *shikari*, walked the necessary few miles to the *machan*. What a night that was! It rivaled any wild west movie with something happening every moment. There were times when I sincerely hoped I

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would have the immunity of the movie actress and come up smiling and unharmed in the final "fade-out."

Hunter and I had been sitting in the *machan* for an hour in chilled discomfort when the storm broke. The black clouds opened and belched forth a deluge of wind and rain that nearly blew us out of our roost. The trees swayed and the branches lashed about. I wondered if that was the way the birds felt in a storm. Lightning darted in quick jets. With our wet clothing and steel guns we were far too attractive to the "blue killer." Could we count on the lashing of jute to hold the slender rods of bamboo, which interposed their delicate strength between us and the earth's gravitation?

It was then in this wild night that a new crimp was put in my nerves by seeing a huge dark creature ploughing through the wet *mutti*. None but an elephant would show above that ten-foot tangle of jungle stuff. The *mutti* was a swamp of running streams from the downpour. Two inches fell in about an hour. No one who knows wild elephants contemplates, with anything but the gravest concern, a clash with a charging tusker, or a mother with calf. Our tree was a large simul and probably would withstand the six-thousand-pound shock of a head-on attack. But perhaps not. I began to calculate whether our precarious perch was out of reach of his trunk. If he ripped off one of the branches to which the *machan* was attached, down we would come tumbling to provide door mats for his stamping feet. Not a pretty situation!

The wild wind tore at our clothes, the rain blurred our eyes, chilled to the teeth-chattering stage, my fingers could hardly hold the rifle. A flash of blue flame seemed to run along the barrel. To be struck by lightning as well! As a budding poet had expressed it, "How much too much—this is enough!" It only needed the tiger now to complete the picture, or a tree-climbing leopard and a python or two!

The dark mass appeared again. We watched it breathlessly. Good! It had swung a little, at a slanting angle.

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Yes, something, perhaps the lightning, had turned it. I laid down the rifle, glad at least, to get that out of my hands. Nor was there any regret for missing that elephant. If it were a Budmash (rogue) we could have shot it, but how was one to know, until it became murderous, whether it was wild, or peaceable?

I had been told to look out especially for the sloth bear, a very ugly customer, as one had been killed shortly before on this very game path below us. My eyes kept this break in the bushes in range whenever a lightning flash illumined it. Another trying half hour passed, rain-soaked, wind-tossed.

What to do now! It was Hobson's choice. Stay in that *machan* all night and die of pneumonia or risk the many chances of the jungle on that vicious night.

We decided for the latter, and soon I was embarked upon as perilous a journey as any nights of the Great War when under fire my little relief motor bumped along in the dark over shell-torn roads.

As events transpired, an even worse fate would have been ours had we elected to remain, for nature had not yet shown the worst that she could do.

Signaling by means of a flashlight to the native *shikari* who was treed about a hundred yards away, we prepared to descend into that black spooky jungle. We had expected to avoid the densest part by keeping to the river bed which was broad and gravelly with tall grass in clumps and along its edge. This, of course, afforded splendid cover for the hunting bear, leopard, or tiger, but being a hundred feet away, gave us a fighting chance.

Hunter went in front with his rifle ready for instant action. I followed immediately in his footsteps flashing an electric torch which I had wrapped in an edge of my rain cape praying that it would not get too wet and go out of action, while the *shikari* covered the rear with my rifle. Nature's fire-works revealed the landscape intermittently and after we had struggled along in the driving downpour for a long time we

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were stopped by a rushing torrent of water where three hours before had been a trickle over which we had jumped.

Rains! Often that remark recurred to me—"You will not know India until you have passed the hot weather and the rains!" I not only began to know the rains but the rains knew me. Not a dry stitch was left even under my waterproof cape. Nothing could be impervious to that cloudburst, as the heavens dumped an ocean upon us with no sign of letting up.

The swollen river obliged us to risk another point of crossing and after a horrid wading, waist high, in a boiling stream, we found ourselves on the proper side ultimately to bring us to the bungalow three miles away. How I longed for that bungalow! That is, in the back of my mind, for all my will and energies were necessary for the task underfoot. This left bank to our consternation, "petered out" into a steep drop, and again we had an unpleasant choice of breasting the flood, and getting on the wrong side of the river, or taking a plunge into the jungle. We chose the jungle, even though knowing that it was infested with a dozen animals dangerous to man.

The most likely creature was that savage sloth bear in the neighborhood, but my thoughts were principally upon disturbing the lair of a leopard, while Hunter seemed most concerned with snakes. It was impossible to avoid anything, as we floundered along in the black night, wildly swaying trees, and driving rain, climbing over logs, working a way through thick bushes, caught by thorns, tripped by roots, down to our knees in bogs, crawling up slippery banks, forcing a perilous arduous way through an almost impenetrable jungle. How that *shikari*, now in front, kept his direction is a mystery.

For some of the longest hours in my life we struggled on.

"My gawd! This is the worst fix I ever got into," growled Hunter. "I've had close shaves, but this beats

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hell!" A lightning flash caused him to exclaim, "Holy Smoke, this wet rifle 'll be the death of me."

We had much difficulty in keeping together. I clutched the *shikari's* shirt—he wore little else—and Hunter kept hold of my cape. The flashlight worked for a while. It went out as I was straddling a huge log covered with watersoaked moss and heaven knows what else! Two leeches transferred their attentions to me. I felt one bury itself in my arm, another on my leg!

When the limit of endurance seemed to have been reached, we were still struggling through that nightmare of a jungle. The cold, stinging rain in my face was reviving. My water-soaked garments weighed like chain armor. Could I possibly go any further! Come, merciful leopard, claw me to death and make an end of it! Still we struggled on.

"What was *that!*" It was certainly a different noise above the racket of the storm.

"Now we're in for it. A tiger, I suppose! What a d—mess!" Hunter kept repeating. "If I were only out of this."

There! The noise again! Then again! Yes, surely it was Tin Lizzie's hoarse squeak, very faint, but of human things!

Slightly changing our direction we plunged on, and in a quarter of a mile could see through the mist the headlights of the most adorable combination of loose nuts and metal scraps that ever held together.

We had a hard time getting back to the bungalow as the rain had changed the country into sticky bogs and the wind nearly blew that Ford to a standstill. As Hunter dug a leech three inches long out of my arm and several from his own anatomy, the Orchid Man, who had been having a very bad time wondering what had happened to us, and was about giving up in despair to go back and organize a searching party, told of the various gentry, any one of which, or all, we might have run across in the jungle that night. Elephants, bison, buffalo, tiger, leopard, civet cat, tiger cat, "dog-eating cat," wild boar, deer, python, King cobra, cobra,

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krait, black centipedes, and possibly scorpion—a cheery list supplemented by leeches, ticks, nests of wasps, and red tree ants!

Hakim brought hot drinks and too tired to eat, I tumbled into bed as soon as the wet things could be pulled off and a hot bath restore circulation.

The wind was tearing around the house like a fiend incarnate.

I dropped into a sleep of exhaustion when I was awakened by what seemed to be a night attack. The whole house shook. My door on the veranda burst open. Something surged in and seized my mosquito netting. Tore it from me and cast it in a far corner. The bed shook and tottered. With a mighty swirl, two heavy curtains were torn from their rods, rolled about in mid air and landed in a writhing heap at the back of the room. A terrific scrunching, wrenching noise rent the air. Surely the roof was going! A cyclone! Death ramping around the flimsy house. Bang! Slang! Thud! Some roof *had* gone! It was too much! I could emote no more. I held the covers tightly around me and—went to sleep!

In the morning as I surveyed the havoc in my room and gingerly exercised lame muscles while preparing for another strenuous day tracking that tigress in the far *nullah*, the following remarks floated in to me from the veranda. Hunter had been describing to Hakim last night's experience in the jungle.

"Is Mem Saheb all right? Did the cyclone blow her away? It was the devil's own night and a cyclone on top of it. Lor! I thought we were gone when the roof of the cook house blew off!"

"Lady Saheb is dressing—but *I* am very sick. Got fever, got cough."

"Huh," grunted Hunter. "You Indians can't stand anything. All *you* got to do is sit around here all day and keep dry. Fever, hey? Didn't the company's doctor fix you up

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all right? Your ribs weren't broken—only, perhaps, cracked a bit?"

"Yes, Lady Saheb very kind—got side fixed. Got medicine for cough."

"Well, if you'd 'a' been with your Lady Saheb last night you would have some excuse for having fever. Ploughing through that jungle in the deluge and the lightning and anything liable to jump at you—took some doing. I'll bet there is not a stick of that *machan* left this morning. But *you* just sit here on the veranda and have fever! Tell Mem Saheb the *hathi* is here and we should be moving."

"Very good." An utterly squelched Hakim appeared with this information and silently gathered up my rifle, camera, and dry rain cape, the preliminaries to mounting the elephant, as he murmured:

"Hope Lady Saheb get tiger today. Bad place here. Not proper way for Lady Saheb to get tiger—too hard! Better way Maharaja shoot. Good food and tents, nice howdah elephant, plenty tiger driven past for Lady Saheb to shoot."

It was useless to try to reconcile Hakim's dream of what ought to be with the facts of this unfrilled tiger shoot. I found *hathi* "the brave" in the compound standing like a rock with his young *mahout* sprawled on his back, both fast asleep in the sun.

Hunter and I clambered aboard and after two hours tedious transportation, through jungle grass, and over old river beds, leavened by the beauty of the distant hills, we arrived at the wet *nullah* where some natives again reported a tiger had been heard roaring the night before. There was every evidence for the conclusion that our quarry was now resting in some lair in the tangle of trees and bushes and vines that lay before us. My hopes ran high.

The *nullah* was a ravine or valley perhaps a quarter of a mile wide and three quarters of a mile long and covered with a thick tropical growth. From the recent rains the jungle floor had become a soaked spongy mass developing into bog

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without warning, and the wild elephant trails crisscrossing through it were now canals, one, two, three feet deep in water. A most unsafe place for everyone not tiger mad. The quickest way to get results was to beat that *nullah*! *Hathi* started in bravely and with the three of us on his back carefully picked his way down the slippery bank into the wet woods. There he began floundering about in the uncertain footing, one leg going down to his knees, another nearly to his hips. By the time he got one leg out another was deep in. Of course his back was all levels and I had little chance to hold on as my rifle must be held ready for instant use.

Elephants have sense, they know quite well what they can and can not do. *Hathi* grunted, informed his *mahout* that to proceed further was foolish, and turned to seek higher ground.

Upon being prodded into obeying orders he tried again to follow a submerged elephant trail, proceeding with great effort until we were half-way across. There he stuck. Both fore legs were down in a bog. It was a highly unpleasant performance. It was impossible for him to proceed, so heavily laden. While we were debating what to do, *hathi* attempted to solve the difficulty in a perfectly intelligent elephant fashion. He reached his long and knowing trunk around and was about to wrap it firmly about my ankle with the idea of pulling me off in front of him to provide a firmer footing!!

This plan not meeting with the approval of anybody on board he took some punishment before relinquishing the idea. Indeed I had no security that the idea had been given up, but simply deferred to a more favorable opportunity. Hunter now suggested that I be put up a tree high enough to be away from tigers and strong enough not to be uprooted by elephants and that I was to take my chances with pythons and especially with leopards—who also lived in this *nullah*.

This would lighten *hathi's* load and Hunter would beat

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about and see what he could stir up. I was actually so in the clutch of the Tiger Ghost that I agreed to this proposition.

No suitable tree was near, but as something had to be done and done quickly, by a tremendous effort *hathi* hauled himself out of the bog and was maneuvered beside a scraggly tree about ten inches thick with a single branch, about twenty feet from the bog. Into the crotch of this, by standing on the elephant, Hunter was able to boost me. He handed up my rifle and my raincoat.

Hathi was plunging away. I was marooned. An awful feeling of desolation assailed me. The sky had suddenly become overcast. Suppose we had another cyclone, or even deluge. My perch was very uncomfortable. One foot was already going to sleep. I was still stiff and jaded from the previous night's experience. If I fired my heavy express rifle from this insecure roost, could I keep from tumbling right into the jaws of death? But I would not even have to tumble to accomplish that. Another tree ten feet away was entirely convenient for a leopard's leap!

Supposing, and a most probable supposing, that something happened to Hunter and he did *not come back!* My fate might be dramatic for the press, but too horrible for experience.

I kicked the Tiger Ghost out of the tree and called to Hunter. He did not hear. I yelled in a mighty desperation.

It reached him even above the plungings of *hathi*. Better the frying pan than the fire. It was with relief I dropped onto the comparative freedom of the elephant's back. I ordered an immediate exit from that terrible *nullah*. At least let us take the rains in the open. The speed with which we got out of that *nullah* was about a hundred yards an hour! But, finally, we did get out on the opposite side from which we had entered and found ourselves in strange country of high jungle grass, sometimes over our heads, very muddy underfoot, and as *hathi* floundered and slipped along, Hunter put an extra screw to my nerves by insisting that I

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keep ready for the sloth bear. It was a "likely place" and if we raised one it would attack without warning. I was tired of that sloth bear. I did not want him anyway and I wished he would not keep threatening to get into the picture.

Long, long, weary hours of struggle and travel. I shall never forget going through that wet *mutti* in the fog. It was late, the swift dusk closing down before we got back to the bungalow. This tiger hunt for me had settled down to one of grim endurance.

On the morrow I was determined to organize a real "beat" with as many beaters as could be mustered. They must surround that *nullah* and drive the tiger from it towards a *machan*, the place for which we had selected. It was my last throw of the tiger dice. The rains were making the shoot impossible and my thrice postponed sailing from Bombay had to be accomplished.

The Orchid Man, while sympathizing with the tragic absence of results, was loath to organize a beat as "accidents so often happen and somebody gets hurt." More beaters are shot than usually comes to the public notice. We sat down to dine that night at ten o'clock. The rains were sporting themselves without, while within, over the native chicken and imported "tinned food," which was mostly canned goods from the luxurious U. S. A., the argument of pros and cons continued until the Orchid Man consented to send out a call among the coolie lines offering a suitable number of my good rupees, for all those who would assemble at two o'clock the next day to beat the *nullah* and drive the tigress from her lair.

It was a motley crowd that presented themselves, nearly a hundred of them armed with a variety of antiquated weapons—bows, arrows, old muskets, and staves. For noise they had horns, long and short, drums, and two sticks that could be clapped together. One young dandy proudly posed for his picture. The plan of the shoot was agreed upon and, in charge of several leaders, the young and old trailed off

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towards the wet *nullah* several miles away. The Orchid Man took Hunter and myself as far as it was possible for Tin Lizzie to go. There *hathi* awaited for the last lap. Thus the East met the West in that far frontier of the world and my Tiger Beat began.

In about two hours and with no time to lose, we came to the big tree where my native *shikari* and a staff of men were putting the finishing touches to the *machan*. It was built very high, beyond elephant reach for we could not know what might be driven out of the jungle on a beat, and we had no wish to be shaken out of that tree like ripe fruit for some vicious elephant's pleasure. Once up in our roost, Hunter and I could command a wide outlook of the river bed below, and a mile of open country between us and the *nullah*. It was largely covered by great stretches of vegetation many feet high, ideal hiding for animals.

However, just before it reached the *machan*, an animal would have to break into the view. It was here I kept my eyes glued, hoping against hope that my long hunt was to be successful.

Absolute quiet, not daring to move a muscle, the long minutes dragged by. I could hear the beaters in the distance, yelling, beating the drums, blowing the horns. Nearer and nearer they came in a long sweep, the wings ahead of the center.

Now I could see them half a mile away. I watched them fascinated. Nearer, nearer. *Was* the tiger sneaking somewhere under that dense grass? A hog-deer darted into view beyond on the river bed. Some rabbits scuttled into sight and away. A few jungle fowl appeared. Some peacocks rose squaking. A herd of water buffalo trailed by.

I could hardly breathe. Every nerve tense. Watching, hoping—alert to do my share, if only that avalanche of terror would spring into view.

The beaters were very close now. I rehearsed my instruction to shoot low that no stray shot might hit the wrong

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target. The beaters closed in around our tree. They came almost up to it and—stopped. All noise stopped. So did my heart for a beat.

Everything went flat and black. Nothing came from cover! Nothing was to happen! The tiger had eluded us. It was all over. I had thrown my last chance and drawn a blank!

In silence we swung ourselves stiffly out of the *machan*. In silence we traveled the long trail back to the bungalow. It began to rain as we entered the compound. No words can describe my sense of desolation, discomfort, and defeat!

The Rains, the Rains—I had had enough. Tugging off those Jodpur breeches for the last time, I told Hakim to dry them and pack up. Hakim gasped. Of all the extraordinary *hookum* (orders) he had received from his Lady Saheb this was the most astounding. It was already seven o'clock, very dark and raining the usual deluge.

I shall be grateful always to the Orchid Man for lending his co-operation in escaping from his bungalow and making the railroad station the next afternoon in time to catch the Calcutta Mail. It meant starting as soon as possible in the bullock carts for no Tin Lizzie could now negotiate those wheel-traps called roads. The storm was so violent that twice the bullock carts were got ready and twice the drivers refused to undertake the journey.

Finally, the will and the gold of a woman prevailed and about one o'clock in the morning in a driving downpour, the road running rivers and illumined by almost constant flashes of lightning, the cavalcade was started on its twelve hours' trek. I crawled in the first cart upon my bedding which Hakim had arranged between the most important pieces of personal luggage. Hunter occupied the second cart and Hakim was in the rear cart with the rest of the luggage.

Too exhausted to care very much, I abandoned myself to my fate and blindly jolted and bumped and slid along in that springless, two-wheeled instrument of slow torture. I

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even slept, fitfully, until an especially atrocious jolt brought me to the surface to realize the straining bullocks and their hard-working driver. Then I would look at my watch, ask how far we had gone and urge further activity. So the long hours wore on and the resisting miles were conquered foot by foot.

Shortly after daybreak, I slipped out onto the road to stretch my cramped limbs. Assam was a continued sequence of physical stress. The rain had stopped. Hakim soon appeared and managed to extract a bottle of soda and a box of soda crackers from his cart. Thus I made a breakfast while jumping the worst of the puddles. I resigned myself to soaked feet, for anything was better than more of that bullock cart.

We were making very poor time. It was a constant worry, that the twenty-five miles would not be accomplished in time. We never stopped for the whole twelve hours, toiling, toiling, through the mud, sometimes only a mile and a half an hour! Though the final miles when the road grew better were covered in one-half that time. The railroad station was reached with an hour to spare. A bath and change of clothes effected in the deserted Ladies' Waiting Room, and a fairly good curry and rice restored a degree of normality so that once in the train, I could listen patiently to Hunter's elaborate reasons why we were returning to Calcutta tigerless.

It was all on the knees of the goddess Chance. Almost at any moment during the past week she could have brought the Elusive One within range of our rifles. Had not my Calcutta friend killed one not far from the bungalow only a few weeks before? And, as events proved, "the very next day," wrote the Superintendent later, "a *kachari* and a boy were badly mauled by your very tigress and cub within 400 yards of where the *machan* was! And on Thursday the same tigress and cub held up the road for an hour or more and

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our bricklayers could not get through. Last week we got news of three kills at different places." The tigers still roam in the Province of Assam, but not for me!

There are Rubicons and Waterloos in the best of regulated tiger shoots. Though, after weeks of bloodthirsty pursuit, I shed no blood, brought home no striped trophy, the reward had been great. I had stored up a wealth of experience—a cornucopia of nearly every thrill known to outdoor India, an understanding of its wild life, its climate, and its people that no easy cutting of the Tiger's whiskers could have given.

Salaam! The Trail of the Tiger Ghost was ended.

BOOK THREE

ADVENTURINGS WITH RELIGION

The Parsi and his Sacred Fire
Among the Children of Allah
The Mysterious Hindu
Where Buddha Sleeps

"He that searcheth shall find, though he seek deep water. But what can that poor sinner obtain who sits inactive on the shore?"

—PROVERB OF HINDUSTAN

CHAPTER XII

ADVENTURING WITH THE ZOROASTRIAN AND THE SACRED FIRE

A Parsi Home: The "Sun Worshippers": The Towers of Silence: An Adventure in a Persian Garden

"I write not fables: with thy hands thou shalt touch, and with thine eyes thou shalt see Azoth! The Universal! Which alone with the internal and external fire in harmonious sympathy . . . is sufficient for thee."--KHUNRATH

ONE day in January, a friend's motor was choking its gasoline in the flowered court of the Taj Mahal Hotel at Bombay while I was exchanging white silk for white chiffon, hoping to give at least an impression of freshness. It was the "cold weather" and one was supposed to be cool. Out by the sea along the Colabar Road the ladies of a prominent Parsi family awaited the purring of this motor in their own flowered courtyard that they might greet the stranger sponsored by the head of the house, the usual "friend of a friend of mine." The charm of their hospitality lingers with me yet. Educated minds, cultivated voices—speaking English—beautiful clothes, a bewildering array of confections for tea, each vying with the other for elaborate sweetness; the spacious house, overlooking gardens and the sea, its furnishings in European style, brocades, silk rugs, *objets d'art*, all formed a setting for the intelligent and wide-awake talk of these representatives of several groups in the big family.

The Parsis inherit the patriarchal system, but the modern, Anglicized Zoroastrian of Bombay has broken away from many a hampering or outworn custom. For instance, I was shown the *mathabana*, a thin cloth of white linen, the size of handkerchief that every Parsi lady used to wear over her glossy blue-black hair. She would as soon have appeared in public without her *sudra* as her *mathabana*. Now it has been pushed back further and further so as to show the hair, until the progressives have discarded it altogether. Similarly

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the nose-ring. Until the last generation no Parsi lady was properly dressed without her gold hoop with its three pearls inset, the center one arranged so as to hang down over the upper lip.

It was here I met Miss Bopsy Pavry for the first time—a clear-eyed young woman of the progressive type, branching out for herself in the study of law. The second time was in New York, months later, after she had attained her ambition to study at Columbia University. Miss Pavry and her brother were chaperoning each other. The Indian custom of *pardah* was left far behind. She was even entitled to the honorable appellation of *dastur* (priest) as it was inherited by her branch of the family.

“Do explain to your people,” this interesting Parsi maiden said to me, “that when they call us Fire Worshipers they must not think of us as bowing down before an idol, or a demon. The fire is to us only the symbol of Ahura Mazda, the Creator. Through the Sun flows the power which gives us life. The Parsis are not Sun Worshipers in the sense of making the Sun their Supreme Deity. We worship the Great Blazing Orb as the giver of life and the destroyer of it; as a symbol of the Supreme. We revere the elements for the same reason.”

One of the younger matrons, in a pink brocaded *sari* and rich jewels, told me that the Parsis take care of their own poor and unfortunate. I remembered that in the Beggars’ Camp where the refuse of Bombay is cared for by the Salvation Army, there are no Parsis. Indeed benevolence is one of the Zoroastrians’ active principles. Three words might sum up their ideal of conduct. They are:

Humata, right thought,
Hukhta, right speech,
Hoarsha, right action.

As I listened, the famous frieze of carved monkeys at Nikko Temple in far-off Japan thrust upon me this same

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familiar moral code that binds together the reverent in all lands and all climates:

See no evil,
Hear no evil,
Speak no evil.

Thus it is shown by the wise old monkeys. The Hindus have a saying which has been translated:

I gird myself with right thoughts,
I gird myself with right speech,
I gird myself with right deeds.

Conversation then turned to the individual benevolences of Parsis who have endowed hospitals, colleges, and schools, and are patrons of learning, science, and the arts, thereby greatly benefitting Bombay, their chosen city. There is often great wealth among them, for Parsis are not fighters but traders and merchants, taking more kindly to the arts of peace than to those of war. They are fortunately of great adaptability, as their lot was to seek refuge from Moham-medan tyranny in a strange land. An aunt of the family explained how the Rana of Sanjan gave welcome to the refugee Persians when they landed on India's shores but exacted a promise that Sanskrit should be used as one of their languages.

They also adopted another language, that of Gujerati, and many customs of the Hindus, such as the way of wearing the *sari*, over the *left* shoulder, as the Hindu woman does, and the much more hampering *purdah* system of keeping women in retirement; while in religious ceremonies the offerings of food to the Hindu gods became popular in place of the more beautiful and appropriate one of only flowers and fruits.

My hostess here took up the theme and informed me that Parsi women always had more equality in the home relationship and have practically discarded the *purdah*, and that fifty years ago the women got a law passed, compelling

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monogamy and property inheritance. The Parsis now provide liberally for their daughters, but in cases where no will has been left, the boy gets four times as much as the girl and twice as much as the mother. Again, remarriage is advocated, although as yet there are not many cases of widows remarrying.

There are a few tenets of the faith, however, that no orthodox Parsi would fail to observe. Prominent among these is the wearing of the Sacred Thread, the Sacred Shirt and the Sacred Patch. With amused comprehension of my ignorance, these garments were exhibited and explained.

Although they are sacred after being blessed by the *dastur*, specimens were found by the young daughter of the house, that were new, having just been completed and were not yet consecrated.

The Sacred Thread, or prayer string, is called a *kusti* and is composed of seventy-two woolen threads about three yards long, each representing a prayer of the Parsis which must be said night and morning—the Parsi parallel of the Christian rosary. These threads are woven with marvelous dexterity, into a hollow tube which is pressed into a flat band a sixteenth of an inch wide. The *kusti* is specially woven narrower for women. About ten inches from each end is a knot and about four inches is plaited into a round, solid cord. Then each is separated into three smaller cords about two inches long, and the remaining inch or so left as a tassel. The various parts of the *kusti* are symbolic and the prayers are very beautiful.

The Sacred Shirt, or *sudra*, is especially made by hand by the women of the household. It is never bought in shops. It is quite plain, of white cotton, and is a marvel of fine needlework. Those I saw were very sheer, without sleeves or collar, opened in the front about six inches. At the bottom of this opening is stitched the Sacred Patch. It is a small extra piece of cotton about an inch square.

The symbolism of the Sacred Patch is obscure. It was

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suggested that it represented the prophet's hand pointing heavenward, just as the *sudra* represented purity (the Parsi does not put it on until after ablutions and prayer), while the *kusti* is hollow to permit the breath of the Creator to pass through.

It was borne in upon me how much time the Parsis give to their religion. Seventy-two prayers twice a day! Prayers for bathing and dressing! Each day a new consecration to the part of one that does not corrupt. Hours, days, weeks, spent by the women in fashioning sacred garments! Each day of the Zoroastrian month has its name and is dedicated to certain prayers, ceremonies and suggestion for conduct.

In the warm fragrant dark, I said good-bye to the worshippers of the Sacred Fire as an emblem of the Supreme—the flame that is never allowed to die out on the altars of their Temples or in the hollow of their hearts. The feelings that assailed me were neither of vain glory nor of pride. How many prayers do *I* know? Is my time any better spent? Am I laying up any greater treasure that will go with me when I become a candidate for passing through the eye of the needle?

That night the gnats buzzed around my lamp as I burned the midnight incandescent over the History of the Parsis in India. A picturesque background of inheritance began to rise like the smoke of incense and wafted me towards far away Persia to the dawn of history when the Magi held that advanced civilization in their wizards' grip, while their fellow initiates, the High Priests of Osiris, dictated to the Kings of Egypt.

In the Oracles of Zoroaster taken from the Theurgy of Proclus we find some light on the white magic of the Persian Magi. Accompanied by prayer and purification they practiced evocations of spirits by means of progressive formulas taken from the most ancient languages of earth.

"Make no change in the barbarous names employed in the evocation for they are the pantheistic names of God. They

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are magnetized with the worship of multitudes and their power is ineffable." This is the psychic reasoning the Magi themselves gave for the evocation after their profound study of the human word—the suggestion and attraction and creation possible in the human speech. A word once uttered can never be recalled. For good or ill it has been created, given form, and sent upon its journey into time and space.

Also the Magi claimed the knowledge of occult forces which enabled them to control the astral light, the electric currents of the air and the magnetic currents of the earth. It was said that even in broad daylight, darkness could be established in their temples, lamps could be lit without human agency, the rumble of thunder could be heard and the radiance of god-like beings could be seen.

The Celestial Sun was the name the Magi gave to this incorporeal fire which dwells upon their altars (corresponding to the Logos). And to the electric and magnetic currents they gave the name of *serpents*, claiming that these eternal agents could be directed towards or against mankind at their will.

There were seven Archangels (*Ameshaspendas*), seven heavens, and seven continents known to the ancient Persians, and many other things which this material age, unable to see the wood for the trees, has ceased to believe in.

Later the Magi fell under the fire and sword of the conqueror, perhaps the Nemesis of power abused, and in the fourth century A. D., a very wise man, a *dastur*, by name Adarbarbad Marespand, is reputed to have written a tract in Pehlevi as a sermon to his son Zarathrustra.

Another version is that Zoroaster as a child went "up on the Mount" in deep study of philosophical questions and divine meditation. His father was Pourushaspa, who drank of the Homa plant juice and begat a son by Dogdha at Rae on the bank of the Darje which flowed from a mountain, the Jabr in Ayrianer Vaeje. Of the family of Spitama, a descendant of King Feridun of the Peshdadian dynasty of

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Persia, Zoroaster was often referred to as Spitama Zarathushtra and Zoroaster of the "family" of Spitama.

At thirty he left Rae and went to Balkh, the capital of Gushtasp at that time King of Iran, who embraced the religion, likewise the Queen Hutosh. The Prime Minister Frashaostra and Jamaspa, two most learned men in the kingdom, were the Prophet's first disciples. Quickly the new religion spread through all Iran and the Prophet then produced the twenty-one sacred books which he had brought with him to court. They were understood to have been written as far back as three or four thousand years.

This great Prophet discarded the Persian conception of the Dyad and proclaimed, "the number three reigns everywhere in the universe. The Monad is its principle."

Zoroaster is reputed to have lived until the age of seventy-seven when he died at Bactria, the capital of the Kayaman kings—the eleventh day of the tenth month, Deh. The anniversary of his death is kept in holy reverence.

According to the Mazdayasnan religion, of which Zoroaster is the Prophet and the Zend-Avesta its sacred books, the world was created in three hundred and sixty-five days of six unequal intervals. These intervals are called Gahambars and fall six times in a year, each to be dedicated anew by the devout.

Here again was more *Jasan*, more prayer, and religious ceremonies. The day dedicated especially to fire is the ninth of the ninth month when there is a holiday of rejoicing and all Parsis go to the nearest Agiary, or the Fire Temple, to pray.

The coil of light in my electric bulb flickered and went out. It was two o'clock in the morning. My bearer, the faithful Hakim, with the early tea at 6 A. M. would soon be saying "Good-morning, Lady Saheb." On the moonbeam path, now flooding through the jasmine-bowered window, I pursued my study of the Parsis into the silvery palaces of dreams.

Still in a humble mood, the next day, necessary permission

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having been obtained, I set out with a thrill of adventure to penetrate so far as possible into the mysteries of the Towers of Silence—where the Parsis dispose of their dead in a manner that sounded both weird and unpleasant.

Bombay, the cosmopolitan, was to show me by yet another method than burning or burying, how the ancients met this universal problem of caring for the discarded fleshly envelope.

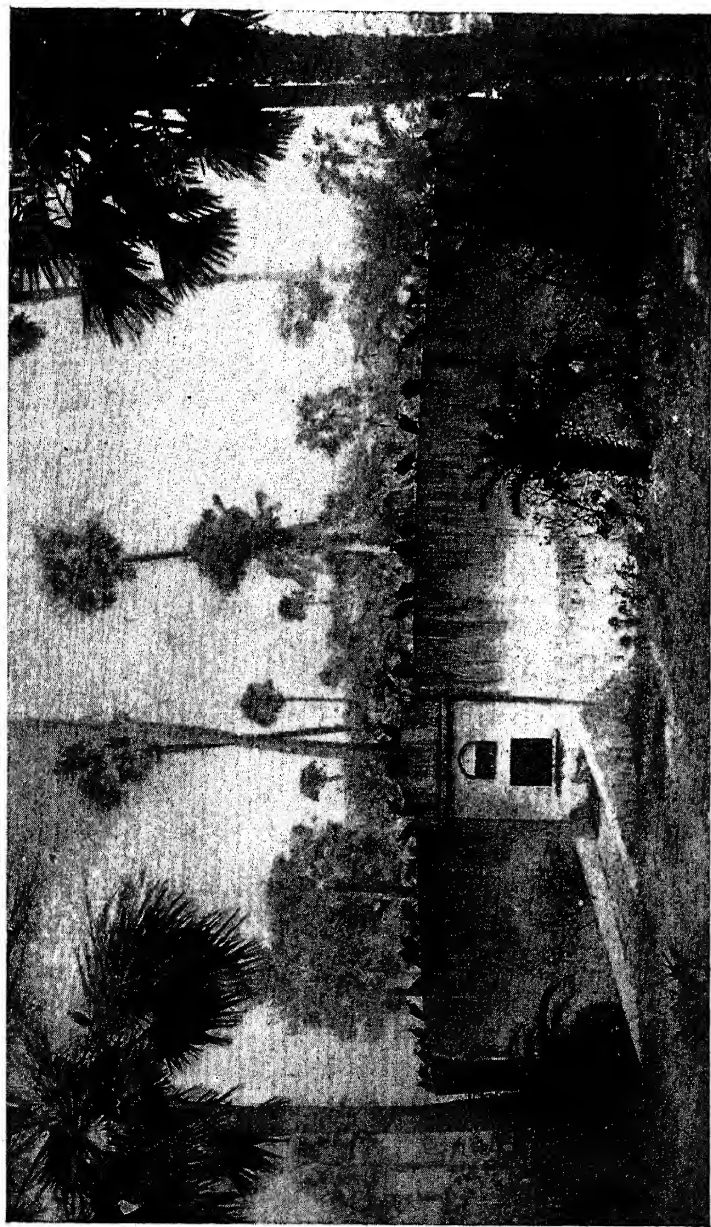
Along the water front of a beautiful boulevard our motor curved the bay and ascended to one of the favorite residential sections on Malabar Hill. Here, overlooking a paradise of tropical foliage, roof terraces, and sparkling blue waters, rise the Towers of Silence.

The very name has a seductive sound, taking the mind into unaccustomed places. Even as one alights in the partial gloom of great trees and ascends a wide stairway of white-washed stone to the beautiful gardens that surround these towers, the busy thoughts of men are stilled and one treads gently.

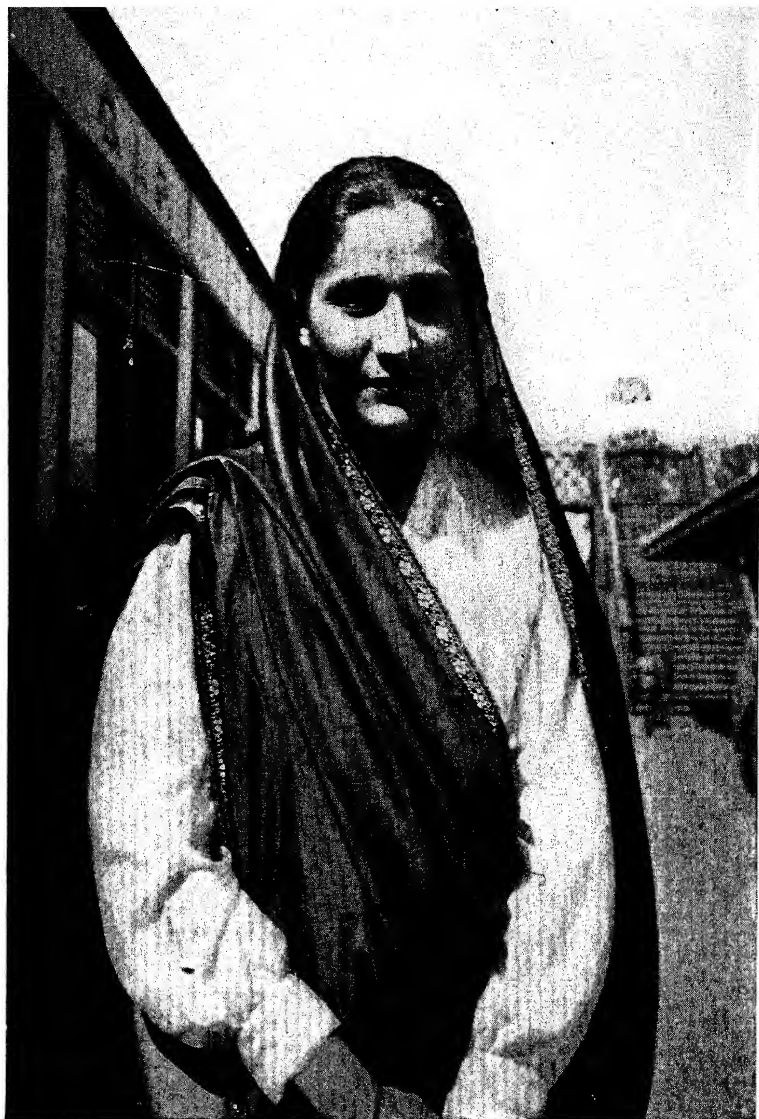
White-robed attendants were passing in and out of the Temple of the Sacred Fire. In the air were the black forms of great birds—vultures. Slowly they circled over several broad, tower-like stone structures open at the top and arranged like an amphitheatre, shallow tier on tier sloping towards the center, so that whatever was laid upon them was free for the elements and Nature's agents of the air to destroy!

Followers of Zoroaster have their day divided into five instead of twelve periods. Funerals come to the Towers of Silence either early in the morning between 7 and 8 A. M. or between three or four o'clock in the afternoon. It was now late afternoon. Not a sound broke the fragrant stillness of well-kept trees, flowers and walks around the Temple. It seemed a beautiful spot of peace, a fitting finish to the stress of human life.

The cries of the vultures as they wove an ever-circling pattern in the hot sky, over each tower brought me back



TOWERS OF SILENCE—MALABAR HILL, BOMBAY



MRS. JEHANGIR BOMANJI PETIT OF BOMBAY

A Parsi admirer of "Mahatma" Gandhi and a beloved leader among progressive women of India. (*Taken by the author at Poona station.*)

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sharply to what seemed an ugly fact. No one is permitted to enter the Towers of Silence, but a model of one is shown which is all the imagination requires to build the picture of what those carrion birds see as they circle, ever circle, waiting for fresh food.

A courteous Parsi had accompanied me to this sacred spot and gave his explanation of, to me, a strange custom of a strange people in a strange land.

He emphasized the sanitary features of this method—that the properties of *tera* were the same as carbolic acid and that the construction of the “wells” was such that the wild creatures were fed, the Sun, the Winds, and the Rains propitiated, and that nothing reached Mother Earth unpurified. Later he wrote out these notes on the funeral ceremonies of the Parsis which are here given in his own English.¹

The Parsis are a small band of people, in all about 100,000 strong, who came to India as fugitives some 1,300 years ago when they were driven out of their fatherland in far away Persia. When the fanatical tide of Islamic conquest attacked their homes and overtook these Zoroastrians, rather than lose their religion, they chose a fugitive and hard life in unknown realms in preference to a servile state at home. Fate brought some of them to India where they settled down and have done what they could for their land of adoption as a grateful return for the protection they received in their hour of need at the hands of the people of this country.

They landed on the west coast of India, not far from Bombay which has been in the main their home. The Zoroastrian religion is, on the whole, a highly scientific religion. It is so in the most accepted and modern sense of the term, even though Zoroaster taught it to the Persians of old more than 2,000 years back. And the significance of this will be readily realized in the following short account of the funeral ceremonies:

When a person is dead, his earthly remains are first bathed with warm water and washed with *tera* which is a matured stage of cow's urine, consecrated, and it contains all the properties of carbolic. This done, the body is taken down on the ground floor of the house and put on two stone or marble slabs, some place where even the flooring must be of stone. The body after the bath, is clothed in nothing but

¹ Kindly supplied by K. K. Lalkaka.

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white cotton garments, which apparel is composed of a white tunic, a white pyjama, and last, though never the least, the white sacred shirt and thread known as *sudra* and *kusti*, respectively. The idea of white cotton garments takes root in the ideals of hygienic as well as mental purity and the equality of human brotherhood.

At all Parsi functions the men are enjoined to put on white cotton clothes. Some, however, in this utilitarian age observe this by its breach. And the women, well they have always been the privileged class, and so they are allowed silks. But at a funeral, simplicity strikes at the core of things and from the dead body to its corpse bearers, including the mourners and the priests, are all in white cotton. The women in addition, have black mantles or *saris*.

We shall first get a censer of burning sandalwood and incense and place it near the body. A flame of light must also be placed near. And a bowl (of metal only) containing *tera* will complete the arrangements. Now a priest sits before the body and recites prayers in a sonorous tone. He will be relieved after some hours by one of his colleagues because the body has to be kept in the house for at least twelve or more hours.

At last the time has come to take it to the Towers of Silence. This must be either in the early morning or the early afternoon. The mourning friends and relations gather at the dead man's house and now a couple of priests begin reciting prayers, standing on the threshold of the room where the body is kept. This ceremony lasts for about one and one-half hours in the middle of which the corpse bearers transfer the body from those stone slabs to the bier which also needs must be of metal only. The corpse bearers have had also a bath just previous with warm well water, and they, too, had to use the *tera* as disinfectant.

The prayers over, the priests retire in a corner and all assembled make a low obeisance in paying their last respects to the dead. All having filed out, one by one, after having a last look at the still features of the dead man's face, the bier is covered with white cloth and the body with all deference is slowly carried out of the house and those who so wish, follow the deceased to the Towers of Silence. Those who can, must walk behind the body at some distance and only the feeble and the weak are allowed the indulgence of a vehicular conveyance.

We are now at the Towers of Silence. They are invariably situated on an eminence overlooking human dwellings and activity and far away from them. Here the bearers once again place their load on the ground and those who have followed the dear departed one so far to its last resting place are allowed to have one last lingering look at him when finally the body is carried away to one of the "wells." While the corpse bearers are stripping the body of all earthly vestments

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which, along with their ceremonial dresses are ultimately burned—the mourners who have gathered in the grounds outside (which is usually laid out in a nice garden) say a short prayer. Once the body is bereft of all clothing, the vultures which always make their abode here, fall to and soon devour it.

And when the monsoon bursts, it washes down everything from the Towers of Silence and only pure water reaches earth after all impurities have been filtered out.

The mourners turn away, wash their hands and faces with water and *tera* should they prefer to use the latter too, and wend their way home. The bones in the “well” of the “tower” are soon charred under the scorching rays of a tropical sun and should any matter burst out from the corpse, it does not pollute earth as it is carried off by a series of drains and has to pass through some four layers of sand, pebbles, charcoal, and other filtrates.

This is the sum and substance of the funeral ceremonies of the Parsis and the bare idea first originated in Persia of old where the ancient Iranians exposed to the sun and left in the custody of wild beasts their dead, high up on mountain tops where even in death they were of some service to God’s creatures and where the Silence that belongs to Eternity was only broken by the occasional cries of those beasts.

And while we have been busy at the Towers of Silence, what have those that stayed behind been doing? They, too, soon leave the place of mourning. But not without first washing their hands and faces with water. And no Parsi will ever think of entering his house, as he is, when he returns from a funeral. So on his announcing himself, an inmate or a servant of the house will come out with a *lota* of water and a napkin with which the hands and face are washed once again and then the entrance is safe. And at the dead man’s place, as soon as the body is taken away, an attendant sprinkles the way from the room where the body was placed to the steps of the house, with *tera* that was in the metal bowl by the dead man’s side and also sprinkles the same over those stone slabs which are placed out. Thus everything is disinfected. But the room is consecrated for six days till when a light is kept burning day and night in it and prayers recited, because on the fourth day the dead person’s spirit is supposed to leave off haunting the room.

It might here be added, what has been overlooked in the body of the text, that just before the bier is covered up at home and again just before the remains are deposited in the “well” at the “Towers,” a he-dog is made to see the dead person’s face. This is because a dog is the most faithful of all the domestic pets and a glance from him

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is believed to assure a safe pass to heaven. Apart from sentiments the hygienic features of the ceremonies may well be noted.

As the substance of the above was being poured into my eager ears, scraps from the midnight labors came drifting back also. I remembered that the Parsis believe that Mother Earth is polluted by decaying bodies being put into it, so when consecrating a new *dokhma*, or Tower of Silence, the *dastur* says prayers first to Srosh, the guardian deity who presides over the souls of the dead, especially during the first three days after death. This he does after driving large iron nails into the ground thus forming a circle around which he draws a string. It is known as the *tana* or string ceremony.

The second *baj* prayer of consecration is to the Great Deity Himself, Ahura Mazda.

The third and fourth *baj* prayers are devoted to Spendarmod, the guardian deity of "earth," and Ardafrash, who presides over departed souls, while the fifth and last is in honor of the seven Ameshaspendas, or Archangels. These five *baj* prayers occupying four days of dedication are addressed as follows: "O Almighty (Ahura Mazda) though it is wrong to contaminate the ground with the bodies of the dead, we beseech thee to occupy this enclosed piece of ground (*spendarmod*) and no more, for laying the bodies of departed souls, who in obedience to the order, leave this world for the next." The reincarnation belief is here firmly entrenched.

Occasionally a wild rumor has been started that someone has come to life in the Tower of Silence and that the *nase-salars*, or corpse-bearers, murdered him so that he would not bring epidemic out with him, but there has never been any proofs of so dramatic an occurrence.

In the well-to-do Parsi families ceremonies are performed for the recently departed during the whole of the first year and on every anniversary of the death. In addition, the last ten days of the Parsi year are set aside for prayers for the dead when the ceremonies known as *Fravardigan*, or *Muk-tad*, are performed. I noted, with a thrill of recognition, a

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similarity in these forms and prayers to those of the ancient Egyptians. For example, a room is especially sanctified for the dead where the living may pray for them in quiet and concentration. It is thoroughly cleaned, whitewashed, and set apart. Every morning trays of flowers and fresh fruits are placed upon stands in it and prayers are offered during the day. Flowers and fruits are essential in most of the Parsi ceremonies whether for the living or the dead. In the thirteteenth section of the *Fravardigan Yasht*, the departed souls express themselves as follows:

Who will praise us? Who will offer to us?

Who will consider us his own? Who will bless us?

Who will receive us with hands bearing food and bearing clothes?

And who will pray for us?

In the sacred Pehlevi books the souls of departed dear ones are represented as being much pleased at being remembered and kept alive in the memory of those to whom they were bound by earthly ties. These ten days of ceremonies also have the effect of bringing nearer the realization to the living of the shortness of their own life journey, the nearness of the unseen world to which we all are hastening. As the eleventh century Persian sang, "the Bird of Life has but a little way to flutter and the Bird is on the wing."

So the sanctified room hears many prayers ascend to Ahura Mazda on behalf of the living, especially recitations of the *patet*, or prayer of repentance, supplicating Him to forgive past sins and watch over erring steps, and to keep wayward feet firm in the path of piety and virtue during the coming year.

On that sultry January afternoon the gardens about the *dokhmas* on Malabar Hill radiated peace and beauty and from the terrace of the *Sagris*, where the Parsis accompanying funeral parties stand and offer up their prayer for the dead, unrolls a panorama of Bombay, the beautiful. Its sea and harbor, ships and forts and public buildings, its homes

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nestling down the hillsides in deep greenery, its mysterious Elephanta Caves far out in the blue waters and still beyond the Sahyadri *ghats* (hills) jealously seeking the first rays of Ahura Mazda's mighty symbol of himself, the Celestial Sun which is the ancient Persian Dyad of Mithras, the male fire and Mithra, the female light.

Few scenes more fair in all the world!

Beside me, through an open door, where no profane step might approach, was dimly visible the altar on which from time immemorial burns the sacred fire—a holy place consecrated to the great Creator who, for the Parsi, resides in the heart of the flame even as He resides in the heart of each who will keep his light burning for the coming of the Bridegroom.

As I turned away to descend the broad whitewashed steps of stone, through the trees and beyond the flowers, I saw again the Silent Towers gleaming whitely, and far above them ever hovering in the sunset were many large black bodies gracefully winging hither and back, waiting, waiting, that they might be fed.

In spite of all logic my mind rebelled at the idea and I was glad that my faith did not preclude me from consigning useless flesh to the flames, like the Hindus—the soul thereby gaining quick release from a garment outgrown, or else like the Egyptians, so preserving it from decay that the earthly elements might again be available for the *Ka*, or higher self, to use, and thus when desirable, obtain temporary contact with the material world.

Then a strange thing happened. My escort was called away and I sat down to await him under a spreading tree surrounded by roses. A fountain dripped musical water in a marble basin.

All was exquisite, peaceful, in the garden. Like Siegfried, as a gift, Nature laid in my lap the *tarnhelm*, or magic pass, into her domain. A golden radiance suffused the scene, shimmering happiness everywhere.

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A bird voice sang notes I had never heard before. Through its cadences trilled the message, "That which Mother Nature gives, she likewise takes back. Why should not her children of the air be fed by that which no longer is useful to man?"

A low rumbling sound from the Earth said, "Let man be purified before coming to my bosom."

A zephyr gently lifted a lock of hair and sighed in my ear, "I am a messenger from my Great Brothers, the Winds. We come and go at no man's bidding. Man comes and goes at no man's bidding. Ulu! Ulu!"

Then the fire upon the Sacred Altar rose before my eyes. Its blue and golden flame flashed upon my awed spirit and burned these words into my heart:

"I am the souls of men. Why pollute me with their flesh!"

The blue brilliance was gone. The zephyr, the bird, and the golden radiance were gone. Nature had dropped the lifted corner of her mantle.

The garden, though still beautiful, now seemed dull and lifeless. Like an absent-minded eye, the light had gone out of it.

Silently, I left it, out into the busy street where the hurrying feet of men beat ceaselessly.

"I come like Water and like Wind I go," sang the Persian seer.

The adventure with the garden set me pondering over many things.

CHAPTER XIII

AMONG THE CHILDREN OF ALLAH

THE FAMOUS WOMAN RULER OF INDIA

*Nawab Sultan Jehan the Begam of Bhopal: Her Highness Discusses
Purdah: Maimoona Shah Begam on the Weaker Sex*

"Verily, the Muslim men and women, and the faithful men and women, and the devout men and women, and the truthful men and women, and the humble men and women, and the charitable men and women, and the fasting men and women, and the men and women who preserve their modesty, and the men and women who remember God much—God has prepared for them pardon and a great reward."
—*From the Koran*

IN THE moonlight chill of a "cold weather" morning, before the dawn, the Punjab Mail cast me forth a visitor to a Woman Ruler of an Indian State. Leaving Bombay at noon the train went through a rolling country with the Western *ghats* outlining the horizon. Slowly we rose among them and, after several hours, slipped down to a broad plain beyond which the red ball of an Indian sunset sank quickly out of sight. Now, Hakim, shivering and hollow-eyed from a sleepless night, busied himself with the luggage coolies while I offered apologies and thanks to no less a person than the Political Secretary who had sacrificed his personal comfort to meet the guest of H. H. the Begam of Bhopal.

I was escorted to a smart touring car which quickly brought us to the Guest House. There were really three large, white stucco, porticoed buildings of one story with marble balustraded roofs set in a compound arranged with potted plants and ferns—a fountain dripped a glittering line in the moonlight. My quarters consisted of a large bed-sitting-room with surrounding tiled veranda, a dressing room and bathroom. Early tea was brought and I had partly composed myself for forty winks before the seven-thirty bath when approaching music from a military band drifted into my consciousness and the rhythmic clatter of many feet, hoofs, and wheels.

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I remembered that Her Highness was reviewing the Prince of Wales Regiment at seven. Wrapping a warm cloak about me, I dashed out to see the Regiment go by. The dawn was struggling with the night. Already the full moon was seeking its Western couch and in the half light, I saw a long stream of marching men, of officers in white, of khaki uniforms and a line of mounted heralds carrying long pennants, of machine guns mounted on two-wheeled bullock carts, and after these a long line of bullock cart transports. The regiment had companies of British Tommies with their officers, the rest were Indians. One handsome person carrying his turban, dashed past on a galloping horse, his smart white tunic immaculate and his long blue cloth trousers striped with yellow, making a brilliant contrast.

A hot bath and early breakfast prepared me for that day of sightseeing, which began at eight o'clock by the reappearance of the Secretary and his motor for a drive around Bhopal the beautiful. Situated upon an upper and lower lake, the slender towers, dome-crowned minarets, and graceful lines of the Mogul architecture emerged under the touch of the sun as a fairy frame for the highly picturesque figure of its Ruler.

Nawab Sultan Jehan Begam, twenty years ago, at the age of forty-three, succeeded to the government of a Moham-medan State which has the unique distinction of having been ruled by a woman for several generations. Her Highness' great-grandmother Nawab Qudsia Begam, ruled as Regent for the grandmother, Sikkandar Begam, whose rule was followed by Shah Jehan Begam, the mother. All these royal women maintained *purdah*, though modified by the freedom necessary for one in so high a position. Always friendly to the British, giving signal aid at the time of the Sepoy uprising, these Muslim women rulers have made a good record for integrity, right dealing, and progressive methods along the lines of statecraft, building a canal, a railroad, and public institutions.

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The present Begam has established State schools for girls and a Woman's Hospital, an industrial school where exquisite work, embroideries with gold and silver, fine needlework and basket weaving are taught. Only such work as may be carried on within the home is developed and, of course, all is *purdah* and all subsidized by Her Highness who is doing what she can to improve the condition of her female subjects within the laws set down by the Prophet.

It was the hour for the noon meal when I was escorted through the Sardar Girls' School by the English Instructor while the Political Secretary waited discreetly in the outer court. In this old palace now dedicated to learning, the daughters of the Bhopal's nobles are being taught "the three R's," carried higher along the lines of literature, especially religious and poetical, and of languages. Not only the local tongue Urdu is taught, but Sanskrit and English, also French and such vernaculars as are desired.

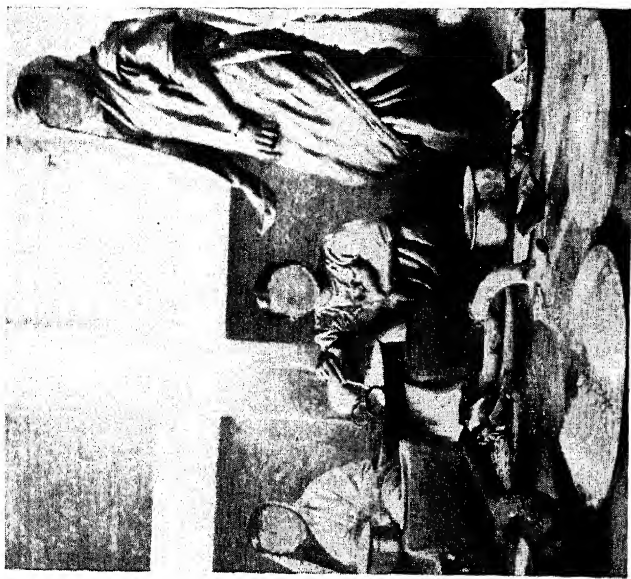
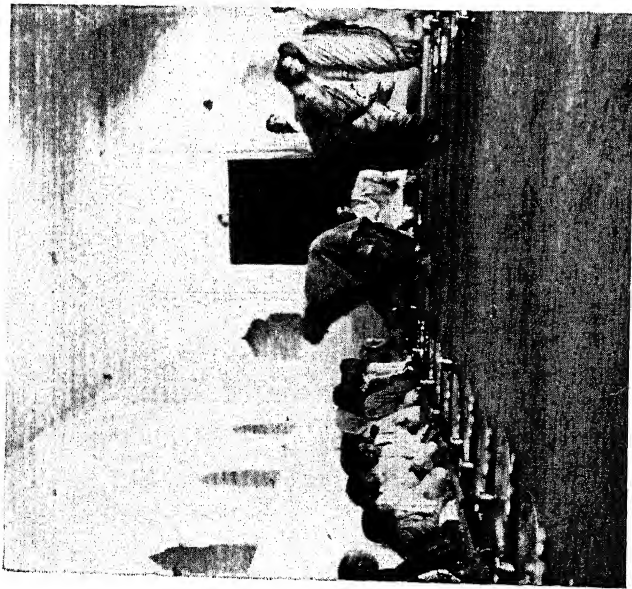
The *malvi* (priest) comes daily to instruct in the Koran. Sometimes he sits in a curtained niche and sometimes this formality is dispensed with, for his glance is holy. Cooking is raised to an art and included in the curriculum.

It was a pretty sight in the refectory when the girls were served their meal. Along the sides of a long gallery partly open to the weather, each assumed a conventional attitude upon a rush mat on the floor. Partly kneeling they received the large brass trays of food brought by the attendants and placed before them. They ate therefrom the various dainties served on plantain leaves, a *dal* or vegetable curry, chutney, *chowpatty* (large, thin, corn flour wafers), preserves and fresh fruits, sweetmeats of fig, honey, dates, and the like. The girls wore tight, long bodices of bright-colored cottons, very full skirts of contrasting colors, and the Muslim trousers under these.¹ The hair was sleek and straight usually

¹ Women used to wear "blouses" or jackets of no less than seven or eight different varieties; each differing slightly from the other and having a separate name suited to its cut and style, e.g. *Dara*, *Ab-e-Qarqul*, *Sadaar*, *Majool*, *Shoozar*, *Khameel*. These are very much like the Indian *Mahram*, *Kamari*, *Futuhi*, and *Qameez*.



H. H. NAWAB SULTAN JAHAN BEGAM, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.B.E., C.I., RULER
OF THE MOHAMMEDAN STATE OF BHOPAL



(Left) UPPER-CLASS MUSLIM GIRLS PREPARING MEAL. THE FOOD, FIRE AND UTENSILS USED ARE ALL HERE SHOWN. COOKING
 (Right) DINNER TIME—MUSLIM SCHOOL FOR NOBLES' DAUGHTERS, STRICTLY PURDAH
 IS A MOST IMPORTANT STUDY IN THE CURRICULUM OF THIS PURDAH GIRLS' SCHOOL

AMONG THE CHILDREN OF ALLAH

with a central parting and two long black braids. Sometimes these were twisted around the head and formed a dark halo for the bright eyes, smooth cheeks, and full lips of these high-born maidens, many of whom were beautiful enough to give joy to the future husband of their parents' choice.

Theoretically the Mohammedan marriage laws give the girl free choice of a husband, and, if married as a minor by proxy without her knowledge or consent, the girl can annul the marriage when she becomes of age, provided that she acts at once. But parental authority is strong, as it must be when father holds the purse strings, and, since "silence, or a smile" is construed as giving consent on a girl's part, the cases of rebellion are rare.

As I looked at these two long lines of graceful young womanhood refreshing their lithe bodies, every detail different from our manners and customs, yet making a charming picture, I was thankful that Mohammed, the Holy Prophet, had accorded them souls. It is difficult for us to realize now that even in mediaeval Europe, woman had a very poor chance with God except through the intermediary of man, her master. As late as the seventeenth century this matter was being very seriously discussed by noted Christian Divines. While, in India, some shrines were considered defiled by the presence of women at certain times. The Egyptian priests reserved the Holy of Holies for themselves alone, as more pleasing to the Deity. Man's economic and physical dominance had so blinded his sense of justice that he honestly felt himself superior, just as a tyrant king feels himself superior to his subjects.

Even Mohammed, in placing woman on equal footing with man, spiritually and morally, retained enough of the old creed to give man "a stand above woman." At first the Prophet's wives had freedom to go and come in public places, but when

But it was *Burqa* which was specially meant to cover the face of a woman; and several types of *Burqas* were in use in those days. That which reached up to the eyes only was called *Waswaas*; while *Naqaab* was the name given to one which covered the face lower down. (Quoted from the *Begram of Bhopal*.)

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lust prompted an insult to one of the harem, it was not the sinning man who was punished but the sinned-against woman who (by a revelation to the Prophet) was promptly shut up within the four walls of her home in order to keep her safe for husband. This suited evolving man very well. He locked up his woman treasures just as he did his jewels and gold. So long as he had to provide for her, she must dance to his tune. She had only to remain in whatever home he could, or would, provide for her, with nothing to do but enjoy herself by cooking for him, waiting upon him, practicing all manner of feminine wiles to please him, so that she remain in his favor, and of course, go through the long months and pains of child-bearing, and the longer years of care and anxiety of child-rearing.

With the egotism of power man felt himself the natural arbiter of the family and to keep woman pure he shut her away from temptation. The system has worked not so badly in the past. It doubtless served the needs of the times, and the mills of the gods grind just the same. Perhaps the tyrant master in one life became a subject slave in the next. How can the ant know what great crossword puzzles the Olympians themselves are solving?

In some extraordinary way my contact with the Oriental woman in the Muslim harem, in the Hindu *zenana*, behind the Orchid Door of China and the Lacquered Screen in Japan has produced a strange feeling of spiritual kinship. In spite of environment the evolving ego is to be found doing her work of uplifting humanity. In every country, under every condition of life are the lightbearers. Only it seems as though, and may I be forgiven if this is national arrogance, that there are more women further along the road towards godship among the English speaking peoples, because they are working out their own salvation by fairly and squarely meeting the trials and temptations of this world, not sheltered behind anybody or any institution. They are remaining moral by inherent strength and not by protection. That they

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are going through a stage of bobbed hair and jazz, food out of tins, and "nobody home but the cat" only indicates the first long pants and copper-toed boot period—the growing pains of a higher civilization where equality and the golden rule will have real meaning.

The race simply must grow up and every soul must sooner or later learn to develop its own steam. It cannot be forever hauled along by the efforts of others.

Having worked this out to my entire satisfaction, I was eager to meet the remarkable Muslim Princess whose wise and far-seeing efforts to better the conditions of her State were shown in repeated instances. I recall an especially interesting library where the best of Rajputana arts and crafts, ancient manuscripts and paintings, were in charge of a highly learned man, a Christian Indian, who knew both East and West. Yet with all its surpassing beauty of lakes, of forts, of mosques, of palaces, Her Highness's walled Capital has some of the faults of an Indian city. The ill-paved streets, the crowded, unsanitary shops and homes of the people, and the few women I saw in public places, swathed in face-figure and germ-concealing garments of white cotton, suggested much that the future might accomplish towards reform.

Nawab Sultan Jehan Begam is a talented author of a half-dozen books, a traveler to England, an upholder of the British Raj; a Ruler about whom everyone speaks kindly. She has knowledge of engineering, music, cooking, and needlework and is Chancellor of that center of learning, the Muslim University at Aligarh. In spite of her progressive ideas and accomplishments the Begam of Bhopal believes firmly in the *pardah*. From no one more qualified to speak could I hear the arguments for it, and it was with great interest that two days after my arrival, I was driven several miles to her palace outside of the city. Her Highness was sad, enduring the pangs of a Mater Dolorosa while watching the hopeless struggles against a dread disease of her second son, the "General," and, it was said, her favorite.

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Only out of the kindness of her heart did she receive me in private audience at such a time, and as I was ushered into her personal apartment in the center of her palace, was seated comfortably and informally in a room of Mogul architecture furnished in European style, I realized that her face, though ravaged by grief, showed the strength, intelligence, and goodness which has characterized her reign. Her snow-white hair was simply dressed, her costume was a tight, buttoned tunic and narrow trousers of thin material. Over it, as the air had a slight tang of freshness, was a brown Kashmir mantle of fine camel's hair, draped over the head like a *sari*. No crown that morning, nor gleaming jewels and embroidered robes, but the dignity of an aspiring soul shone out of those understanding, sympathetic eyes and the strength of one who has suffered and conquered had squared that jaw, under its softer lines of flesh, had compressed the corners of those full curving lips.

Her Highness speaks English though preferring her native tongue of Urdu in which her books have been written. These consist of biographies of her mother and great-grandmother, and a two-volume autobiography, *A Defense of Purdah* and *A Muslim Home*. She instructed her Private Secretary to present me with these books, and while that was being done, three charming little girls appeared at the open archway which served as a door. They had just come through the garden beyond, where flowers rioted in ordered masses and a fountain murmured gently. Racing on to the marble terrace, they were now seeking permission to pay their morning respects to "Grandmamma." The Begam kissed each one most affectionately, introduced them, and inquired after their mother, who is the wife of her youngest son. An example of how well Her Highness looks after the household as well as her State is shown in this young Princess who also now appeared moving like a swaying lotus bud along the marble terrace.

Before Maimoona Shah Bano was six years old she was

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selected by the Ruler as a suitable wife for her youngest son, and thereupon betrothed to him and brought from her home in the north to be educated, and very well educated too, including foreign languages and music, under the fostering care of the Ruler. When she matured, the marriage was celebrated. She looks very young, slim, and beautiful, has gentle manners and seems happy. She is now twenty-two or three, has always lived with her mother-in-law in adjacent apartments of the palace and always in strict *purdah*.

Through all the grief of a mother losing her first-born, the young Bilkis Jehan, who would have succeeded, and of her second daughter and of widowhood, Her Highness has valiantly buckled on the armor of care for her State, making her subjects' welfare her own conscientious interest. Especially for women has she labored, organizing the Ladies' Club in the Alimanzil, one of the Bhopal Palaces, and delivering no less than fifty-two speeches before it. She founded classes in Home Nursing and Ambulance during the War, of Hygiene, Arts, and Games, of instructions to mothers on Gestation and Child Nursing, offering prizes for those who excelled in these training courses.

The wives of her three sons gave her financial and personal aid in the pet project of making the Princess of Wales Ladies' Club a social center for the *purdahnashin*. It was here that the youngest Princess must have made H. H. feel that some of her sowing was beginning to bear fruit. Maimoona Sultan Shah Bano Begam Saheba, as its Vice-President, has made many speeches before the club, has lectured on Hygiene, and fulfilled the duties of President of the Reception Committee of the All India Ladies' Conference at Bhopal. Her Highness, in introducing her on one occasion, said:

From the very beginning I had a mind to give my youngest son, Prince Hamidullah Khan, a high education. Very often it struck me that female education among Mohammedans was almost equal to nothing, whereas women should always be as much educated as their husbands, so that they (women) may be able to help them (husbands)

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in their ideas and motives. Accordingly, choosing a little girl of noble blood, I hurried to get my son married early with a view to educating and training her properly. Those of you who have read history might remember how noble and respectable the Durrani family is. Choosing my son's wife from that family, from the very beginning I made the best possible provision for her education and training. In educating her I had this chief end in view, that by the time Hamidullah Khan would finish his education and come out of his national college to render social services to the community, she might also be able to help him and me in the realization of our ends.

Now let us pray to the Almighty God that He may crown my hopes with success and enable me to see her successful in life. Amen.

As an example of how well this lovely young woman with the slim figure and sparkling eyes has responded to her Ruler's affectionate but definite course of training, is a speech, considerably condensed, which she made before the Ladies' Club last year.¹ It gives a picture of a life that differs from our own, not so much in its ideals—for every woman cherishes a desire to be an efficient and loving wife and mother and homemaker—as in the acceptance of the thought that homemaking is woman's whole existence and that she should have no part in the broader activities of the community, state, and nation. Also we find in organizing woman's clubs, etc., that these very advocates of *purdah* are branching out into the larger life of the community while remaining *purdah*. They may need to develop considerable skill as chariot drivers to make a successful race on those two mismatched horses.

On another occasion, Shah Bano Begam outlined plans for relieving distress of the poor, which show organizing ability of no mean order. As no amount of characterization would give the flavor of this Muslim *purdah* Princess so well as her own words, a liberal quotation may be found in Appendix I.

The young Begam's remarks concerning the distress of so many homemakers and the encouragement of them to earn money in the home thus joining the ranks of the woman

¹ See Appendix I, for extracts from *The Duties of the Weaker Sex*, by Maimoona Sultan Begam.

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economic worker without her independence, is at considerable variance to the ideal conditions indicated in H. H.'s book on *Al Hijab* or *Why Purdah is Necessary*. But H. H. the Begam of Bhopal is not the first to find the ideal scissored between practice and progress.

As the custom of keeping woman behind the curtain was brought to India by the Children of Allah (although they claimed to have inherited it and that the ancient Orientals four thousand years ago practiced *purdah*) it seems fitting to consider it under this heading, especially as the system has so staunch a supporter in this most conspicuous Muslim woman of all India.

Invariably the reply I received from a Hindu concerning *purdah* was that Hindu society became degenerate and parents had been obliged to shut up their woman child in order to protect her, especially since the Mohammedan invaded India and in the early days respected no woman he could get hold of on the streets or could buy, or steal. This difficulty of protecting the daughter's virtue also led to the very early marriage, it being thought desirable to effect the grafting of the young bud from the parent stem to that of the husband's as soon as it showed signs of opening into the rose.

What would H. H. the Begam say about it?

At last the time had come, the grandchildren and daughter-in-law had withdrawn, when refreshments were passed and talk, at my sincere request, settled down to a discourse by H. H. on the merits of keeping women in seclusion. Her eyes flashed. Her eloquence carried her along on a favorite theme.

It is clear from the Commandment of God regarding *purdah* that it was provided for woman's protection. "O! Thou Prophet! Speak to thy wives and to thy daughters and to the women of the faithful, that they draw their wrappers over them. That is nearer for them to be known, and they will not be affronted."

There is such a thing as "piety" recognized in Islam as well as by all human beings. "Piety" means restraint from every such thought

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and deed as is likely to do some material or spiritual harm to anybody. When society reaches a stage where all manner of sin and evil are found in it; when the difference between lawful and unlawful perilously reaches a vanishing point; when the distinction between acts allowed and forbidden almost disappears; when music and dancing and free intercourse between men and women, in public places is openly tolerated; when men and women, boys and girls sit shoulder to shoulder and side by side in theaters and cinemas where scenes violating the sense of decency and modesty are exhibited on the screen and the stage; when fashion and the demands of high life are on the increase daily; when social temptations multiply and "wants create more wants" almost every day, and the law of the realm be so mild that in the infringement of certain extreme cases (where Islam inflicts one hundred lashes, in the case of an unmarried person, and orders stoning to death, in that of a married one) if it punishes the particular offense with only two years' imprisonment at most, and that also, in the latter case, when the husband institutes proceedings; and when a husband goes to court for the restitution of his conjugal rights, the Highest Court of the realm lays down that:

"In these days of progress and civilization no woman should be compelled to live with a husband she does not like."

When all these things are happening, they are all good reasons for women to be clothed in modesty and protected in the seclusion of her home.

That a woman should not be compelled to live with a husband she did not like to me had a hopeful sound, at least for those wealthy wives whose marriage contracts provided the retaining of their property in their own right. But "Silence is the ornament of the ignorant." I listened while the Ruler criticized the evil of letting down barriers:

If women had diverted their energies to some such work of public good, the evil would have possessed at least some redeeming features; but I do not find a single instance of this among the "progressive" section of our society today.

I felt this was distinctly arguable but I was not seated beside the Begam of Bhopal to wear away the morning hours in useless argument.

"It has been said that your women are weak because they are in harems," I ventured.

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The trenchant reply came at once.

The fact is that in both hemispheres the real causes of bad health are the same, and they are generally neglect of the first principles of sanitation and insufficient and unwholesome food.

It is sometimes vehemently asserted that *pardah* is a great obstacle to all progress and the standard of advancement of women, but one must first fix the stage at which they become entitled to be called "advanced" and civilized.

Her Highness thus laid down the meaning and object of the progress of woman in Islam:

She should perform the duties natural to her, as has been explained by the Holy Koran: "And one of His signs is that He created mates for you from yourselves that you may find quiet of mind in them, and He put between you love and compassion; most surely there are signs in this for a people who reflect."

It is incumbent on the weaker sex that it should not step beyond the limits of its own sphere of activity in order that the discharge of its primary and natural duties in life may not be interfered with, and that it may be kept guarded against evil influences, fraught with misery, to domestic life. This is the *raison d'être* of the *pardah* system, and this is what the reformers of Europe and America have been yearning for.

I had doubts about the Begam's correct interpretation of the yearnings attributed to the reformers of Europe and America. But the daughter of Allah was again giving expression to her faith and making some shrewd pronouncements as well.

The opponents of *pardah* have come to the conclusion that men are really enemies of the weaker sex; and have despotically compelled women to live in *pardah*. Whereas the truth of the matter is exactly the reverse of it.

Where is the need of exchanging the peace and happiness, we now enjoy, for a life full of misery and troubles? If we desire to get out of our present misery and rise to eminence, which the times loudly call for, we must retain this custom, which is a guarantee of our domestic peace and happiness.

Why should we hanker after the so-called freedom of women, a course every step of which is beset with temptations and troubles? If our women are allowed to come out of *pardah* it can never lead

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to any good; on the other hand, it shall surely spell the end of our national existence.

May God Almighty save our people from this calamity and may He lead us on to the right path.

This seemed about to settle matters, but I ventured a brief rebuttal along the lines of my morning's cogitations while at the Sardar Girls' School. This called forth the following frank comment and the sparkling imagery which made conversation with Her Highness a continual delight:

Man is a selfish creature; and that, too, to such an extent that without some personal gain he does not become a friend of anyone; no, not even of God!

Mark the course of a marital life. Soon after marriage the new couple separate themselves from their parents, and establish their home. The man and his wife realize that the world is a bullock cart and they are like a pair of oxen, yoked to it; whose journey can only end at the grave.

Now it is a common custom among cartmen that they yoke the slower of the two animals to the right, and the faster and more spirited one to the left. Woman, being by nature weak, was slow of pace, therefore she had to be kept to the right side as it is easier to urge a slow-paced animal to run faster when it is yoked on the right hand. In other words, we find the more difficult and arduous task of earning livelihood taken up by man; while woman is entrusted with the easier task of housekeeping. But woman could not look after her house so well if the injunction "abide in your houses" had not been given. She was therefore forced to subordinate her own wishes to lead a secluded life. This is the real reason of *purdah* among women. But to call it tyranny of man will in itself be an injustice to him.

The shrewed, life-marked face of H. H. Sultan Jehan the Begam of Bhopal, its patient kindness and wisdom—the face of one who knows and, like Da Vinci's Mona Lisa, her smile is a little weary—still remains vivid with an affectionate glow of understanding.

On the way out I went to the garden of the Ahmedabad Palace where a half acre is devoted to a miniature replica of India. It is in high relief, all the principal cities, rivers, mountains, and jungles are faithfully worked with real earth,

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rocks, and water. Also the big railroads and steamship lines. Many an hour of playful study with her young children has Her Highness passed in the long ago instructing them in geography and elementary physics. It is thus I like to think of her, freed from the troubles of administration, happy in the laughter of youth, fulfilling her ideal of Muslim womanhood.

CHAPTER XIV

AMONG THE CHILDREN OF ALLAH (*Cont.*)

IN THE NIZAM'S MOHAMMEDAN HYDERABAD

A Weird Night: American Missionaries Among the Children of Allah: In a Purdah Garden: Sir Afsar ul Mulk: Lady Ali Baig: H. H. The Aga Khan: Luncheon with Nawab Hydari and His Distinguished Wife: Sunrise on the Fort: Padmaji Naidu: State Dinner and Ball with H. E. H. the Nizam: H. H.'s Daughter, the Young Princess, Allowed to Attend Public Functions: Prince Salar Jung, His Palace in old Hyderabad: Meeting H. H. the Begam

"*Allah Allah Laillaha billa lha* (God is one and one alone! There is no other god!) *Mahommad russull illah* (And Mohammed is his Prophet!)"
—*Koran*

ALTHOUGH the scene is laid in Hyderabad Deccan, we shall not hesitate to step upon our magic carpet and fly North, East, and West while weaving this fragment from the brilliant and complicated pattern of my Muslim adventures.

The Mohammedan has as complete and abiding belief in the superiority of his religion as the Englishman has in his national institutions, and of all the faiths I encountered in India, the followers of the Prophet seemed the most sensitive about misrepresentation and criticism. Yet the simplicity of the creed does not lend itself to misunderstanding. There is no cluttering of many gods, among whom, in time of calamity, honors must be divided, so that one at least may intercede to the Greater Power above and obtain solace. No seeking after many spiritual guides. There is but one holy book—the Koran—which is the Law of God interpreted by the Prophet; and that settles it. True, there are different sects, for apparently the mantle of Mohammed was too large for any other single pair of shoulders and so was divided among several descendants. But the solidarity of Asiatic

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Islam might well give pause for thought to those Christians who are not content to let God manage this particular one of His footstools.

State Guests at Hyderabad are not of so frequent occurrence as formerly, and when I stepped out of a luxurious limousine placed at my disposal and entered the palace which was to be my home for a week, and greeted by the Major Domo and his staff of fourteen servants assembled for my comfort alone, I felt doubly appreciative of the honor conferred by the Nizam and the friendliness of that "grand old man," Sir Faradoon ul Mulk, head of H. E. H.'s Government and of Sir Afsur, Commanding General of the Nizam Forces and of the other Nawabs who had arranged this truly "princely hospitality."

Perhaps the reader wonders, as have many others able to ask the question direct, how all this hospitality of Viceroy, Governors, Maharajas, and distinguished Indians was brought about.

In the case of Hyderabad, at the risk of tarnishing the glamor of this thrilling occasion, here is the story of my Open Sesame. A delightful Progressive from the Central Provinces, head of the National Council of Indian Women, had written to her father-in-law, the acting Prime Minister; a charming habitué of two continents who was closely related to several heads of the Hyderabad Government, had spoken the good word; a letter from a Bombay friend to the Nawab Minister of Finance; another from a Nawab friend in Gwalior to his cousin the Minister of Education in Hyderabad; another letter from an American friend to the Englishman in charge of the Nizam's Mint; the sister of Sarojini Naidu, writing to her niece in Hyderabad—all of these spontaneous letters of good-will, or perhaps only one of them all—I shall never know—produced the invitation from H. E. H. the Nizam, the most powerful of all the Indian Rulers. His subjects comprise eleven of the seventy millions

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of which the Mohammedan population of British India is made up.

Before this invitation came, I had expected to visit Hyderabad under quite different auspices, interesting enough in themselves certainly. One of my pleasantest Indian encounters was with the Y.M.C.A. leader whom I visited in Lucknow, which gave me the opportunity to observe the intelligent and efficient manner Christian propaganda was being carried on. Chiefly along the lines of civic welfare, good work is being done among the Hindu "untouchables" or outcaste group, and to a lesser extent the Mohammedans. The personal character of the young American in charge of the Y.M.C.A. in Lucknow and his efficient wife is of the highest. My stay with them was a wonderful moment of respite among all the foreign contacts to ungird my mind and have a "real American" Communion. They were also in close touch with both the nobility and the intelligensia of Lucknow. The several groups I met, of both Hindu and Muslim, were leaking out of *pardah*—small parties of both sexes in homes of intimate families, sports and higher education for the girls, also occasional appearances at public lectures, concerts. Several of these mixed parties were given which afforded me an opportunity of knowing a cultivated, progressive society where the women maintain many of the traditions of their respective faiths but are moving forward in brain development. Besides being good housekeepers and mothers, they are musicians, writers, doctors, and research workers. They all discuss politics and religion in perfect English, while wearing *saris* and enjoying *pan* (chewing betel nut and lime is a national habit).

It is this educated Hindu-Muslim men-and-women society, which I met in every city, that is the backbone of modern India. The Indian of this type smiles a little at the magnificence kept up by the Government. When I started to describe the brilliant scene in Delhi at the opening of the Legislative Assembly, one of the Lucknow Begams said,

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"Such show! Do they think we are impressed with all that!"

Religious tolerance is born in this class, for they not only permit him to preach but even receive the American missionary. Mohammedans seldom become Christians, but they apparently approve of the work among the Hindu out-castes.

A fascinating day was spent under the wing of another American woman missionary in Lucknow whose work was entirely among Muslim *purdah* women of the middle and lower classes. Verily we do not know how the other half of the world lives! The interior of the fifteen homes I saw afforded an extraordinary movie of Mohammedan life. Everywhere we were offered hospitality, often in the form of a cardamon seed, when the poverty of the home permitted of nothing else. "To steal sesamun or sugar is a sin" runs an Urdu proverb. This Christian woman had evidently won all hearts and her visits were welcomed. She admitted that actual conversions were very few. To me that did not seem an evil. It does not matter what form the prayer takes so long as it goes hot from the heart to God. But what the Christian missionary can and does teach for the benefit of India, or China, or Egypt, is improved conditions among men.

So when the Lucknow worker in the Lord's Vineyard passed me on to her friend in Hyderabad Deccan, I lost no opportunity to learn more about the missionary work among the Children of Allah. It produced a midnight silhouette of surprising and novel detail. Fortunately for me the moon was full. That time had been set for a party of inspection to make the tour of outlying country districts that had been holding revival meetings for a month and now were to have a grand final reunion of workers and recruits at several places so little inhabited as to barely exist, except in name. These little villages dotted in the jungle, or in vast arid stretches, or workmen's settlements were located at isolated spots along many miles of artificial lakes, in course of con-

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struction at great expense by the Nizam's Government for an improved water supply. It is among these lowly folk that the American missionaries and their Indian converts work to bring the word of the Redeemer and to open the door to better things.

Just as the usual tropical sunset was spreading to its glorious climax with a full supply of Indian red and turquoise blue patching the sky, a missionary Ford, packed to its fenders with baskets, blankets, Bibles, and persons, rolled into the Guest House compound, where the touring car of the American representative of a Big Business stood waiting. It had been loaned to me for the occasion, as it seemed hardly etiquette to be using the Nizam's limousine for this highly American and extraneous interest. Besides, the Big Business representative wanted to go along. In all his years in India he had never seen anything like this.

Relieving the Ford's congestion of an ordained Christian Indian minister and two American young women workers, off we started on a thirty-mile ride to the first village. Arriving there about ten o'clock, we heard psalm-singing in a rambling thatched hut. The Indian minister came out and gave a favorable report of the week's revival. He instructed us how to find the next village. Here an open-air meeting was just breaking up. In silence we sat in our cars while a melodious-voiced preacher made a lengthy benediction. Receiving his report of six new converts, we now struggled along a bad road, which at about eleven o'clock gave out altogether in a tiny village. A young Christian was waiting to show us the way. We took him aboard and went at a speed ruinous to cars and comfort over what seemed trackless wastes. Occasionally we struck two parallel lines of sandy soil amid low bushes and grass tufts, indicating that some wheeled vehicle might have gone there before. Nobody seemed very sure where we were going. The Pole

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Star only winked us on. A weird bumping and swaying into the unknown of a hot, still darkness!

About midnight we finally stopped in a mango grove. Soon I began to see dark forms drawing towards us. Beyond, through the trees, gleamed water. It was on the shores of this vast artificial tank that all the revival workers for miles around had agreed to meet on that night of the full moon. Not a habitation within several hours' walk! Yet there they were—fifty, sixty—a hundred strong. Nearly all of them were employed in the daytime. Only the night was theirs and they chose to spend it in doing the Lord's work. No one thrill in this strange land was equal to this. Seated on the ground, sublimely indifferent to snakes or scorpions or red ants, the little company in various groups ate a frugal sandwich, or some fruit, first calling down God's blessing upon them. Then, the inner man sufficiently attended to, the meeting was opened with prayer, and the toll of the redeemed recorded, as one by one, each slim figure in a white *dhoti* rose and gave the history and result of his month's work in his district. Then a brief exhortation by the American minister, more singing, more prayers in English and in Urdu, and this most curious scene slowly melted into mere moonlight, trees, and water, as the silent figures drifted away, like the early Christians in Europe, strengthened and refreshed by being gathered together in "His Name."

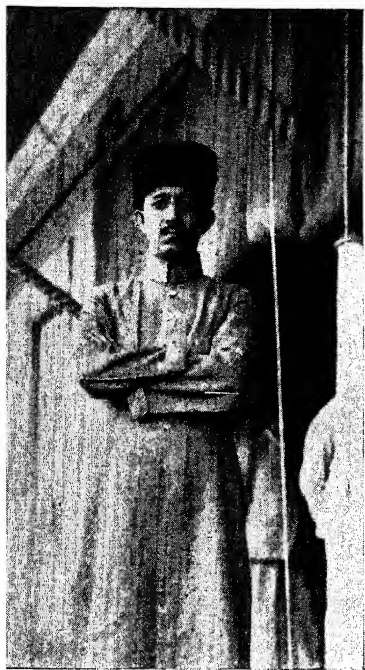
At three o'clock, stealing into the great silent Guest House, dropping a rupee in the hand of the night watchman, dismissing a blinking Hakim, and creeping under my mosquito netting, I wondered if in the whole world could be found the counterpart of that night's adventure.

One type of Muslim family was the wife and daughters of the Finance Minister, Nawab Hydari Yar Jung Bahadur. He has fostered the Osmani University which makes Urdu, instead of English, the major language and aims to translate all the technical books into it.

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Mrs. Hydari is a Mohammedan pioneer. She was born in Calicut on the West Coast in French home surroundings; her mother was an Arabian Begam whose people came from Arabia to Bombay. Married before she was sixteen, Tyabji attended Lady Tata's classes in Bombay and came out of *pardah* at the wish of her husband. They were ostracized by many. Although nervous about it, she always appeared among her husband's friends. Before the Nawab would accept the Government post offered by the Nizam, he obtained permission for his wife to remain out of *pardah*. As an indication of the wide scope that her activities have covered, Mrs. Hydari received the Nizam's Gold Medal for Social Welfare work among the poor in 1908, and for work among the influenza patients in 1919, and the Kaisari-Hind medal from the Government for public service in India. At tiffin one day, when I remember discovering a new kind of food fit for the gods, made of red berries that seemed to combine the charms of both raspberries and cherries, the men assembled afforded equally stimulating mental pabulum. I met Nawab Ross Masood, the Minister of Education, now introducing new public school methods, and there was a learned Doctor doing special research work, and still another who had been brought to Hyderabad to investigate the leper situation and start a cure. Mrs. Hydari took me to the Woman's Hospital and the Upper Class's Girls' School. They were all admirably administered by women and are at present strictly *pardah*. I carried away an unhappy impression of youthfulness among the maternity patients in the one, and a pleasing remembrance of intelligent Muslim girlhood in the other.

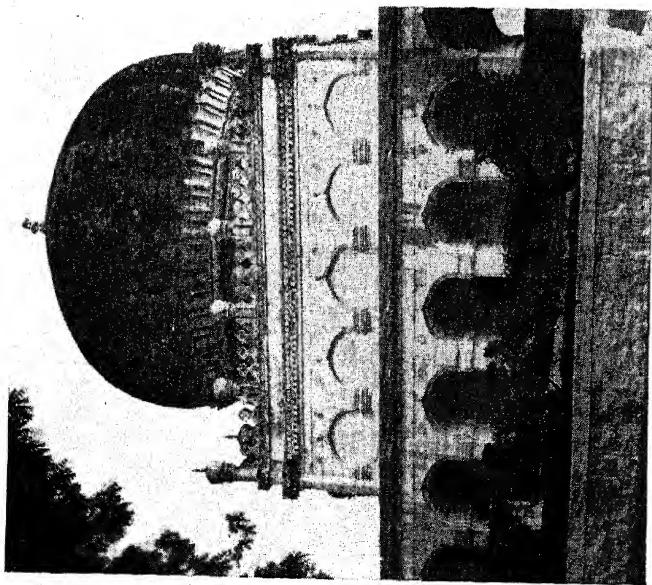
That the Islamic women certainly have had the tribute of many tombs being built for them was my reflection the next morning while watching a sunrise from the ramparts of the Fort. The Nawab, who had sacrificed his last hour of morning sleep in order to show me this wonderful palace outside Hyderabad, pointed out, far below in the plain,



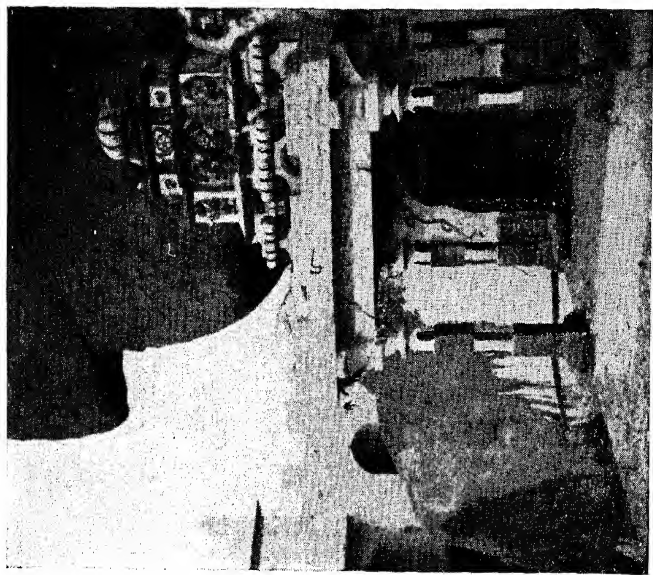
(Upper left) A MOHAMMEDAN PRINCE WHOSE PALACE FILLED WITH TREASURES
EXTENDS UNDER A MILE OF ROOFS

(Upper right) THE EVENING SUPPLY OF WATER

(Lower) PURDAH CARTS IN THE COURTYARD OF A GIRLS' SCHOOL IN OLD HYDERABAD



Tomb of Princess Hayat
Bakhsh Begam—1617



Temple in the fort at Golconda,
world famous for its diamonds

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majestic domes that memorialized famous Muslim women. And was not the most beautiful tomb in all the world built by Shah Jehan, the Mogul conqueror, at Agra, to enshrine his queen Mumtez-i-Mahal?

Married at twelve, the lovely wife of Shah Jehan had fourteen children in about as many years. Then the rose tree of her life, exhausted by this prodigality, drooped and died at the age of thirty-six in putting forth the last bud.

Her sorrowing husband caused to be created a vision solidified in marble, a casket more beautiful than had ever been fashioned for human clay. One might well inquire whether even so lovely a tomb costing, it is said, ten million dollars, compensated for such a forced flowering of the gentle Hindu wife obedient to her lord's wishes. Perhaps it was sufficient reward to have inspired a marvel of architectural elegance without equal.

When I first saw the Taj Mahal, moonlight was fading into dawn. A beautiful pool reflected the Southern cross and imaged tall cypress, standing sentinel beyond its marbled rim. Four slender minarets guarded the corners. Below, the sacred river Jumna laved its northern terrace. From the eastern turret I watched the rising Sun God chasing shadows and revealing new beauties of carving and of mosaic black and white.

Within, the Royal Begam's jeweled casket shines, illuminated by one single light which beams from a carved lamp of heavy gold, the gift of a Viceroy. Beside her lord, three hundred years of peace have sanctified her example of a devoted Indian wife and mother, and every traveler who goes to Agra bows the head in reverence before this matchless mausoleum.

Another day was spent in Hindu Hyderabad with Miss Padmaja Naidu. When I called at her home, "The Golden Threshold," a slim radiant girl in purple satin and silk awaited me in a garden that was sybalent with slender bamboo nestling against a purple sky. The mysteries of

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Hindu homes which she later revealed have no place among the snapshots of these Children of Allah, but her mother, Srimati Sarojini Naidu, India's most famous woman of today, has a place in the hearts of all Hyderabad. She has thus characterized the cosmopolitan residents of this fascinating city in an Ode to the Nizam:

The votaries of the Prophet's faith,
Of whom you are the crown and chief
And they, who bear on Vedic brows
Their mystic symbols of belief;
And they, who worshipping the sun,
Fled o'er the old Iranian sea;
And they, who bow to Him who trod
The midnight waves of Galilee.

The mentality of Mohammedan's followers much more nearly approaches that of the European than any other faith in India and they are therefore often more companionable. Coming out on the P. & O. steamer, I met two interesting and distinguished Muslims of India, H. H. the Aga Khan and Lady Abbas Ali Baig. Many a scorching, rolling hour on the Indian Ocean was spent in conversation with them.

The Aga Khan, by virtue of his forty-eight generations direct descent from the Prophet, is the spiritual leader of nearly a million of Mussulmans belonging to the Ismailia Sect. His subjects in Central Asia, Syria, Egypt, and India pay him great homage and vast sums in tribute money. At Suez H. H. received many deputations and later I was made the happy recipient of a large metal box tied up in a silk square, which contained many pounds of the delicious Egyptian honey. I wonder what the bees would have felt about the sweets of their labors if they had known that they passed from the hands of an Egyptian admirer to the Revered Head of his Order. Through this exalted environment into a democratic American luggage-roll to be given away again to no less a person than

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H. E. the Vicereine. Honey in the Orient is indeed nectar from a thousand flowers and has ever been a gift of princes.

The Aga Khan is about fifty, widely read, speaks English, French, and Arabic perfectly and is a well-known art collector. He is built on a large frame—large bone, big features, fair skin, brown eyes, a quantity of iron-gray hair, sensitive hands, rather nervous, changing position frequently—and is most genial and polite. He dresses well in English clothes, without conspicuous jewels. He spends much time in Europe, maintains establishments in London, Paris and Vienna, as well as in Bombay. He is devoted to horse-racing and keeps a stable in Paris. His book "India in Transition" quickly led us into political discussions—which I have here foresworn. His views of life are liberal, even regarding women's larger place for the future. Not that he prefers them to come out of *purdah*, but that education would seem to make it inevitable. His deep concern is for the health of India, which he sees sacrificed by customs which will require education and time to change, and by factors which are now preventable, *e.g.*, famines and disease.

He grew very serious on the subject of malaria, and hinted that the Bengal Government was culpable in not taking greater precaution in draining swamps and removing causes. "Malaria kills half of our population. Sometimes it is slow, taking several years till the death, which is usually attributed to other causes. It is a terrible menace, lowers Indian expectancy of life by at least ten years." He spoke with deep affection of his mother, the Lady Ali Shah, a Princess of Persia, and arranged that I should meet Her Highness in Bombay. He talked at length about orators, jurists, warriors, saints, and queens—glorious women of Islam—and quoted from the Prophet:

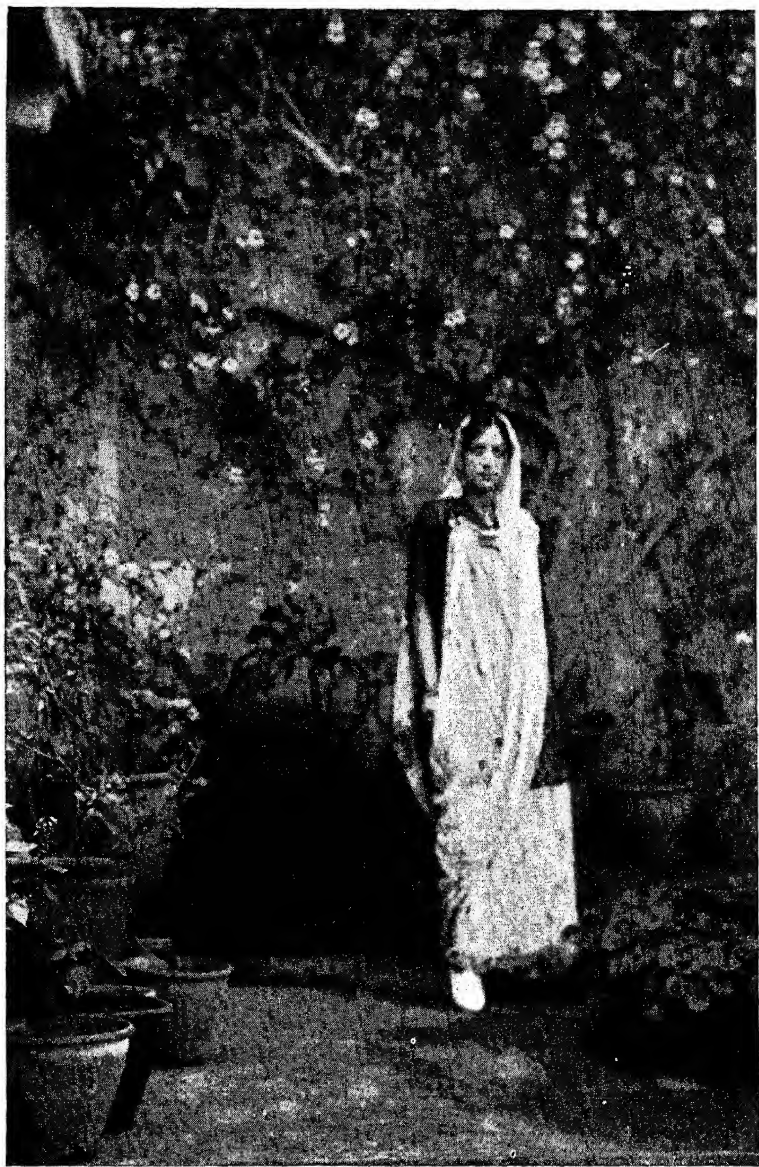
None respects women but he who is himself good, and none ill-treats them but he who is himself unworthy.

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His first wife is a Muslim Princess living in Bombay. Another is a European living in Paris. He spoke of that "Mother of the Gracci," Abadi Bano, who has inspired her sons, Shaukat Ali and Mahommed Ali, the two militant leaders of Muslim India and promoters of the Khalifat movement. The Aga Khan spoke of Lady Ali Baig affectionately. In fact it was in His Highness' house at Poona in 1901 that Allia Ali Abdullah was married to Sir Abbas Ali Baig, a descendant of the Great Mogul, and who later was to win high distinction as a trusted Counsellor of the King-Emperor.

Lady Ali Baig is the daughter of Shaikh Ali bin Abdullah of princely Arabian stock, a collateral descendant of the Prophet, and Miss Boardman, daughter of a captain in the Nizam's Service and granddaughter of General Boardman, who commanded the Hyderabad Subsidiary Forces in the Madras Army. Brilliant, cultivated, and cosmopolitan, Lady Ali Baig jealously guards her Islamic traditions. In Europe she appears freely in society but always wearing a *sari* and as the Muslim Indian lady she is proud to be. She gave me a book, which is ever associated with the sweltering Arabian Sea, where I absorbed its hundred pages of well-put arguments as to why the Muslim woman has more rights than any other nationality and is the most favored in the world. Two of the author's conclusions particularly come to mind:

There can be not the slightest doubt as to the fact in what condition Mohammed found women, and to what position he tried to raise them. While dealing with the question of women we have to admit that the present-day Mussulmans, as their immediate predecessors, have more disobeyed the laws of their faith and the example of their Prophet than obeyed them, and thereby they have become themselves a degenerated people, and have brought ruin and misery to their countries and nation. Just as the cause of the present-day prosperity of the Christian nations is their disregard for their religion, so the cause of the adverse circumstances of Muslims is their disregard for their religion.



LADY ALI BAIG IN A PURDAH GARDEN OF HYDERABAD DECCAN



H. H. SIR SULTAN MAHOMED SHAH, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., THE AGA KHAN, REVERED HEAD OF A VERY LARGE MOHAMMEDAN SECT, THE ISMAILIA
(Taken by Author. Special permission)

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It should also be noted that the political downfall of the Muslim nation was due to its men, *not* to its women. We have said before that women all over the Muslim world are noble, chaste, generous, kind, loving, trustworthy, faithful, truthful, honest, self-sacrificing, fond of doing good to others, sweet in disposition, free from envy and other vices. They are second to none in all the feminine virtues. Women of Islam are, in fact, the sheet anchor of the Muslim world.¹

The next time I saw Lady Ali Baig was in a *pardah* garden in Hyderabad Deccan, a lovely garden whose high brick walls were masked by a curtain of yellow-starred vines, where carved wooden arbors bore golden fruit and marble pavements cooled the feet of pet monkeys and brilliant parrots and a disdainful white cockatoo. The musical drip of silver fountains mingled with the music of happy, cultivated voices. This delightful retreat opened from a covered garden to an open-air room, luxuriously furnished, which in turn gave place to a large house furnished with trophies of the sport and travels of its owner, the Commander-in-Chief of the Nizam's Forces.

The hour was eight-thirty and the family of Sir Afsur ul Mulk, K.C.I.E., etc., was assembled for "big breakfast" to which had been bidden their intimate friend, Allia Begam, and the "lady writer from Amrica." The food was delicious, many strange dishes served on silver and rare china, and the first mangoes of the season were passed. The conversation tripped lightly to every conceivable topic. There was talk of the State Dinner, that to which His Exalted Highness had invited his guest.

"Of course *you* can go—not being *pardah*," said one of the ladies, whose names all ended in *unissa*, signifying their rank. "It is well. A high official and you are to have the honor of being placed opposite the Nizam. You can see and hear everything H. E. H. does. Perhaps he will speak to you and offer you champagne! There are to be two hun-

¹ *Women under Islam.* SHAIKH M. H. KIDWAI of Gadia, Bara Banki, Oudh, India.

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dred covers and there will be a few other ladies present, wives of English Officials and one or two 'out-purdah'."

"Would you like to go?" I inquired.

A little shrug of the shoulders.

"Sir Afsur thinks it is better not. He could manage for us in the balcony behind the *chiks* (curtains). He is running the affair, you know, in celebration of the Army's sixtieth anniversary. Be sure to look up at the end balcony, for H. H., the Begam, will be there. You may get a glimpse of her shadow behind the *chiks* that are painted with a 'Sunset at the Fort.' And the fourteen-year-old Princess you will surely see. The Nizam is letting her break *purdah* a good deal. Do tell us afterwards whether she is wearing a *sari* or an evening frock."

That dinner was a great adventure. It took place in the Public Gardens where a State Industrial Exhibition was in progress. I was placed between Nawab Valuid-Dowla Bahadur and Prince Salar Jung, whose grandfather, the famous Prime Minister, did so much for Hyderabad. His wonderful palace, where I had luncheon the next day, is full of treasures, room after room of paintings, sword collections and bibelots, spread under a mile of roofs, and behind walls that separated it from the old part of the City, where even then was raging one of its periodic epidemics of fever.

Exactly opposite the Potentate with only a table width between, I had ample opportunity to observe and listen to this Exalted Ruler. Small in stature, arrayed in European dress clothes, he kept up a jerky conversation with the Agent to the Government and his wife, who sat on either side. He nervously fingered a fork or spoon or took a quick sip of wine from a very small glass. One or two other liqueur glasses were in front of him, and these from time to time he would fill from a single quart bottle of champagne and, calling a servant, instruct that it should be sent with his compliments to such distinguished guests as he saw fit to honor.

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Nawab Sir Faradoon Mulk, who is practically Prime Minister, received one of these princely thimblefuls and responded with a speech. Two others down the long table were likewise designated and then, to my surprise, a tiny glass was pushed over across the table to me with the hope that I "was having a good time and everyone is taking good care of you."

When the dinner and the toasts and the speeches were finished, the party adjourned to another enormous pavilion and stood around while a Military Band struck up an American jazz. Nobody went out on the floor at first, waiting for a move from the Ruler, whose moods are not always easily read. It was known that he had been taking dancing instruction. Would he or would he not start the ball? When the "Cut Yourself a Piece of Cake" changed to a plea to "Take Your Girlie to the Movies," it became evident that H. E. H. was about to dance to it. Going over to an Anglo-Indian, his dancing teacher, he started out on the unfamiliar ground of two forward and two backward. Human nature is the same the world over. We want what we have not or is hard to get. At that moment all the wealth hoarded in the Nizam's Mint, all the problems of State, were not so important to the Nizam as performing the proper gyrations of the jazz. Other court balls have since been ordered by H. E. H. that more of this exciting novelty might be forthcoming. I was able to report later that the Potentate's daughter wore a yellow silk evening frock with red stockings and satin slippers and that she was much in evidence, several times acting as a messenger between the harem in the balcony above, and her dancing father.

The next afternoon at a special reception in the Gardens, to celebrate the Ruler's birthday, H. E. H. held a private court under a beautiful tent furnished with Oriental rugs, and gold and silk furniture. A few were invited to enter the sacred precincts and converse with him. The Begam

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also was present nearby in a large limousine with drawn curtains. By great favor from the Nizam, I was presented by the English-speaking Princess and found myself in the satin upholstered interior of the *purdah* limousine, seated for a few moments beside H. H. the Begam. Beautiful, large-eyed, young, she was. Her draperies of gauze and gold and her wealth of jewels—pearls, emeralds, rubies, diamonds—her subtle perfume and Oriental manner—made up for the lack of charm in the European attire of the active little Princess and her exalted father. Here at least was a cameo of Old Hyderabad that progress had not changed.

Nowhere did I meet a more distinguished group of men than those surrounding the Nizam of Hyderabad. One felt the power of brains and birth. Forceful projects were going on, the State engineering works, reforms in education, progress in industries, finances well administered. One felt also the Oriental guile which does not always let its tongue reveal its secrets. Talking to these Nawabs was a balm to one's self-esteem. One's wishes glowed and blossomed under their expanding touch, but the fruitage was often delayed, or blighted. I never felt so much in the very heart of the inscrutable East as at the court of the Nizam, premier Ruler of India.

CHAPTER XV

THE MYSTERIOUS HINDU

THE GREAT MAN OF INDIA

Gandhi Today: Some of His Disciples, Including Mary and Martha: Elements of His Leadership: Opposition to Caste Discrimination: Mrs. Jehangir Petit: At Poona Hospital: Mrs. Kasturbai Gandhi: The Nationalist Cause: Non-co-operation as a Battle Cry: Gandhi at Juhu: His Present Position: The Mahatma

"As I can conceal nothing from God, why should I stand in awe of man?"
—Proverb of Hindustan

THE "Great Soul" of India, perhaps of the century, is under an eclipse. Bloodshed, prison, deadly illness, and slow recovery have drawn the cloud of failure over his achievements, temporarily or not, who can say? His weapon of peaceful defense, non-co-operation, has boomeranged against him, because his India could not attain that ascetic spiritual level to which his rarified vision and dominant will tried to swing them.

The policy of non-resistance, being of the thought world, fared badly when it used the material means, such as human bodies, to withstand powder and shot. When Mr. Gandhi, the man of peace, saw the carnage at Chauri Ghaura in 1922, due to "civil disobedience," which was a more or less logical outcome of his non-co-operation policy, he was dismayed and refused to go on, thereby disappointing many of his followers. At his arrest on March 10, 1922, and trial, which led to his imprisonment at Yerroda Jail, he is reported to have said in his fair-minded way that from the British standpoint it was quite understandable and a correct thing to do.

"Gandhi! You will not be able to see him. No one is allowed to. He is a prisoner and now he is at death's door. It is impossible!"

This was the negation that greeted me when I arrived in Bombay in January, 1924. The papers carried headline

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stories about the sudden illness of the Great Man of India. Great because no other man of this age has fired millions of people, ignorant, uneducated and learned alike, with an idea of spiritual concept. Great because he inspired them to resist a conqueror with one's unarmed body and lift no finger in resistance, relying solely upon the weight of fundamental justice and rights—as the Indian sees it—to break down a superior force; because he inspired them to deny the superiority of the white skin, over peoples of a darker hue, claiming it to be only a point of view, which the Europeans and their descendants have arrogated unto themselves and imposed upon the Asiatic world by virtue of the fighting spirit and “supremacy in mechanical inventions.” Because he inspired them to discard many of these Western inventions and revert to the less time-saving, less convenient methods of a philosophical rather than a mechanical people, thereby “saving their own souls” instead of “gaining the whole world.” Also to assimilate only such Western culture as was compatible with maintaining the integrity of the Eastern personality, letting the world go by if need be—and to use the very weapons of organization and education which the West had taught them, to fight the growing supremacy of the West over the East. And, finally, to combat by force of his own personality and dominant will the many evils of superstition and custom and divers creeds which were keeping his people, the Hindus, in bondage, and to harmonize the opposing elements of two great religions, the Hindu and the Mohammedan, each with millions of ardent followers.

These were the tasks that Gandhi the Great undertook, and through his vision of his people's needs, he set about throwing off the British Raj. He employed a method used only by the spiritual ones of the earth, of which Christ Jesus of Nazareth is the most illustrious example. He sought to elevate the masses, by demanding that they pull themselves up with their own boot-straps, as it were. It is for this that his followers, at one time numbering into the

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millions, believe him to be an *avatar*, and call him Mahatma (Great Soul).

He risked his leadership—as he had several times before in declaring for the right as he saw it—by striking at the root of the caste evil and declaring the social equality of the pariah class, known as the untouchables. These approximate fifty-five millions of “outcastes” who do the dirty work of the nation, like the “sweepers,” whose shadow, even, has power to contaminate a person of a higher caste. He preached the return to the soil, to the simple life, to home-made goods and Home Rule—“India for the Indians.” In his own words, written to Mahommed Ali last February upon his release, he believes:

. . . in the unity between the races, Hindu and Mohamedan, the *Charka* (¹ *the spinning wheel and cottage industries as a remedy for growing pauperism of the land*), the removal of untouchability, and the application of non-violence in thought, word, and deed to our methods, as indispensable for Swaraj. If we faithfully and fully carry out this program we need never resort to civil disobedience, and I should hope that it will never be necessary; but I must state that my thinking, prayerfully and in solitude, has not weakened my belief in the efficacy and righteousness of civil disobedience. I hold it, as ever before, to be a nation's right and duty when its vital being is in jeopardy. I am convinced that it is attended with less danger than war, and whilst the former when successful benefits both the resister and the wrongdoer, the latter harms both the victor and the vanquished.

To have come all the way to India and not see Mahatma Gandhi was like having curry without the rice. Finding no ray of encouragement, official or otherwise, in Bombay, I was soon studying the railway guide to Poona and the following morning before seven o'clock, I found myself and luggage installed in the ladies' compartment of a first-class carriage, bound for the city that held the most important Indian in the world.

I was a bit bored to find the compartment already adequately occupied by three ladies and their traveling para-

¹ Parenthesis by the author.

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phernalia. No one ever puts into the registered luggage van any but the biggest "boxes," as trunks are called in this part of the world; but a seat was found for me and, by readjustment, space for my impedimenta, when a glance at my neighbor, whose *sari*, worn Parsi fashion on the right shoulder, had partially concealed her face, revealed the fact that I was beside one of the most charming and unusual women of all India and one who, although not a Hindu, I had been told, was a devoted disciple of Mahatma Gandhi and greatly trusted and respected by him. Indeed I have never met anyone who impressed me with having the qualities of fineness, spirituality, and intelligent love of her fellowman more pleasantly combined with intellect, cultivation, and gentle womanliness than this Parsi lady. Her efficient altruism had caused her to labor in many fields.

I had been but the day before in her beautifully furnished home in Bombay to meet a few women, whom she had chosen for their various qualities of leadership in civics and philanthropy, and now fate decreed that we were to know each other better. The East and the West met on the common ground of human interest, and four hours in the train went by on nebulous wings carrying us through philosophy, religion, philanthropy, India's problems, and discussion of the Mahatma and his extraordinary little wife, Mrs. Gandhi. At the end, we held hands and looked into each other's eyes and each carried away a deeper understanding of an alien consciousness—for me, the gentle strength and purity of desire and purpose of the Indian woman, be she Parsi, Hindu, or Muslim—for her, perhaps, the dynamic purpose of a world's well-wisher who seeks to understand the meaning of it all—and we were glad, for had we not had one of those rare communions when we listened to the "talking of our hearts"?

My newly found friend's mission in going to Poona was the same as mine. With her was a niece, a slim, serious girl, an ardent follower of Mahatma Gandhi. She was attired in

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khaddar and was carrying a bag of the same white, home hand-woven stuff, charmingly embroidered, which I admired. A few days later, one which she had worked for me arrived, a charming courtesy to the stranger, together with some glass bangles from her aunt. She told me that bangles are worn in pairs by all married women and often bracelets of gold, put on at the wedding, are worn at all times, and have sentimental value like the wedding ring of the Christian church.

The third lady in the compartment was a Hindu from Poona. She was to be the hostess of these pilgrims, who were taking this long journey and returning that night for the sole purpose of being near the Mahatma, learning of his true condition, and with the secret hope that they would be allowed to see him on the ground of being one of the intimate family group.

There was small hope in this for me, but an introduction was most graciously given to Mrs. Gandhi, who, after all, like a Martha of long ago, had been unselfishly giving herself in her husband's work, while he was in prison, and must reflect some of the white light beating about him.

Having also another letter from a Hindu friend in America, that afternoon I presented myself at the Hospital to which Mr. Gandhi had been removed. I found the David and Jacob Sassoon Hospital at Poona a big stone structure with wide verandas, flowers in pots, trim walks. Oleanders and bamboo hedges gave seclusion to the large compound. An accordion murmured in the distance, a phonograph quavered Eastern music nasally upon the air. Some Hindu girls in white *saris* passed. Each had a book in her hand. A Doctor in brown topi, European coat and "shorts" hurried away. Four Indian police guarded the entrance, and a smell of iodoform mingled with the perfume of flowers.

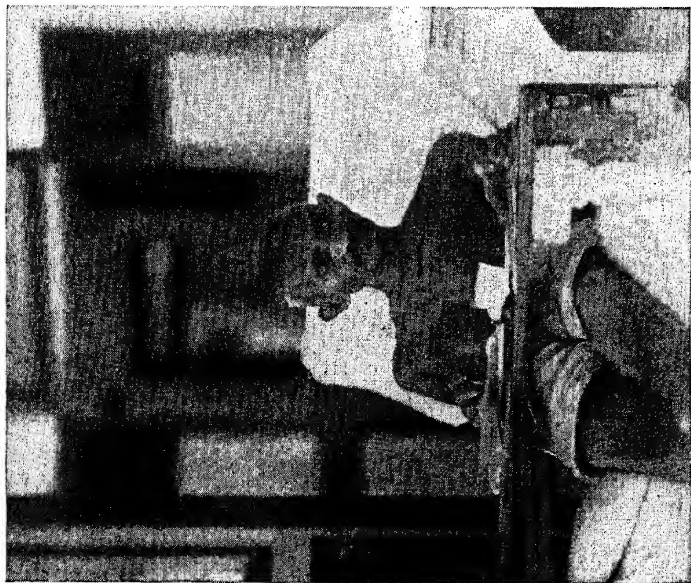
After a short wait, I was admitted, past the usual barriers for reporters and "outsiders," to the private suite that had been set aside for the most important patient that had ever

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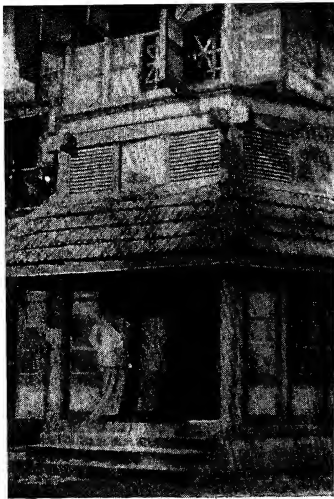
been in this Memorial Hospital. It was the second floor of one whole wing. There, in a small ward that had been turned into a reception room, I met the most intimate of Mahatma Gandhi's disciples, both men and women. The Indian Progressive Movement has its Marys and Marthas, as well as its Matthews, Lukes, Johns, and Peters. About a dozen were in the room, all wearing the snowy *khaddar*, except one man in European clothes, a genial, virile person, Dr. Jivaraj Mehta, M.D., M.R.C.A., one of the two Hindu surgeons on the case. His pretty, clever little wife was there also, telling me many things in soft-spoken English. "We all know what it means for you to come all the way from America and not see the Mahatma. If the fever is gone to-morrow and you can get Colonel Maddox's consent, my husband will consent also."

Hansa Manubai N. Mehta is a progressive. The daughter of the Prime Minister of Baroda, and a graduate of the University of Bombay. Not long ago when she was only eighteen, I believe, she traveled to the United States alone on the self-appointed mission to advance the interests of a new Woman's College for India. This act would have been unusual for a European, or even an American girl. For an Indian high-born maiden it was pioneering. Her further independence has been recently shown by her marriage to the man of her choice, who, although of the same name, is of a different caste—a courageous thing to do in caste-ridden India.

After inviting me to go to Baroda, one of the most progressive of the Hindu native states, she introduced me to one of Mr. Gandhi's right-hand disciples, Anasuyabai of Ahmedabad. This lady is young, forceful, efficient, has endured much for her principles of freedom. Left an orphan with her brother, she was brought up by a guardian who managed the large estate of the minors. In due time the brother married, at an early age, of course, and the sister, refusing to comply with the regulation matrimonial arrange-



(Left) MOHANDAS GANDHI AT JEHU IN MAY, 1924
(Right) MRS. KASTURBAI GANDHI AT POONA



(Upper left) TWO OF MAHATMA GANDHI'S DISCIPLES AT THE HOUSE IN JEHU
 UPPER BALCONY (LEFT) WHERE AUTHOR WAS RECEIVED BY MR. GANDHI
 (Upper right) DR. JORARAJ MEHTA, M.D., M.R.C.A., AND HIS CHARMING,
 CLEVER WIFE, HANSA MANUBAI N. MEHTA, DAUGHTER OF THE PRIME MINISTER
 OF BARODA, BOTH ADHERENTS OF MAHATMA GANDHI
 (Lower) THE DAVID AND JACOB SASSOON HOSPITAL, WHERE MR. GANDHI WAS
 OPERATED UPON FOR APPENDICITIS. COURTYARD WITH AUTHOR'S CAR AND BEARER
 (LEFT)

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ments, for which she encountered much family persecution, found a home with her brother and devoted herself to securing more freedom for the oppressed classes. She became socialistic and talked these doctrines tirelessly. In her zeal among the mill workers, one time she was the innocent cause of a "strike," which threatened her brother's large mill-owning interests. She is one of the most active workers of the Society of "Young India," promulgated by Mr. Gandhi, and of the Satyagrah-Asram, a kind of home, or settlement, in Ahmedabad, where Gandhi disciples live in great simplicity and under certain ascetic vows.

She had hurried to Poona with Mrs. Gandhi at the first call of illness and remained for weeks until her Mahatma was convalescing, and she responded to the call of duty elsewhere. I found her passionate revolt against the barriers of superstition and of stultifying customs reminiscent of other militant progressives the world around. She would have no compromise with the "good, the just and the right." No matter at what cost to herself there was no surrender, nor even truce. Hers is the modern militant spirit as steadfast and fearless as Susan B. Anthony herself, but fired with a spiritual flame peculiarly Indian; although beautiful Inez Milholland, that American Jeanne d'Arc, bore the banner of progress in much the same spirit of gallant intrepidity and personal sacrifice.

In the large reception room of her hostess, wife of a Bombay banker, who had taken a house in Poona so as to render assistance to "the cause," Mrs. Gandhi was seated near a long table, punctual for the appointment her son had made for her. Although her English is good, Mr. Devidas Gandhi, her second son, frequently interpreted some phrase that puzzled her.

Mrs. Gandhi is a thin, wiry, little woman with an indomitable purpose. Circumstances have forced her out of the quiet home life which she, according to the traditions of her country, would have preferred to lead. Like Sophia Hanum,

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wife of Saad Zaghlul Pasha of Egypt, Rosamonde Soong, wife of Sun Yat Sen of China, and other world figures I have met, Kasturbai, the wife of Mahatma Gandhi of India, has been an inspiration and a very real help in a stormy career, and, when need be, has carried on her husband's work at no small sacrifice to herself.

During the two years of her husband's stay in prison, Mrs. Gandhi has lectured and traveled about the country, telling the people many things for their own good, straight from her heart, in simple language. Sitting so quietly beside me—a frail little woman in the Indian-made cotton *sari*, snowy white with a black border, she seemed selfless, unassuming, supremely without aggressiveness. It was hard to realize the quenchless, patriotic zeal that animates her, until something was said that flashed the fire from her dark eyes, and I remembered she had been sent to jail in South Africa for her beliefs.

Anasuyabai of Ahmedabad said of her: "When people want to kiss her feet, she takes it as simply as though they were offering flowers. Her life is wonderful, one long tireless devotion to her husband and her country."

Kasturbai Gandhi made use of almost the same words that two years before I had heard Sophia Zaghlul Pasha use in speaking of her country's independence of foreign rule, "We shall go on—till the end." Mrs. Gandhi was interested in "the freedom of women in America" and inquired "How long have they had the vote?"

The next morning at nine o'clock, as arranged, I presented myself at the Hospital with a smiling face and many misgivings. Fortunately, there had been a marked improvement in the illustrious patient and the surgeon-in-charge passed me on for his Indian colleagues to decide whether I might be permitted a glimpse of their precious charge. Almost before I could adjust my wits, I found myself going along a dark passage in the wake of an English nurse. My heart was thumping with excitement. At that moment there

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was no one in the whole world I wanted to see as much as Mahatma Gandhi, and before I could breathe again, I was standing beside a screen that protected his bed from a *courant d'air*.

Stepping quietly around this, I saw upon the usual iron hospital bed, an expanse of white sheet, two small brown hands and arms, a very thin face, a wonderful smile and eyes—large, limpid, brown—the most remarkable eyes I have ever seen. They not only dominated the quiet figure, but the room, and my consciousness, for the moment that I looked into them. As I had promised “not to make him talk,” I saluted him, and he responded “Indian fashion” with the *namaskar*, the salutation of respect. He touched clasped hands to lips and forehead. I murmured the usual thing one would say. He thanked me, never removing his gaze and radiating a gentle, pervasive magnetism which is peculiarly his. Shortly I disappeared again, that smile and those eyes following me, a look in them of another world—of an understanding and the charity, which is love, far beyond the average ken.

I wondered if I should ever see him again, not thinking then that four months later, good fortune should so decree it. As I came away, I mused upon the turn of events that had placed Mahatma Gandhi and all his followers in an awkward situation regarding Western science and Western institutions which they are so earnestly combating. It is reported that when Mr. Gandhi was taken ill, he readily gave approval for his removal to the Sassoon Hospital at Poona, and when he was asked whether he preferred an Indian surgeon or the surgeon-in-charge, he chose the Englishman, and decided that the English nurses on the case should remain. He had been ill for several days but with indefinite symptoms until January 12, 1924, when he was hurriedly removed from Yerroda Jail to the Sassoon Hospital, only a few miles apart. Preparations for the operation for appendicitis were hurriedly made and the surgeon

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began his work about seven o'clock in the evening. When he was half-way through the operation, which was more dangerous than usual owing to the weakness of the patient, a dreadful thing happened. The electric light went out! Imagine the consternation of the surgeon and nurses!

Fortunately, a hand-lamp was being held by one of the nurses because the electric light had been poor, and for many minutes that feeble ray was all the surgeon had to guide him during the most intricate part of the operation. It was a heavy strain on the surgeon-in-charge. He knew that the Great Man's life hung on a slender thread which only his skill could keep from breaking. And Mahatma Gandhi dead—under a British surgeon's knife in a British hospital! What an opportunity for the trouble makers!

A friendship sprang up between these men during the long weeks of convalescence, each giving respect and admiration to the other, while not yielding their opposite points of view.

Everything possible was done for the man who had caused so many "bad times" for the Government officials. Two or three special Indian surgeons were called from various parts of the country to assist on the case. His wife and sons and a few close personal friends were allowed free access, subject only to the patient's régime, and finally came the remission of his prison sentence. When Mr. Gandhi left the hospital at Poona, he went as a free man under no promises, no espionage.

It so chanced that two days after seeing the Man-with-the-Shining-Eyes, I was guest at Government House, Bombay. At luncheon, H. E., the Governor, looked at me quizzically. "So you are the 'Lady Journalist' whom the newspapers report got through the barriers and saw Gandhi. How did you do it?"

I told him and concluded with my impression of a remarkable personality.

"I am glad Mr. Gandhi is out of danger," H. E. replied.



MAHATMA GANDHI AND HIS WIFE
(From a colored print sold in the bazaars)

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"Everything has been and will be done for him during his illness. Do you think he ought to be released?"

I knew that a conference was to be held that afternoon to consider the matter, and that it would rest with the Governor of the Bombay Presidency to decide.

"It will inflame popular opinion tremendously if you do not. Now is the time to be magnanimous. Government has so often said that, while entertaining the highest regard for Mr. Gandhi as a man, his powers of mischievous activity had to be suppressed, and fate has done that for some time to come. As an impartial observer, I think to release him would be strategic, as well as a kind thing to do. It may aid in his recovery."

"Certainly the first thing to do is to get him well," said H. E., and the topic was dropped tactfully. From no standpoint, humanitarian or political, could the little man with the Great Soul and the eyes and smile of a saint be allowed to die on their hands.

A day or two afterwards the press announced the unconditional release of Mr. Gandhi from serving the remainder of his prison sentence. Everybody was relieved. Progressive India rejoiced, including the Mohammedan Revolutionary Leaders, who shortly after broke out in scathing criticism of Mahatma Gandhi. From Delhi on January 16, 1924, Mr. Mahommed Ali, President of the All-India Congress Committee, sent the following telegram to Colonel Maddox, of the Sassoon Hospital, Poona:

I think I am voicing the feelings of all India today in saying that we are deeply grateful to you and to your colleagues for all your care and consideration in treating Mahatma Gandhi, whose life is inexpressibly dear to the Indian nation. Please accept our warmest congratulations on your great success.

Several months later, opportunity afforded another meeting with Mr. Gandhi and this time, knowing there would be a chance for conversation as well as emotion, I fortified myself with a few facts about both the man and the move-

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ment, which are here set down to complete the picture for the Tired Business Man and his F. O. W. (Fully Occupied Wife).

Mohandas Karamshand Gandhi belongs to the Banias of Kathiawah, which is a sub-province of Gujarat, on the Bombay side. The Banias are the prudent, thrifty, industrious middle class, and into a family belonging to a sub-caste of this Bania Community in the coast town of Purbander on the second of October, 1869, arrived a male child to please the heart of the *Diwan* (Prime Minister) of Purbander State, the elder Karamshand Gandhi, a gentleman of high integrity of character. Thus Mr. Gandhi belongs to the Vaisya, or commercial caste. A Hindu, his inherited faith was Vaisnavism, but Jainism with its doctrine of the sacredness of all life, also affected his early youth. He was married at twelve; though he preaches against early marriages, he maintains that his own has turned out most happily.

At nineteen, he went to London to study the law, where he remained for three years, and after a few "wild oats" such as studying elocution, dancing, French, and the violin, and dressing and acting like an "English gentleman," the while scrupulously observing a vow which he made to his mother that he would abjure meat-diet, wine, and women, he soon settled down to serious work for the Bar and the London matriculation examination. Cooking most of his food and living simply, he then deliberately chose the habit of austerity which has been lifelong. About ten years ago he added the vow of poverty to his list of denials. He also imposes upon himself as punishment for "neglect of duty" fasts that have lasted from one to five days.

Recently Mr. Gandhi's confession of faith was published. This he outlines under four counts, after stating that at one time he was strongly attracted towards Christianity, but finally found what he needed in Hinduism, the faith into which he was born:

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I call myself a Sanatani Hindu, because:

1. I believe in the Vedas, the Upanishads, the Puranas, and all that goes by the name of Hindu Scriptures, and therefore in the avataras and rebirth.
2. I believe in the Varnashrama Dharma (caste) in a sense, in my opinion, strictly Vedic, but not in its present popular and crude sense.
3. I believe in the protection of the cow in a much larger sense than the popular.
4. I do not believe in idol-worship.

M. K. Gandhi

So much for the man—now for the idea.

The Indian Nationalist Movement has been gathering momentum for forty years. The germ of it dates from 1858 when Queen Victoria issued her Proclamation of the Crown taking over the reins of Government for legislative purposes. But the Nationalist Movement proper began in 1885 with the first Indian Congress, which, writes Sir Verney Lovett, was drawn largely from the castes that were clerical, professional, and mercantile by tradition, few from the territorial aristocracy nor from the Sudras, or low castes.

The beginning of *Swarajya* (Home Rule) was in 1897, and of *swadeshi* (home-made goods) in 1906. The first non-co-operation *hartal* (stoppage of business) occurred in Delhi, March 20, 1919. Mr. Gandhi, who publicly renounced his loyalty to the British Raj after the Amritsar tragedy and because of the Khalifat difficulties, was arrested April 10, 1919, on his way to Delhi, sent back to Bombay, and forbidden to enter either Delhi or the Punjab. Mr. Gandhi's power increased. The widespread resentment of the Rowlatt Act and its results greatly aiding him. At a Special Congress at Calcutta in September, 1920, he was in full control. This was followed by a still more overwhelming victory at the Regular Congress in December, 1920, when the creed of the Congress itself was "the attainment of

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Swaraj by the people of India by peaceful and legitimate means." It advised the adoption of the following resolutions:

- (a) Surrender of titles and honorary offices and resignation from nominated seats in local bodies (*by the Government.*¹ *Sir Rabindranath Tagore, the poet, was one of the first to fling back his title*).
- (b) Refusal to attend Government levees, durbars, and other official and semiofficial functions held by Government officials or in their honor;
- (c) Gradual withdrawal of children from schools and colleges owned, aided, or controlled by Government, and, in place of such schools and colleges, establishment of national schools and colleges in the various Provinces;
- (d) Gradual boycott of British courts by lawyers and litigants, and establishment of private arbitration courts by their aid for the settlement of private disputes;
- (e) Refusal on the part of the military, clerical, and laboring classes to offer themselves as recruits for service in Mesopotamia;
- (f) Withdrawal by candidates of their candidature to the Reformed Councils, and refusal on the part of voters to vote for any candidate who may, despite the Congress advice, offer himself for election;
- (g) The boycott of foreign goods.

And inasmuch as non-co-operation has been conceived as a measure of discipline and self-sacrifice, without which no nation can make real progress, and inasmuch as an opportunity should be given in the very first state of non-co-operation to every man, woman, and child, for such discipline and self-sacrifice, this Congress advises adoption of *swadeshi* in piece-goods on a vast scale, and inasmuch as the existing mills of India, with indigenous capital and control, do not manufacture sufficient yarn and sufficient cloth for the requirements of the nation and are not likely to do so far a long time to come, this Congress advises immediate stimulation of further manufacture on a large scale, by means of reviving hand-spinning in every home and hand-weaving on the part of the millions of weavers who have abandoned their ancient and honorable calling for want of encouragement.

This year and 1921 were the apex of Mr. Gandhi's power. Millions were influenced by India's acknowledged leader.

¹ Parenthesis by the author.

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The Government still did some "watchful waiting" though aware since nothing can stand still in this day of quick transportation, it was a choice of keep ahead, or be crushed, or do the crushing yourself. The mass was beginning to move in India and like their Jagannath cars, unless stopped, would crush out what lay before it, and it was headed straight for the British Raj.

Then the non-co-operationists developed "civil disobedience" and the toboggan of their leader began. He could not quell the mass reactions of unthinking crowds who follow catch words and slogans and could not attain to his rational heights of loving the doer but hating the deed. The country's bad blood broke out in boils—riots, outlawing, dacoiting, even bloodshedding. The "attainment of *Swaraj* by peaceful means" was rapidly disappearing. The Government remained patient, until in self-defense, it had to forcibly administer some bitter medicine.

But it was not till after the Chauri Chaura riot in 1922, caused by civil disobedience, when many policemen were killed and Crown property destroyed, that Mr. Gandhi was again arrested, brought to trial—one of the most remarkable on record because of the respect displayed by both the accuser and accused—and sentenced to prison for a term of six years.

So much for a few high lights on the spectacular non-cooperation phase of the Indian Nationalist movement.

Illness and other considerations having caused the Government to release this political prisoner, the scene now shifts to Jehu, a tiny seaside resort a few miles out from Bombay. Here in April went Mohandas Karamshand Gandhi, at the age of fifty-four, still struggling with a weakened body. Asceticism may be good for the spirit but it seems not to make red blood and abounding vitality. In a big, rambling house of many rooms and verandas spreading almost like a hotel on the glistening sands of the ocean, I found him, after a twenty-mile ride over dusty roads and muddy fields.

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The tall spires of the yucca in its nest of spiny leaves, punctuated with green the white glare of the beach, and there was little else save long lines of slim-trunked palmettos that soughed and rustled in the sea breeze a continuous accompaniment now high, now low, to the voice of Mahatma Gandhi. He received me on a second-story covered veranda. A goat, wandering in and out of a long line of doors in the background gave a truly Eastern touch to this scene, as did also the faint noises of many sleepers on distant verandas. For the hour was half-past three and the varying group of intimate adherents were taking a siesta. It was a scorching hot day in the middle of May of the variety only too well-known in Bombay—sticky, enervating, 112 degrees in the shade.

On the veranda below, as I arrived, I had caught glimpses of many forms sitting or lying on couches, of a woman combing her long black hair in a distant room, a pile of *chakras* (spinning wheels) waiting for the patient female hand to turn them. The *chakra* has become a symbol of *swadeshi*—peace, plenty, and power—that the Swarajists have striven to popularize so that English-made goods could be boycotted and home products developed.

An ordinary Western table and three chairs formed Mr. Gandhi's reception room on this veranda and he came to me promptly, having graciously accorded the rare privilege of an interview in a brief note written in his own hand on a postal card two days before.

"What had America to give India?" was the first leading question, which did not "lead."

"America has nothing to give India." Then he gently modified this. "India has to work out its own salvation. We have too much Western civilization already."

"But for example," I inquired, "How about the improved implements for farming, since India is an agricultural nation, wouldn't it be benefited by exchanging the old hand plough for a tractor?"

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"In time, perhaps, but the farmer would have to be educated a long way first. The slower pace is not an un-mixed evil. I admire all your wonderful inventions for your own country. Your people are largely literate—they read the newspapers, have telephones and radios, and know what is going on all over the world." I remembered that his people were only about six per cent. literate and know very little outside of their own village, except what the priest and the political agitator tell them.

More gingerly I inquired if India had anything to give America.

"Nothing much at present. When we are a free nation—perhaps; but India is best within her own borders. The only value she could have to America now, is to point the way back to a greater spirituality. In developing all your wonderful inventions you work only for greater ease and amplifications of life. You are humanitarian, but your spirituality seems languishing. Your prohibition was a good move." He admired our care for the sick and helpless and our social relief work for post-war Europe, but wondered if the Indians would be any happier with all our "restless activity."

When I asked if he liked the latest book published about him, he said, "I do not know—I have not read it and do not know the man." Another big volume about him has met with the same fate. What manner of man is this who—living and articulate—has volumes of biography written whose authors have never had the opportunity of personally analyzing him?

When I asked Mr. Gandhi how he reconciled traveling on the railroad, using the telegraph, telephone, printing press, and all the other inventions brought to his country by the foreigner, he replied: "We cannot stay the hand of progress, but we want only those things which we can assimilate into our Eastern life and temperament. I do not want to

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do away with the beneficial things which the British have brought us. Indeed I owe my life to modern science. But I would rather be without it all if the price we have to pay is our subjection to a despotic power. We prefer to govern ourselves even though we make mistakes. It is the only way to learn."

"Do you approve of Home Rule?"

The expressive face of the non-co-operation leader looked at me pityingly, before he answered with a touch of impatience:

"Why, that is what we are struggling for, of course."

I forbore to tell him that in the maze of published conflicting statements it was not always easy to find the coy Goddess of Truth.

"And will you be satisfied with it?"

"Certainly, if it is the same as Dominion Home Rule—and—" a slight pause—"we retain the power to secede if it does not work out. My people have many problems. They cannot be solved in a day. America nor any other country has not much to give us until we have worked out our own salvation."

Concerning his plans for the future, he answered with a gentle, weary smile.

"I do not know. I am what you call 'up in the air.'"

A month before he had written, "My release has brought me no relief. The thought of my utter incapacity to cope with the work humbles my pride."

Mr. Gandhi repeated, "Yes, up in the air. Two of the Swarajist leaders, C. R. Das and Pandit Motilal Nehru, are now in conference in another room. I left them to see you and I must go back. They do not agree with me entirely."

Mr. C. R. Das, Swarajist leader, and Pandit Motilal Nehru, pursuing their own courses during Mr. Gandhi's imprisonment, were then seeking to convince the Great Man of India of the merits of their viewpoints—among them the

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policy of Obstruction in the Councils of which C. R. Das, Mayor of Calcutta and leader of the Indian Radicals, was the father.¹

So far they had beaten fruitlessly upon the adamant wall of will, which is Gandhi. Regardless as to whether his followers follow or not, the originator of the non-co-operation idea, pursues it as he sees it, even to the bitter dregs of temporary recantation and renouncement of a policy which, to his disciples, promised ultimate victory but which he felt was leading him astray from the "passive resistance" method.²

He is restrained by no consideration of self-interest such as holds the native Princes, Government Officials, and Landed Aristocracy, no fear of place, nor pocketbook. Already vowed to a life of poverty and personal negation, what material thing has he to lose?

Mr. Gandhi has begun writing again for his paper, *Young India*, but as yet has made no great pronouncement.

"I do what I can, but I am not quite well yet. The burden is heavy. Yes, I am 'up in the air.'"

And so he left me to discuss "many things" with his colleagues—a slim, small figure, clad only in a loin cloth, a scrubby moustache, and a small wisp of hair projecting from the crown of his head, indicative of the religion which he follows. His body—thin, almost to the point of emaciation—disappeared towards a further veranda, but his spirit remained, as a tremendous, indomitable purpose, attuned to the infinite. A force limitless as electricity itself, but functioning through a broken transmitter; and for those wishing to "tune in" on Mahatma Gandhi today, they must use a spiritual X Y Z combination, not a material one. He left

¹In Chapter XXI is a brief account of this political leader and patriot. Unfortunately his sudden death in June, 1925, has cut short a career of which much was expected.

²It is interesting to note that as this goes to press Mr. Gandhi is reported to have yielded to his colleagues and somewhat expanded his policy of rigid non-co-operation.

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me with the feeling that his labors for his beloved Indians would enroll him on History's Scroll, not as a politician but as a saint, an avatar, a Great Soul, carrying the torch of liberty to a people awakened, but not yet ready to receive it from his hands.

CHAPTER XVI

THE MYSTERIOUS HINDU (*Cont.*)

THE JAGAT GURU, TEACHER OF THE WORLD

What His Holiness Said in the Only Audience He Has Granted to a Woman

Charan Das, a great guru, is like Brahma, a dwelling-place of joy,
A remover of all troubles, a giver of happiness:
Daya bows down to thee.

Daya, under the influence of actions, had fallen into the dark well of this world.

My guru, by giving me the rope of knowledge, took me out when I was drowning.

In this world there is no one so generous as the true guru,
Because he gives such wonderful teaching,
Which bears a soul safe to the other side of the ocean of the world.

Those who serve the lotus feet of their guru for their own welfare,
Daya says, they forget the dream of this world and go straight to the immortal world.

—*The True Guru.* (Written about 1750 in Hindi by Daya Bai, a woman disciple of Charan Das of Baniya caste who founded in Delhi about 1730 a sect which still exists. Tr. Mrs. Keay. From "Poems by Indian Women," edited by Margaret Macnicol.)

AT the end of my audience with the Maharaja one morning, His Highness referred to an unusual visitor then at Mysore—a great Guru, His Holiness Chandra Sekkara Bharati, the Swami of Sringeri Math (monastery), who now with his retinue of priests, disciples, and pandits, about five hundred of them, was housed in H. H.'s the Maharaja College which had been vacated for the purpose.

I was at once smitten with an overwhelming desire to meet this great person. At last were opening to me the secret things of India. Not the horrors of slave girls and child wives and Raja-tortured subjects one hears whispered about, but the hidden holy things which have fed India's soul all these thousands of years.

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His Highness' Private Secretary looked solemn when I mentioned this extraordinary desire.

"The Great One is an ascetic and vowed to chastity. I doubt if he has ever talked to a European woman. It is most unusual!"

Nevertheless the request for an audience was made, and, to everyone's surprise, was granted. Nothing in all India interested me more than that meeting with the Jagat Guru, "Teacher of the World."¹ It lives now as a white memory etched against the colorful exotic and bejeweled East.

Who has not heard of the Gurus and Saints and the inherited heads of religious Sects? They form a nebulous elusive background to the vivid life that one associates with their country.

The Aga Khan I could understand. As we know, he has a European education, wives, children, and a racing stable. He collects large tribute from his people, is friendly with the English, upholds their government and puts his mind, in a material and practical way, to the problem of bettering not only his followers but all India. Also there was the Govind Guru, that great leader of the Sikhs. He could not be met, however, having done his work some hundred and sixty years ago, except as he lives in the present Guru and in the Granth, their Sacred Book.

But the Jagat Guru ruling such a vast spiritual domain with one ascetic finger as it were, theoretically, at least, belonged to the outdoors and must travel the open road, having taken the vow of poverty. Yet, like the Pope, he wears a tiara, covered with pearls and jewels, bestowed by the Peshwa of Poona. He has silver sandals and sits on a *gadi* of solid silver, and is surrounded by a huge retinue. He moves about in a palanquin by customary right, carried crosswise of the street, which of course, prohibits other traffic. He is attended by an elephant, and wherever he

¹ There are several leaders of other religious sects in India who lay claim to this title of "Jagat Guru."

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goes he is received and housed royally. These things were were hard to reconcile.

There seemed little detailed information about the Guru available. His sanctity protected him. But I culled a few interesting facts.

The Sringeri Monastery is his favorite resting place. At certain times of the year, he travels among his believers and spends many hours a day in holy contemplation. He is perhaps one of the greatest Gurus alive today, the revered head of the Smarta sect, of the Siva followers of which there are thousands, hundreds of thousands, in the Peninsula. The distinguishing caste mark is three horizontal white stripes across the forehead. Sankra Achârya, the founder of this apostolic line of Siva, trod the weary path of this life about 500 B.C. In fact the legend is that Siva himself became thus incarnated in order to reform and regulate the Brahmans who were getting out of hand spiritually. Too much temporal power and possession had worked the way of the flesh, so that in the tenth century there were even a Jain King at Kalyan in the Deccan and another King at Conjeveram—that famous Buddhist stronghold in the Peninsula—who actually blasphemed the Gods of the Brahmans and endeavored to proselytize. In any event Sankra Achârya became the apostle of the cult of Siva in a more spiritual form, and he has been succeeded by a line of Gurus to this day. These pontiffs for a thousand years have been venerated by all the Hindus holding the Smarta faith.

As the order is celibate they have been adopted for succession, or elected by the disciples after each Guru's death. In 1871, the Jagat Guru, called Narsingh Acharya, was seventy-five years of age, lived on milk, and knew Sanskrit, Kanarese, Tamil and Telugu. The present representative of the Great Apostle was adopted by his predecessor when only six years old. All his life the present Guru had been dedicated to God.

The Jagat Guru had arrived in Mysore traveling in state,

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and was met by a great procession which escorted him through the gala-decked streets to the palace where the Maharaja held a special *durbār* to receive him.

It was a great occasion. The Guru with measured tread passed through an exquisite door of carved ivory, then one of gold, on through a huge doorway of silver, to the Ambavilasa *darbar* hall and then to the Marriage Pavilion. From a balcony, through hand-painted *chiks*, of semi-transparent, fine bamboo, the Royal Ladies observed him at their leisure. Later, the Chief of Mysore and the Apostle proceeded to the Sajje, or Dasahara Hall, a covered gallery of great beauty. Few places surpass it for the ultra Hindu wealth of marbles, rosewood and ivory inlay, carvings and silk carpets and paintings. Ravi Varma, a Travancore Prince, educated in Germany and a gifted artist, designed the color scheme of this Hall and painted the eight beautiful wall panels with scenes from the lives of the gods. The stories of these paintings I had already heard from the artist's granddaughter whom I had met on the Malabar Coast.

Here, too, is the remarkable throne of Mysore about which many legends cluster. One claim is that it was found buried at Penukondia by the founders of the Vijayaragar Empire, who were told by a clairvoyant ascetic that it was the throne of the Pandus and directed to where it lay hidden. History states that when Chikka Deva Raja was crowned upon it in 1699 it was made of figwood overlaid with ivory. Its mythological figures have long been covered with gold and silver as when the present Maharaja ascended it upon attaining his majority in 1902.

From the open arches of the Sajje, on great occasions, the people in the Court below may see their Prince seated upon his throne. It would be interesting to have been able on this particular day to have known just what was passing in the thoughts of these two young Orientals born to such high careers; the one, Chief of the third largest State in India, a domain of nearly thirty thousand square miles, Ruler

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over six millions of people; the other, wielding a spiritual scepter over uncounted souls scattered through the Peninsula.

At least I was being permitted to learn what manner of men they were.

It was six o'clock the next day, the appointed hour, when my profaning feet enabled me to approach the Maharaja's College past several groups of men standing about eyeing me with evident curiosity. A suave Hindu, a brilliant scholar, one of the professors at the Mysore University, took me in charge and led through a garden to a room in which were two chairs of curious contrast. One, a great throne of massive silver placed on a low platform with a velvet cushion on the seat, was at one end of the room. Facing it, about twenty feet away in the middle of the room, was an ordinary cane chair, the twin of the one I had already met weeks before in Udaipur. That chair had been surrounded by yards of glistening snowy linen. This one was surrounded by yards of glistening polished wood. Not another stick of furniture was visible. Behind the lonely little chair about thirty feet away was a screen beyond which several high caste men were grouped. They evidently were privileged to "listen in." The amiable and learned professor, who was to act as interpreter, motioned me to the cane chair and took up his stand to the right. Another learned person now appeared, and, flanking me on the left, was prepared to act as interpreter Number Two. Outside, through the open door, were men, men, more men in long white robes and solemn faces. So much awesome expanse of empty floor and the hush of something unusual happening! It began to feel more like a trial than an audience.

The stage was set. But the central figure delayed. Then there was a stir among the group outside. Salaams were executed, and a well-proportioned young man strode past towards the silver throne upon which he seated himself, Buddha fashion, cross-legged, his left hand grasping his bare right ankle and the right hand palm up in the gesture of

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benediction on his lap. He apparently wore but a single garment, a *dhoti* of yellow cotton. It was not an emaciated face, nor figure, like Mahatma Gandhi's, nor did the unsmiling brown eyes have the unquenchable fire of that patriot. They were contemplative, dreamy, heavy-lidded.

Having assumed his position, he saluted me gravely.

The training of the Teacher of the World has not been secular, his focus inevitably has been upon the vast world of unmateriality. His interest in America is nil. His advice to Americans was the general one of cultivating the spirit and renouncing the mad scramble for place and possessions, which he understands is our chief occupation. To stop our mechanical whirl of money grabbing, to sit down with our souls and become acquainted with God.

The emancipated Western woman is equally a remote person with whom no acquaintance is desired. The saintly opinion, after carefully stating that the Smarta religion accorded equality of the sexes before Siva, was strongly in favor of women entering heaven along the path of submission, self-sacrifice, and penance. However, this was no more than he himself was prepared to do. Born a Brahman of high degree he had given up caste in order to be one with all humanity.

There he sat before me on his velvet cushion, enthroned in silver, carefully keeping the Buddha posture except when in the flow of his eloquence on some philosophical topic, he gesticulated freely with one hand, but always returned it to a grasp of the ankle. In fact his pose was that of Buddha while undergoing the Temptation of *maya*¹ (the flesh, the world of forms, illusion of the senses) instead of the teaching attitude with both hands crossed on the breast. This I knew was to lock his forces against outside vibrations. "Virtue has gone out of me," said Christ when the crowd pressed too heavily around Him and He would repair to the mountain to recover His lost power. Was the Guru pro-

¹ See right-hand figure on page 292.

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tecting himself from any influences, from the outside world that might disturb his serenity?

The Guru's rhetorical periods sometimes lasted five minutes before he paused for breath, and the college professor exhibited marvelous memory and fluency by interpreting these torrents of eloquence. The Teacher of the World assumed, correctly, that I already knew what anybody can get out of a guide book, about Brahm and His three aspects of Brahmā, Vishnu, and Siva and their goddess and incarnations. He expounded the underlying principles of the Siva religion and the special tenets of the Smarta interpretation. Even among his followers there are subdivisions. Some are known as Lingayets, their sect as the Jangam. Little images of the linga, as symbols of the third deity, are carried on small silver boxes suspended from the arm. These people bury their dead without burning and are strict vegetarians.

The Jagat Guru's remarks became ethical upon the value of right living and high thinking. He gave me strange glimpses into cosmogony and evolution. What is here set down is my recollection of his teaching, further amplified by what he implied that I already understood from other sources and without which his remarks would have lost much of their mystical meaning. I understood the Guru to say, in substance, that an important change was reached recently, when the Piscine Sign ended and the Aquarian Era began. Since then, mankind has been passing through a fiery furnace of trial as a general clean-up for the new age. Fires, floods, and cyclones of nature, the sun darkened, and the moon red. Strikes, revolutions, and wars of nations, cruelty, suicides, and murders among men, have provided a physical, mental, and moral crucible in which the souls of humanity have been, and still are being, tested.

I knew that according to the Hindus, the present Yug, or age, is the Fourth, and is called the Kali-yug; to be of 432,000 years' duration, and it began with the equinox February 18, 3102 B.C. My thoughts running alongside

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what the Guru was saying were somewhat as follows. Those who cannot respond to the higher vibration of the new age of Aquarius, who will not seek to live up to their highest and thus raise their physical atoms to meet the needs of the new race which requires finer bodies for the developing ego, will sink lower and lower into devolvement. Those who do wrong will suffer what they might have avoided; *viz.*, horrid consequences of broken spiritual laws, for which expiation must be made. Punishments not decreed by judge or jury, but by the inexorable working out of the consequences of our own acts must we meet, sooner or later, either as friends or foes. If foes, they must be conquered by the only enduring force in the Universe, which is Love. Not the passionate fires of creative life, but the selfless, all comprehending Love, seeking nothing, giving all.

I found myself wondering how far humanity would be on the Way at the end of this period of the Aeon upon which we are now entering. But the Guru was saying something interesting about us as Fifth Race, the Fourth Period. We have passed through the first, the second, and the third stages of development towards godhood (the Satya, the Treta, the Dwapara Yugas). That now man is capable of rising to mastery if his expanding intellect does not hold him fast in the illusion of materiality.

I knew that it is believed by many that the Continent of Atlantis bore the Fourth Race. Its knowledge and some of its wisdom was spread eastward into Egypt and a thin stream through Europe and Asia and westward through Peru, Yucatan, and north to America. The Atlanteans, inheriting the culture of Limuria (of the Third Race), developed more psychic powers, which, however, were wrongly used by them, thus causing their fall and ultimate destruction. Thus only a little of the Atlanteans' psychic knowledge was permitted to be carried on to the beginning of our Fifth Race. Only through the Initiates and their disciples

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was the flame of understanding, concerning spiritual truths and the cosmic forces, kept alive.

In Egypt, Persia, India, China, in Greece, Italy, and in scattered European retreats the mysteries were preserved. The mass of the people were taught by symbols which often degenerated into idols. Now the time has come for Man to leave his kindergarten stage and learn to walk alone. His expanding intellect is likely to prove so entrancing a toy that he may forget the realities and chase after the allurements of earth during life after life. "When the tree is about to perish, it brings forth blasted fruit." The eternal part of him may languish, a feeble wraith, not fed by aspiration or holy thoughts. "He who wishes evil to a man will suffer his own loss." While these thoughts were flashing through my mind, the Guru was expressing the idea that man has a wonderful heritage for the age now upon us.

Again I began speculating about the fortieth century, at the end of the Aquarian era, and how far man will have blended his body, brain, and soul into a perfect instrument under perfect control for the spirit to use. Those who refuse to give heed to the "still small voice" urging them to knock at the gate of Spirit, who do not develop a higher consciousness through which to function upon the ethereal plane, will pay the penalty of their intellectual pride. "Every man must dip in his own waters." No man can usurp the power of the *karmic* law and pronounce judgment and execution upon another. "Oil your own wheel" and leave the wheel of your neighbor for the Divine Law that will deal with you both as you deserve. "The King delivers instant punishment, but God delays His judgment." If your vision is clear, you will find means to help humanity. "The new and withered leaves are everywhere to be found."¹

However, like the fig blossoming, this very increase of heritage should enable Man now to comprehend, through his intellect, the realm of the spirit. "A well-read man is

¹ These quotations are Hindu Proverbs, not quotations from the Guru.

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like a polished stone. Let him catch and reflect the Truth." The laborious efforts of the modern scientist are slowly proving "logically" some of the mysterious operations of nature which have been known to the Initiates and grasped by the intuitions of an increasing number of "those who walk"—the saints, devotees, disciples, aspirants, and truth seekers.

Many of the hidden teachings of the ancients are given out today so that he who seeks may read. On the printed page, less often through the mouths of the inspired, are set forth mysteries that can be read by every heart whose light is burning, be it ever so feeble a flame. Let them fear not. "It is the fruitful tree that is pelted with stones."

Thus, through a Western lens, have I endeavored to transmit some of the ideas of the Teacher of the World. If they are distorted I crave the Holy Guru's pardon.

The note of warning was struck in no uncertain tone by the Teacher sitting on his lotus throne as he lifted the left hand from its position of the Temptation of Maya and waved it solemnly and forcefully towards heaven and towards earth.

There are many false prophets abroad, sweet, lying tongues and soft spoken words from the unseen. "Trust them not, O Daughter of the West. They are the forces of evil even though they speak as with the tongues of the gods. They are the unregenerate who strive to enslave you. Trust only in the Absolute. Accept nothing that comes not from Him, through His prophets. You can reach them through the inner places of the heart."

Some lines concerning "the False Guru" by Sahajo Bai, an eighteenth century Hindi poetess, returned to me:

Sahajo says, many gurus walk to and fro,
But they have not knowledge, meditation, and remembrance.
They catch many people by the arm,
But they are not able to send one man across to find salvation.

I felt that the speaker before me was not a false prophet, that the Jagat Guru was indeed an uncompromising dealer

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in facts. Though clothed in beautiful language that flowed from his lips with crystal clarity, there was no tempering the Truth to the shorn lamb of an aspirant.

The sun had set. The dinner hour approached. No sign of dismissal had come from the young Guru on his glittering rostrum. I ventured to make the move with considerable circumlocution.

The Teacher of the World arose, bowed solemnly and strode past me, out of the open door, through the silent bowing group beyond, and disappeared in the twilight hush. I, too, bowed to my kind Brahmans and slipped away to the outer court and to the street, where the Private Secretary was awaiting me. As we sped towards the Guest House and a belated dinner, I thought how much simpler it was to take the food of an ascetic, for I had been told that, like John the Baptist, the young saint lives on milk and honey with, occasionally, fruits and cereals; but, being sunk in Maya, I knew the life of the Selfless One for me was not yet.

What I felt about the commandment "Thou shalt not kill," implied by the Guru's life, rather than expressed by him, resulted in a strange adventure that night under the stars, as I lay under a mosquito netting on the second story terrace of the Park House at Mysore. Beyond was the elaborate suite, H. H. the Maharaja had placed at my disposal, and beyond that many large unoccupied rooms. I was the only guest and entirely alone in that great, beautiful house except for Hakim and one or two servants in a far wing. The Superintendent, butler, and retinue for this little palace lived elsewhere.

Softly the fragrance of roses and jasmine came drifting from the garden below and the subtle odor of the plumbago blossoms, peeping their blue starred faces at me palely in the moonlight.

As on other nights, the Royal Palace gleamed in twinkling outlines of electric lights, like a ghost palace, far beyond in the park. The exquisite tropical night further expressed

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itself in music. Gentle notes from a far-off flute and a low chant of worship to the goddess of that night floated through the trees.

I drifted off in soothed delight to the realm of sleep. Then suddenly all was changed. I awoke to a horrid place. It might have been one of the Buddhist Hells I wandered in. It was dark and a heavy, icy oppression clutched me.

From somewhere a stern voice boomed past me, *Thou Shalt Not Kill!*

From every quarter the echoes poured around, "THOU shalt not kill. Thou *shalt not* kill. Thou shalt not KILL!"

They banged and clanged and shrilled their message and vanished into space. Perhaps I was too absorbed by what now became visible to know where they went. As I stood in the dark place, an astounding parade began to go by in a solemn sequence. It was the ghosts of all the fowls I have eaten in this life! On and on and on they came in endless procession. In the background like a vast army reaching around the world were the ghosts of all the feathered things which are killed each day for the maw of mankind. As I gazed, startled by this multitude of innumerable slaughtered ones, all those for which I personally was responsible quickly formed into one vast specter.

It towered to the sky, blocking out everything, and descended upon me in a suffocating mass, of an avenging MONSTER!

Like a pall its black folds wrapped around me, stifling, strangling!

My startled soul fled from the place. But only to worse horrors—where now appeared all the animals which are sacrificed to man. But I refused to let them approach. With some strange power I drove them back, and now I held a symbol of all unity in my hand which separated me from the specters.

Many Hindus believe that when violent death occurs only

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the body is killed and the soul is forced out of its physical home before its due time. If this is what a Hindu feels, no wonder he eats rice and vegetables and fruits. The commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," was assuming a new meaning. It provided another jolt to my self-satisfaction.

I began to remember the lives of animals I had sacrificed for the pleasures of the chase. Cats Moon! If those animals were all to greet me at the Threshold when I had no rifle, no powder, and no shot to subdue them!

A Voice spoke in the grayness where I was: "Make thy peace with the souls of those thou hast slain, those whom thou hast condemned to wander in these shades until their allotted time arrives when they may again become embodied and work out the destiny which thou retarded. Make thy peace and pay thy debt."

"But how can I find them?" I cried despairingly, and the voice told me to ask reverently that I might be granted that grace. This I did. Immediately a terrible sense of shame overwhelmed me. One by one I counted them over—the animals I had destroyed—six or seven!

Appalled, I remembered the last one, a magnificent creature who had been lured to the water's edge of a Canadian lake. Down through the forest slope he had charged in response to the love call of his mate, as he had supposed, and when he had burst into view and paused a moment, head up, bearing proudly a magnificent pair of antlers, the deadly bullet had gone crashing into his brain. Another followed, and his noble form collapsed. In a moment converted into a thousand pounds of carrion.

"Oh Moose," I called in supplication. "Can you forgive me for depriving you of that wonderful instrument of strength and beauty, just for a silly, selfish desire to have your head with those great antlers exhibited on my wall and the foolish pride of being thought a good shot? I destroyed your body and forced you to wander in the gray-

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ness." A vague form appeared before me, but I waited a long time for an answer.

It came at last, reluctantly.

"Human, I forgive thee."

"It is well," said the Voice, "that is forgiven thee."

One by one and with increasing difficulty I had to meet the ghosts of the past until the sixth and last I thus besought:

"Oh Elk, Oh Wapiti! Of you above all I beg forgiveness! Even as you were the first whom I deprived of the lessons and joys of your body, so it is the greater crime, for my soul was silent within me and should have kept me from this first wrongdoing."

There was a long, terrible pause. A blackness settled upon me. The Elk did not appear. Again I called. My soul was much troubled.

"Down on your knees. Stretch out your hands and give it power to rise. Long has it lain there." I appealed again. The answer seemed to come from afar off and very faint.

"I forgive thee. Go in peace."

I was about to rise, feeling that at last this penance was over, when there glided into view a huge Rattlesnake. I recognized it as the one I had despatched with a broken frying pan one sunny day in the Badlands of far Dakota.

"Oh Rattlesnake! You too! Though you are not a friend of man and you were in my path coiled for a spring, still I could have avoided you. But instead, I killed you and was proud of it afterwards. I liked the exclamation of praise about my bravery. Of you, too, Oh Serpent, I beg forgiveness."

The snake made answer:

"Oh Forgetful One, did not my brother Rattler go all around your sleeping form when, exhausted, you lay on the ground in the High Sierras. Did he strike thee?"

The Rattlesnake now turned into a great Serpent of

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Wisdom with its tail near its mouth. Thus it spoke, "And hast thou forgotten, Oh Daughter, the fierce Mountain Lion who sniffed all around your bed out under the stars and harmed thee not? And of the Russell's viper in Bhopal forest who stayed its strike even as thou withheld thy hand? Yes, and hast thou not yet learned thy lesson? Thy higher self hath been grieved and sore troubled to keep thee from the sin of killing. Still thy pride demands a Tiger. Oh blind Child of Earth!"

As the cold accusing Voice proceeded, a sense of deep abasement overwhelmed me.

"Oh Serpent, Oh uncrowned King, forgive me! Never shall I wantonly take life again." As it faded from view the Voice said, "Thy vow is recorded in the Book," whereupon I was standing in a great hall. On the wall were many flashing letters. One line came out clearly.

"Thou shalt not kill."

I signed my name in the Book of Vows, solemnly knowing that henceforth to break that vow was to incur deep suffering.

Just what was to be done about augmenting the size of that feathered ghost was not clear, but this much was writ in letters of fire. Forever was I pledged to the animal world to the policy of non-killing, whether from wantonness, pride, or anger. The little wild brothers of earth could henceforth live their lives, enjoy their joys, die their deaths, in no fear of my cold blue eye and merciless finger.

And I knew that I had known all this before, though the flesh had forgotten.

I awoke in the dawn. The soft notes of a strange, little bird gave greeting. "Who—who—Guru—to do—" it said. With the poet and his nightingale, I murmured, "Do I wake or sleep?"

Though a mere speck of cosmic dust, the lessons of the night not forgotten, for one ecstatic moment before the coming of a tropical day, I wore the girdle of Vishnu, and

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trod the pathway of the Stars. I glimpsed a shimmering Eden before the fall when the stainless race of Adam dwelt in harmony with man and beast, the golden apple of intellect not yet tasted, the sons of God not yet exercising their prerogative to sin, or not to sin.

CHAPTER XVII

THE MYSTERIOUS HINDU (Cont.)

A GLIMPSE OF GODS AND GODDESSES

Their Wondrous Temples: Krishna: Siva, Parvati and Ganesb: The Jagannath Cars and Devotees at Nanjangud: Silver Elephant: Women Vowed to Silence: Indian State Publicity: At Benares Golden Temple, a Crushing Experience

"Sahajo says, 'He in whose heart dwells illusion,—
His heart is impure, his body wastes away.
He does not love Hari,
And therefore he is always unhappy.'
If illusion dwells in the body like a deer in a field,
Then how can the field grow?
Whatever is sown is eaten up,
And the mind is not set on Hari."

By SAHAJO BAI, a Hindi poetess of the
eighteenth century. Tr. Mrs. Keay—
from "Poems by Indian Women." (Hari
is another name for Vishnu.)

I WAS beginning to understand that religion in Hindu India is not a one-day-a-week affair. It is the structure of its life. High and low, families and individuals, are part of it, rather than religion being a part of them.

Having been lucky enough while in Mysore to synchronize with the Car Festival at Nanjangud, I had another adventure with religion and spent a fascinating day in the streets of this typical South Indian city, about eighteen miles from Mysore Capital. Here one of the most important religious gatherings of the year was having a three-days' session. I abandoned the motor and joined the pilgrims who were swarming over the main thoroughfare that leads past Nanjangud Temple. Everywhere were bazaars and temporary booths of food and drink, not forgetting the sweetmeat stalls. Like all places where alcohol is little used, the sugar substitute is most popular. The confectioner's skill in creating sugary structures of elaborate designs rivaled that of the architects and stone carvers in building

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the Temple. This is a marvel of carvings in the highly ornate Chalukyan style, its two towers dominating the town.

That wondrous South Indian architecture, fashioned in a thousand fairy forms!

When the Indian built one of their monuments to beauty, they dedicated it to a deity. When the Egyptians built the Great Pyramid, it was dedicated to the after-life and immortality. But when we cause to spring into being an exquisite shaft of beauty, cleaving the heavens, we fill it with countless hives of human activity and dedicate it to the god of five and ten cents. If we must build monuments to Commerce, forty stories high (and we have learned to do it), cannot we dedicate them to some worthier purpose than bartering with our fellow men?

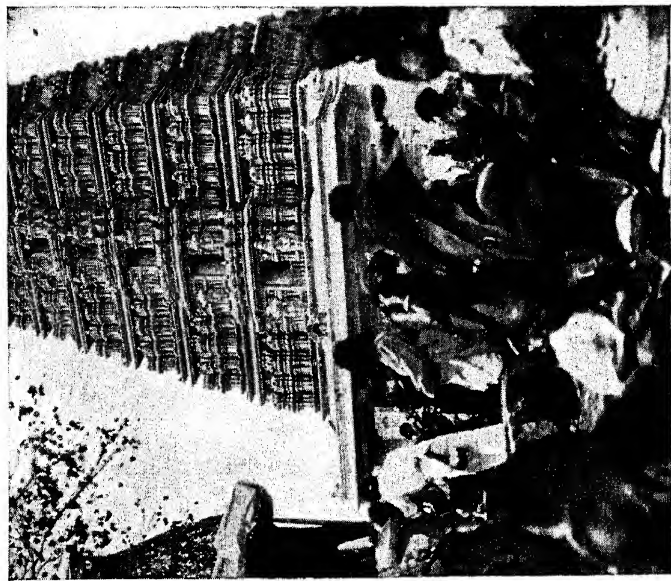
These are some of the thoughts that visited me as I watched the Goddess Parvati waiting in her car-tower, majestically to trace a path through the pulsating blue that canopied the Temple while amid the scented flowers came the soft music of a hymn to her, the Goddess of Love, lotus-born, whose smile "could sweeten life with countless gifts of happiness."

The great square in front of the main Temple tower was crowded almost past moving through it, with street venders, most of them displaying their wares on the ground, or in large flat baskets; with carts, drawn up in groups; with pilgrims, men, women, and children, and special devotees.

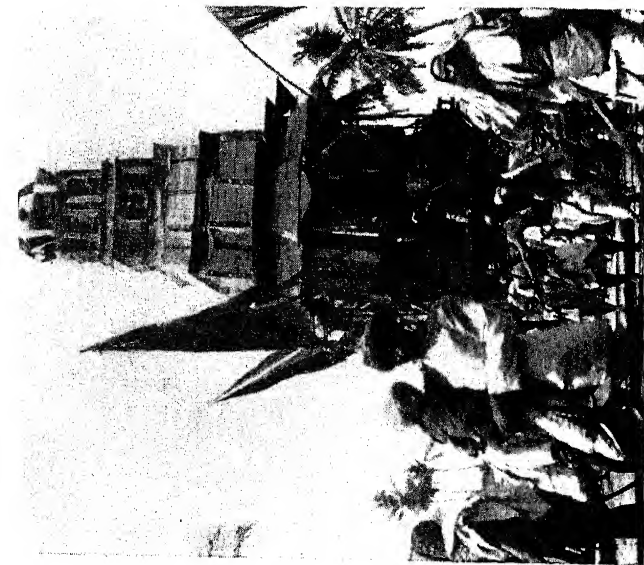
On the very steps of the Temple itself I was stopped by two priests. The unbeliever could proceed no further. I narrowly escaped becoming *suttee* then and there for the scene was so fascinating, colorful, and strange that I did not notice I was standing directly over two lighted torches. These outlined a lane where devotees were approaching the Temple by rolling full length in the deep dust. Over and over they turned until a certain number of revolutions had been accomplished according to their vows. Many others, like myself, had unwittingly encroached upon this lane



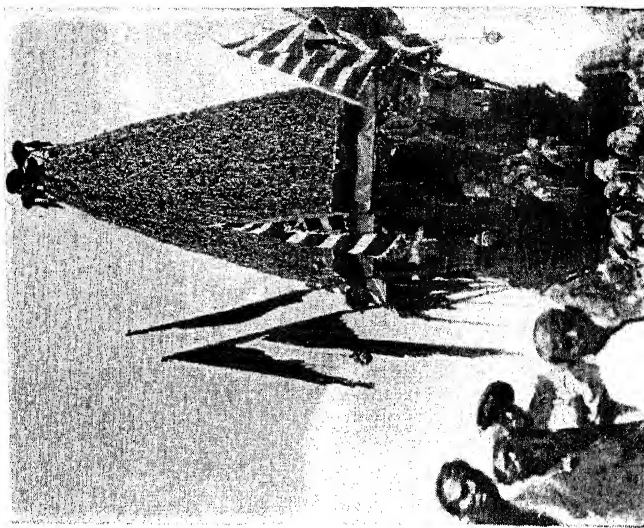
(Left) PRAYING WOMEN ON STEPS OF TEMPLE OF NANJANGUD, MYSORE.



THEY HAVE SHAVED THEIR HEADS AND TAKEN A VOW
OF SILENCE
(Right) THROUGH THIS TIGHTLY PACKED HUMANITY WENT THOSE WHO WERE ROLLING TO VIRTUE



TEMPLE CARS AT NANJANGUD FESTIVAL
Car of Ganesha, the elephant headed



TEMPLE CARS AT NANJANGUD FESTIVAL
Car of the Goddess Parvati

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and the holy rollers were accomplishing their tasks with occasional accidents of being kicked or stepped upon. Such was their self-absorption, however, that I doubt if any were conscious of discomfort.

No wonder the open flame had begun to scorch my skirts unheeded! For now another strange sight absorbed my attention. Two slender figures wrapped in cotton cloths were mounting the temple steps. Their hands, clasping sprays of the sacred tulsi plant, were upraised in attitude of prayer. Their heads were shaved. Their eyes fixed. A copper wire was passed through the upper lip of each, sealing the mouth! I was lost in astonishment. An expression of peculiar intensity on each face told me they were in religious ecstasy and, in spite of their disfigurement, that they were women. My learned official escort informed me they had taken the vow of silence for a certain length of time and had undergone further penance by shaving the head, fasting, and perhaps other severities. Their mouths were "locked up" by the priests, who also took their offerings. The penance was performed for one day, one week, or longer according to what boon was desired—a male child, a good mother-in-law, or for self-purification and righteousness.

A chatter of voices on the ground at my feet, a firm tug at my skirts, as a smell of scorching silk arose, caused me to move so quickly out of the torch's flame that I collided with a devotee rolling to virtue.

Having telescoped so many bewildering Oriental impressions, I could hardly work up a suitable emotion when I was dragged through the crowd to look upon a life-sized elephant made of silver all encrusted with gems and loaded with garlands of jasmine and roses, standing on a wooden, wheeled platform waiting to join the cars of the gods. This material thing seemed dead beside the elemental, overwhelming power of an idea that caused human beings to roll in the dust,

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fast, cut off the "crowning glory of woman," sew up lips and otherwise mortify the flesh.

A roar now spread down the long street past the Temple wall. My companion said, "The god cars are moving. This is the great day, the last of the Festival when they complete their journey around the Temple."

In the distance were three colossal towers. The nearest and largest was moving slowly, as it was pulled along by a thousand human hands grasping four cables a hundred feet long. Inch by inch, enormous wooden wheels creaked forward under the weight of the God Siva's traveling shrine.

Perhaps forty feet above the mass of humanity toiling below, raised tier on tier of carved balconies, sat this God—one of the Hindu Trinity, his four arms outstretched, two in blessing, the right hand pointing upwards to heaven, the left downwards to earth, a third hand carrying his symbol of the bull, Nandi the Joyous. Siva, sometimes called Mahadeva, is also worshipped in the form of the *lingam*. The word "Siva" means blessed or auspicious. As a learned philosopher, he is chief god of the priests.

Flags and streamers flying, vivid colors sparkling, ropes and garlands of flowers swaying with the teetering movement of the car, as it triumphantly approached the Temple Gates, its journey for the year completed. Far down the street another extraordinary tower was moving. Nearly as high, but of more slender proportions and more delicate structure, the Car of Parvati, Siva's wife, now groaned and creaked and swayed on its sacred pilgrimage to the outside world. Dimly visible in her lofty shrine, the Goddess of Love and Beauty glistened with jewels, while the perfume of incense and flowers floated down to the straining worshippers who were giving willing service in the broiling sun of a March noontime.

Parvati has also another incarnation as Durga, or Kali, the Terrible, whom we have already met in another especially ferocious form as the Goddess Chamundi, patron



(Upper) KALI, OR DURGA, THE TERRIBLE, ANOTHER INCARNATION OF PARVATI,
SIVA'S WIFE
(Lower) PUBLICITY IN SOUTH INDIA ADVERTISING A CHOLERA SPECIFIC



(Upper) A DRAWING LESSON—INFANT CLASS AT GUNTUR, WEST COAST
 (Lower) THE COIR (*coconut fibre*) WORKERS AT COCHIN
 (See Chapter XIX)

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saint of Mysore House. Her name is derived from the two giants Chanda and Munda whom she slew and whose strength she absorbed. She wears an elephant hide and a necklet of corpses and used to rejoice in human sacrifice. Her terrible attributes have been much toned down by the progressive Prince now on the *gadi* of Mysore. Neither must one take these terrible figures of Kali literally. All the human heads and slain bodies represent evils conquered. A Goddess of Judgment, she swings her four arms in destruction of those who work not good. Here in southern India, Durga is commonly known as Bhawani and is also called Devi, the Goddess, and is highly popular. Although worship of her is marred by superstition and a too literal acceptance of the symbolism she depicts, I have a sneaking fondness for this valiant Goddess who lays aside her form of beauty and crusades over the land, mowing down the wicked ones that the meek may inherit, clearing the way for her husband, Siva, to play the part of Renewer and Reproducer.

"The Joys afforded by the senses are like wombs of future sufferings," was the doctrine put forth by Krishna, the hero, after being transformed into a saint, and of all the gods in the Hindu pantheon he seems to me to be the Torch-Bearer. He is worshipped by those of the Vishnu cult as an incarnation of this great God who is the Preserver of the Hindu Trinity. Krishna was, moreover, a real man who, like Rama, became immortalized.

Krishna, son of Devaki, received the seven-knotted staff, the symbol of command, after he had made the sacrifice of fire in the presence of the oldest anchorites—all those who knew the three Vedas by heart. It took him seven years on Mt. Meron before he felt he had subdued the body to the spirit and was sufficiently purified and controlled to merit the name of the Son of God.

The great similarity between Jesus the Nazarene, and Krishna the Aryan, who founded Brahmanism, came to

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me with a shock of revelation and served to illumine many an obscure page in sacred history. Krishna, the first great Messiah, taught his disciples the same esoteric truths as Jesus the Christ expounded to his disciples two thousand years later. The essence of divine truth has been carried forward through the Initiates of all time. Promulgated by Ram of the Scythians (later Rama of the Hindus) who led those primitive Aryans from Europe over into Asia, it was entrenched by Krishna when the Sons of the Sun, the Aryans, were in danger of being engulfed by the Sons of the Moon, the southern passionai races. Revivified by Gautama Buddha when the power of the Brahmins became tyrannical and uninspired, it was the same divine essence of truth that was taught by the Magi of the Chaldeans and the Great Zoroaster of the Persians and exists today in the Parsis of India. The same that was taught in the temples of Egypt for thousands of years, that was carried back to Europe, a flaming torch, by Pythagoras, and burned in the teaching of Plato and the Grecian initiates.

What were the great central ideas which all the Great Teachers of the world have taught esoterically? If we can grasp that, we have the core of the universe, the heart-kinship with all peoples, whether its outward expression was the Monad of Judaism, the Dyad of the Chaldeans and Parsis, or the Triad of Hinduism and Christianity. The myriads of outward forms and ceremonies and of exoteric teachings, that symbolism taught to the masses, or developed by their needs, are as the sands of the ocean. But the two great primitive ideas, the two organizing principles for religious and esoteric philosophy, were the organic doctrine of the immortality of the soul and the corresponding one of the Trinity, or of the divine Word, revealed in man.

The great teaching of the Christian Messiah that God, as Truth, Infinite Beauty and Goodness, exists in man, and that conscious man through his redeeming power of love and sacrifice is capable of rising to the exalted state of god-

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hood and participating in the divine ternary, was first taught by Krishna, four thousand years ago, in the jungles of the Ganges and on the heights of the Himalayas.

Thinking of these things in the whirl of an Oriental fête day, I watched a third smaller car, enshrining Ganesh, the elephant-headed offspring of Siva and Parvati, the God of Writers and Students, now appearing around the corner of the temple. Quite appropriately, an elephant was near it to render service over a bad bit of road when the scores of human hands grew weary tugging at the huge cable. The dreadful car of the Jagannath grinding out the lives of its devotees was one of my earliest childhood pictures of India, but I saw no babies thrown under these cars of the gods. The time for such human sacrifice has gone by except in the fastnesses of Assam or Thibet. These people were in holiday mood. I was stirred by the picturesque scene, extraordinary in its vivid color and human simplicity.

For the hundredth time in those extraordinary temples of Trichinopoly and Tanjore and Mysore I wondered about the meaning of it all and why this Hindu religion and civilization had survived while Empires had risen, waxed mighty, and fallen to decay. Through all the tyranny, bondage, strife—what had kept India for the Hindus?

The English founders of the American democracy formulated a national attitude that "all men are free and equal" and entitled to the "pursuit of happiness." One by one the new peoples of Earth in the last thousand years have developed self-determination which in the last decade has burst into full flower. Even the peoples of Asia and Africa with their roots in the subsoil of the aeon, find their spiritual consciousness forced into new shapes by the shock and surgery of modern thought. There has been the turmoil of change distracting every nation of our spinning globe. These are days of judgment and execution. Those whose houses are not built upon the rock of Truth, of conformity to the Divine cosmic plan, will pass away, even as the great civi-

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lizations of Persia, Egypt, Greece, and Rome! Whereas China and India have endured. Also has the race of Moses and David endured, even without a country. Why?

Is it because the consciousness of the Eternal has flowed in an unbroken stream between Brahm, the Absolute, and the finite human masses? Regardless of how many cults have developed from the three manifestations of Brahm, the Unmanifested—Brahmā, the Creator, Vishnu, the Preserver, and Siva, the Destroyer and Reproducer—the Great Brahm, the Breath, has always been worshipped as God of all. Even the invaders of India and the refugees to its shores but added to this bright pathway of Reality. The Allah of the conquering Muslims, the Ahura Mazda of the persecuted Persians, and Almighty God of the "White Jews" on the West Coast—all are but varying names of the Original Source.

As I watched the Temple scene before me and climbed these philosophic heights far from "the whirl and dust of men," the intimate revelations by the spoken, or the printed, word of Indians like Mohandas Gandhi, like Rabindranath Tagore, like Srivanasri Shastri, came back to me. From their solid towers of religious perception they survey the world and "fight the fight" of Arjuna, that Vedic Prince who combated the evil of the world, and in another sense the evil of self.

These men, who expound so brilliantly the value of the Inner Life as the only way to immortal peace, and all the others of vision, do not despise the material comforts that the West are seeking to shower upon Asia, but they distrust the quick absorption of them, fearing that the result may drown the unthinking in a still worse sea of illusion than that in which their ignorance has already held them. Happiness is a dream, like the reflection in a mirror. They fear for the spirituality of their country when caught in the whirl of machinery and electricity.

A picture floated towards me from the background of

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Siva's car. It was of another kind of fight—where intellect wars against the heart. In this picture was a rest house deep in the heart of a Bengal jungle. Wild beasts and serpents lurked in the dark, silent forest, as I sat one night by a smoky lamp and discussed with a learned Saheb the suffering and destruction wrought by man, also man's skill in relieving disease.

"I quite agree," he said, "that modern science and modern inventions are doing wonderful things for humanity. But are they really any use to the soul?"

I had no answer ready for this.

He continued: "If men go to war and indulge in legalized killing, if they get killed, or suffer, whose fault is it? Their own, and especially those of their leaders. We have thousands and thousands of our sons today in the Indian Army being trained to kill. The British Raj spends one-third of its revenue from India on the science of protection against our fellow men. They feel it is necessary. Perhaps it is. Force breeds force. Raids follow oppression. But it is not the way of God."

"But the railroads," I murmured, "surely they have saved much human life, by lessening the effect of famine, and you can now go comfortably from Bombay to Calcutta in about forty hours——"

A wise, patient, little smile was the reply and the gentle, cultured voice interpreted it.

"My dear lady, why should I be so excited about reaching Calcutta in forty hours? What difference if I take forty days? I can only take myself whenever I go. What shall I do in Calcutta that I cannot do in Bombay? Shall I eat or sleep more comfortably; shall I meditate or contemplate better? I can do my business quicker? Perhaps—but will I do it any better and should it be done at all if by dashing my body from one place to another I am getting ahead of my neighbor?"

Something strange was happening to me as I listened to

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the East talking. I felt very young and foolishly proud over my mechanical toys which took so much time to perfect and to operate that there was little time to sit down and find out what God thought about it.

"About famines," the Indian Saheb continued, "there has been life saved by transfers of food by the railroads in time of famine, and it is good. But in the Government budget two per cent is devoted to Public Health and five per cent to Education. Is that enough? Again—perhaps it is. The Indian can be educated *too* suddenly—and then there is much unhappiness. In my own case, it has proved so. I am forty, Mem Saheb—and not married."

The little room was hot and silent. I hardly breathed, for here was an adventure into the secret places of the heart which an Indian rarely shows to an outsider. I dared not intrude questions on this sacred ground. What could have stopped the usual marriage, which in India is as inevitable as growing up!

In response to the question in my eyes this handsome, dignified, man with the broad brow continued.

"I was sent early to England to be educated, and my father, having progressive ideas, did not marry me beforehand. I am a university graduate. I was taken into the homes of several very charming English families. I grew up with their daughters and absorbed the English standards of womanhood and marriage."

There was a pause.

I glimpsed the tragedy of it all, even before he spoke.

"I am too much of an Indian ever to marry an English woman, Madame, and I have been educated away from the Indian standards. I wish a wife as a companion and intellectual equal. The Indian wife is rarely that. The stern dictates of man-made religion have kept her from that——"

"But there are many highly educated Indian girls nowadays. Why not take a trip to Calcutta and make one of them happy?"

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"Ah! for the next generation—yes. For me—they are brazen. They have lost the spirituality which is the great charm of our women. They are not yet adjusted. It is the time of change. I pray that as our sons and daughters acquire science, they will not lose their religion, their anchor in God. The world is in the Melting Pot. I shall not live to see what will issue forth for my beloved country."

Outside in the Jungle the night had the mystic call that Sarojini Naidu has exquisitely interpreted:

The serpents are asleep among the poppies,
The fireflies light the soundless panther's way
To tangled paths where shy gazelles are straying,
And parrot-plumes outshine the dying day.

* * * * *

A caste-mark on the azure brows of Heaven,
The golden moon burns sacred, solemn, bright
The winds are dancing in the forest-temple,
And swooning at the holy feet of Night.
Hush! in the silence mystic voices sing
And make the gods their incense-offering.

After all, God did not expect me to settle India's affairs. For me, only the task of an observer. The Siva Car reappeared and I was again at Nanjangud. I broke in upon the thoughts of the surprised Mysore Official with the question:

"Do you think the poor people of India are happy?"

"Why not! If they can get enough to eat. They can sleep anywhere and any rag will cover them, and they have always some god to whom they can offer *puja*."

This further brought out the fact that food for us was eighteen miles away, and the desirability of a return to the Palace.

Struggling to our motor, which had been left at the outskirts of the town to avoid accidents, we passed a shop labeled in big letters, "Gandhi Bavan." This was practically the only indication I had noticed in Mysore of the

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Swadeshi movement. There were no Gandhi caps in the crowd and my companion said he overheard no Gandhi talk. All of which was in harmony with my experiences of other Indian States. That the sentiment exists there can be no doubt, but it is under cover and by no means so active as in the Presidencies. Free speech among a Raja's subjects is often discouraged in a highly unpleasant manner.

My last glimpse of Nanjangud was a mixture of East and West. A bit of Occidental publicity Orientally applied. We nearly collided with two bullock carts pursuing an even course in the middle of the road, announcing in scare lines to the world there assembled, "Beware of Cholera!" and in smaller letters suggesting a patent medicine cure!

Back again at Park House, the heated hours of the day were spent with a visitor who told me about the stars and their influence upon human destiny. He was none other than the Court Astrologer for whom the Maharaja's Secretary had sent, that my past, present, and future might be revealed to me. The piercing eyes and dignified bearing of this star student commanded respect. Perhaps he was one of

The Brahmin priests who knew the subtle flow
Of stars, they read the mystic scroll and scanned
Their baffling path to catch the lucky hour. . . .

Of splendid vision, Brahmin saints who hold
Within the hollow of a sunken palm
The wisdom of a thousand ages, minds
Replete with every thought inscribed upon
The scroll of knowledge.¹

He gave me several brass rings from which to select four or five. Upon them were engraved mystic characters. He also took the usual birth date. The result was, he told me of several events in the past, predicted that there would always be enough money to buy rice, that many books were

¹ "Bilhana," by P. Seshadri, M. S., Professor of English, Hindu University, Benares.

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around me, that I would live to dangle grandchildren on my knee, and in brutal figures, gave the exact date of my decease. He warned of crowds in sacred spots. "Twice while in India does the hammer of destruction hang over your head in holy places." He described my escape from the Chisti tomb in Ajmere after the people had been inflamed against the English by political agitators. The other occasion was one that took place in Benares when Yom, the great lord of death, swished his draperies very close. I remembered every detail of it vividly. It all happened quite suddenly as big things often do. I was going along the narrow street in front of the Golden Temple in Benares quite alone, not even with Hakim, whom I had left to do an errand, while my friends waited for me in a motor on a wider thoroughfare. Into this lane that did not seem seven feet wide I had plunged with only a small boy as guide. Put not your trust in Youth! As we were nearly opposite the Temple's outer entrance, which was only a doorway in the wall, I lost him in a suffocation of Eastern humanity. The crowd that swarmed out of the narrow egress of the temple struggled with a stream fighting to get in, further complicated by the two streams of traffic each striving to proceed in the opposite direction.

I was caught in this whirlpool of bodies, of legs and arms and elbows, pressed as tightly as sausage meat in its skin. My clothes were torn, my hat knocked awry, my footing uncertain—there were dogs and goats and, horrors! two white sacred bulls! They were being prodded through the scrimmage! Jammed up against the sweating side of the first one, I heard murmurs of protest; ruthless hands pushed me away like a grain of corn under the rollers. I came bang against a house wall. Here the pressure of those seething bodies was slowly, relentlessly crushing the breath out of me. A roar pounded in my ears, the acrid smell of the East brought faintness. Blood-red mist danced before me. Whatever really was going to happen! I could not

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stand much more of this. Of all the alien crowd there seemed no one to whom I could appeal. Then in the wall a small door opened, a hand grasped my arm, steadied me, and pulled me into a house.

"If Mem Saheb will come upstairs, she can see from the balcony, and be away from the people——"

We were now in a dark passage way and I could not see well the owner of the hand and the voice. Going into strange houses did not seem to be a highly desirable thing to do. But the voice was kind and almost anything was better than that crowd, so I followed up some dark stone steps and out on to a second-story portico, which was higher than the temple wall opposite. It gave a splendid view of what was going on in the outer court at the Golden Temple. In a far corner was the Gyan Kup, or Well of Knowledge, where Siva's emblem took refuge when the Mohammedans destroyed this temple three hundred years ago. The people, flower-laden, were worshipping at various shrines and a glimpse through an open door showed Siva surrounded by a blaze of lights. Just what I had been nearly crushed to death trying to see!

Several other Hindus were on the balcony. Some one threw a garland of jasmine on my shoulders and smiled. "You should not venture into a crowd like that alone," said another.

"I hope you will remain as long as it pleases you," said my rescuer.

After a time I saw Hakim worming his way through the narrow lane, slipping through the mass with the adroitness of one trained to it. His anxious face lighted up when he saw where the whimsie of a Hindu festival had cast me.

Benares, the Holy City, holds wonderful memories. Not so much the exquisite *kinkobs* (brocades) worked in marvels of *kalabatam* (gold thread), nor its river scenes; not its Jalsain Ghat, crowded by temples and spires where crema-

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tions are always in progress and the many *suttee* stones are covered with flames; not its naked ascetics who were camped by the hundreds on the opposite bank, many of whose bodies were gray with the sacred ashes; not even that great project, the Benares Hindu University, which is destined to become a new power in the land—none of these brilliant memories of the unique city hold the perfume of that act of kindness which shone out a good deed in a very naughty crowd. May it prove for the doer an offering more worthy than a thousand petals of roses laid on the altar of Siva.

CHAPTER XVIII

WHERE BUDDHA SLEEPS

My Hunt for Brother D. in Ceylon: Temple of the Tooth at Kandy: The Alu Vibara of Matale: The Kelani Temple at Colombo: The Cave Temple of Dambulla Where Buddha Sleeps: The British and Foreigner in Ceylon, Their Practical Religion: Vedantists: The Swami of Calcutta Math and the Disciple of Vivekananda

"Think not by shaven face and head
To prove your appetites are dead;
Who shaves his head and not his heart,
Is only a fakir in part,
But he his head has rightly shaved,
Whose heart from wickedness is saved."

—MRICHAKATIKA



ARE prayers answered? I wanted to know the inner meaning of the Buddhist religion, what it was that Gautama Buddha felt. Just what was the original message of the great Seer, the first and greatest of the Teachers who for seven hundred years strove to purge the Hindu religion of the grossness of animal sacrifice and the superstitions of the unenlightened. What caused this exponent of non-killing and non-resistance and the force of passive goodness to rise up five hundred years before Jesus the Christ, proclaiming the doctrine of peace on earth, goodwill towards men? ¹

¹ The canon of the Buddhists is known as the *Tri-pitaka*, or three baskets. The first basket contains the book on *Vinaya*, or discipline (produced by the monks). The second contains the *Sutras*, or discourses of Buddha, which comprise both religion and morality and are called *Dharma*, or law (the religion of the people). The third basket contains Buddhist metaphysics and is called *Abidharma*, or by-law.

The Buddhist through the Mahawanso tells of the ancient kingdom of Magadha, now Bihar and of Asoka, 273 B.C. its Mauryan king who expanded

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As I wove my quickly changing pattern of multicolored threads, over the map of India, I could find no bobbin that labeled itself the "Beauty of the Buddhist Faith." I saw temples and priests and statues and frescoes—externals. The heart of it evaded me. At the Jain Temple in Calcutta which is another "reform" of the ancient Hindu cult founded by the *Jina* (spiritual conqueror) a *Mahavira* (Great Hero) in 599 B.C., I saw a temple of glass, marvelous in its mechanical execution, built as a Shrine for the Buddha of the Diamond Eye whose third, or spiritual, eye was represented by a huge blazing gem.¹ His apparel was the sacred caste thread of the Brahman and a loin cloth. His worshippers were crowding to do him homage. On knees, or bare feet, they approached, until stopped by a silken cord beyond which, on a white linen square, the rupees, annas, and pice of the faithful were flung at his feet. I wondered how far the hastily-muttered prayers reached into those celestial regions illumined by the flashing eye.

Again came the question, What had been the consciousness of the Great Buddha himself?

What had caused 500 million, nearly one-half of the human race, to follow the path he blazed?

One letter in my pocket of most treasured ones for India was, I hoped, to be the key to this riddle. It was from a wonderful Hindu in New York to one who must be a wonderful Buddhist in Calcutta. In Brother D ——— he bore an honored name—the head of the Maha Bodhi Society, whose aim is the "United Buddhist World," I hoped to find the living spring of the Great Teacher.

Buddhism has only a toehold in Calcutta compared with all the other forms of religion, and it took a little effort to

Buddhism until there were 84,000 stupas and viharas scattered through India. Siddhartha Gautama, afterwards called Buddha (the Enlightened) died in 483 B. C., aged 61 years.

Pramnae in Asoka's time (third century, B.C.) were opposed to the Brahman priests. They practiced medicine by means of incantations, charms and amulets and did not go so far wrong, for that was an effective, though clumsy, method of practicing the Coué principle upon the ignorant.

¹ The Jain Temples are a concession to the laity and both Hindu and Buddhist customs are borrowed.

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locate the new building crowded in a city square cheek by jowl with more secular edifices. There, a young, grave-faced devotee gently conveyed the sad news that the head of the order was in Ceylon, where Buddhism flourishes (though Burma is its stronghold), and would be away for several months. Removing my shoes I was permitted to inspect the many frescoes, modern in treatment and at present raw in color, which depicted the scenes of Buddha's life. The altar was simple, a few flowers, a flame burning. There were no worshippers. All was quiet, the light dim, and beyond through an open door I glimpsed a courtyard and quarters for the priests and novitiates.

In Ceylon a month later, again I clutched my precious letter and sought audience with the secluded Brother D —, whom I had located after some effort in the suburbs of Colombo. "Yes, he had been there but was away at Kandy, or elsewhere."

At Kandy, though the Brother D — had gone to Matale, I was held by the charm and beauty of the Temple of the Sacred Tooth, embowered in palms and sacred trees, built on a hillside, its solid masonry masked by flowers. An incredible shower of blossom is used for Temple *pūja*. A royal devotee in Ceylon in the fifteenth century offered on one occasion 6,480,320 flowers at the shrine of the Tooth. At one temple it was provided that there should be supplied 100,000 flowers daily, each day a different flower. I was led up and down stone steps through corridors and rooms and courts to the sacred inner shrine where reposes that most revered relic—the tooth of Buddha—only shown on great occasion and once a year carried through the streets of Kandy in a gorgeous procession. The tooth is yellow and strange looking, about two inches long and narrow. Under seven bell-shaped covers encrusted with jewels lies this miraculous bit of bone upon a lotus of pure gold. Adoration was around me. Awful doubts of the unbeliever assailed me.

Again externals! I must find Brother D —, so on to

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Matale to the Temple of Alu Vihara I would go! But wait! The last place the priest guide took me was up a flight of stone steps, very steep, up into a tower with thick, thick walls and slits for windows. Around its circular wall were books, precious, priceless books of long ago, written on palm leaves with a sharp metal point, and the mystic grooves thus made—conveying man's thought, one to another—were filled in with indelible black powder, the India ink of centuries, and thus became legible.

By another spiral staircase of iron in the center of this room so heavy with the knowledge of the past, the priest led me to another room where still greater treasures of dead hands and brains were reverently exposed. A young priest whose face and bearing was one of great gentleness and intelligence, bent his shaven head over a strip of prepared palm and with his stylus imprinted a fragment from an ancient writing, put my name and the date on it, folded it four times, and with this token of reality I left the Temple, and sped towards Matale.

The Alu Vihara is one of the picturesque spots of this beautiful world. High on the rocks surrounded by forests, the buildings and carvings, courtyards and shrines are a story for the traveler, but he whom I sought was not there. The trail had vanished. The Reverend Brother was somewhere else—had returned to Colombo.

I remembered the Temple at Kelani near where he had gone. The grounds were large, well laid out with comfortable buildings for the order and the temple blared with astounding frescoes showing the various kinds of torments awaiting wrongdoers—devils' pitchforks, flames, tortures of the flesh—the most lurid of the 136 Buddhist Hells. Also an excellent series of Buddha's life that ran around the outer wall. Although legend states that this was the site of a shrine built by Prince Yatalatissa 306 B.C. and the *Mahawanso* (National Chronicle) written in Pali 500 A.D. by a Royal priest indicates that the original temple was

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almost contemporary with Buddha, all is now modern. I had no urge to seek further in Colombo.

So it came about having given up all hope, the prayer was granted and in this wise.

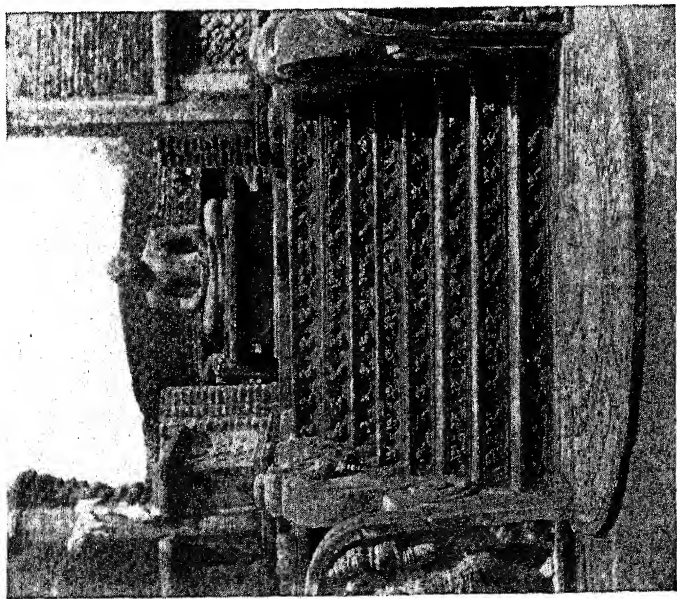
A week later, when upon a wholly different kind of hunt, for rogue elephants in the deep jungle, our motor car which was following the one road through it, stopped at a Rest House for tiffin and my host suggested that the Cave Temple upon the hill was an interesting Buddhist relic if one had not seen the Cave Temples in India. He had seen them and preferred sitting under a *punkah* and talking to the Headman of the village about game.

The prospect of a climb up to that giant black rock was far from attractive. The heat was great and my kit absurd for temples—heavy boots, Jodpur breeches, and a flannel shirt! I thought longingly of Trincomalee still many miles away—Trincomalee of the beautiful harbor and shimmering beach—a favorite bathing resort of the British when the East India squadron had its headquarters there.

Near the Fort every week, in the presence of a large crowd, a Brahmin priest from a huge precipice overhanging the sea, throws offerings into the water, thus rendering picturesque homage to a spot that is held in great veneration as the site of a Tamil Temple beloved by the Hindu gods.

A few miles away one finds the window-pane oyster, a favorite of the ancient Chinese, for its translucent shell. The pearls found in these bivalves are worthless as jewelry, but, like Cleopatra, who gave Cæsar a pearl to drink, the wealthy classes of India grind them up and use them as lime to be chewed with *betel*, thus forming an elegant variant of their favorite *pan*.

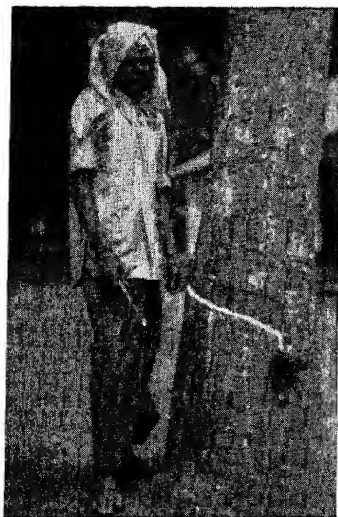
The white, smooth sails and gentle sea wafted a Circe call to partake of their pleasures. Also on the road was the Buddha of Polonnaruwa quite easy of access, near the Place of the Golden Dust.



(Left) BUDDHA MEDITATING.



THE GOLDEN DUST, POLONNARUWA—CEYLON
(Right) THE YOUNG SWAMI OF RAMKRISHNA MATH, CALCUTTA. TOMB OF SWAMI VIVEKANANDA IN BACKGROUND



(Upper left) TAPPING A RUBBER TREE, CEYLON PLANTATION
 (Upper right) A HAPPY GROUP OF SINGHALESE
 (Lower) FOUR OF A KIND, COLOMBO CRECHE, CEYLON. (See page 304)

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But no! An inner something urged me on and I set out in the broiling sun to go up that mountain.

The path led over rocks and big boulders and occasional stone steps. When nearly to the Caves a welcome strip of woods revived the energies of the aspirant. A walled gateway was opened at my summons of a deep-toned bell and the yellow-robed priest without comment led me to a white-washed portico and through a large doorway, over which hung a heavy mat to keep out the light and heat.

What a blessed relief was the dark, comparatively cool, though rather airless cavern! Different statues could be discerned looming dimly through the aura of a few winking candles. Then slowly shaping into the outlines of a vast recumbent statue I saw the sleeping Buddha of Dambulla.

The majestic figure lying before me in the cavern's gloom might have been eight or even eighteen times the grandeur of an ordinary man. My gaze, aided by two feeble candle flames held by a priest, could only explore a portion of the imposing outlines. Whatever the measurements known to the master sculptors who, nearly a thousand years ago, sought to express their divine subject, it mattered not to the twentieth century visitor from the New World. Gazing upon Buddha in that dark, silent place under the mountain, airless, subtle with incense, I felt that the resting figure in its sweeping draperies, stretched across the earth and yet was miraculously small enough to lie across my heart. It gave me a moment's thunderous understanding of the profound mysteries open to that third eye of seer-ship gleaming between the two placid closed ones.

Even with my unseeing eyes I penetrated the invisible and found the answer to my questioning in the marvels that were shown to me.

On the Buddha's head the conventional knobs which represented the head covering, were suddenly transformed into huge shimmering pearls, and behind it appeared a series of pictures, each showing a phase of the Sage's life. There

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were seven; the first and the last, the birth and the apotheosis, stood out more clearly when I saw them better, for while these were appearing in the background like a kind of psychic motion picture, I was within the Enlightened One's head and there experiencing an astounding revelation of light and space, where time was annihilated—because I was *in* time, not governed by it. It filled my being with a rapture not to be put into words.

I had the power to descend into the earth and see the entities living there. As I went through the rock under the great figure down into the mountain, down, down, into the center of the earth, I noticed how beautiful was the texture of rock, of what had always seemed to me a dull grayish or blackish substance, lifeless and hard. It opened out for me, appearing to have no more density than smoke, and revealed wonderful colors as though all the gems in the world, flecks of rubies, sapphires, onyx and diamonds, dots of garnets, amethysts and emeralds, were in its composition. Little beings about the size of my hand—or were they larger—how can one measure things where dimensions are not!—seemed busily going about, working at something, and took no notice of me. Several, however, looked at me in a friendly way and one definitely approached, bowing low. His queer little body was round-bellied with wizened legs and arms, and he wore a one-piece garment which seemed to be part of him. It ended in a point at each foot and at the top of his head.

Suddenly I felt myself receding back through the rock to the Buddha, of whom I had been conscious all the time in a glow of glorious, brilliant peace, and as suddenly began to travel on the top of Earth, but not the lovely Earth of external forms as I knew them. I entered the consciousness of Earth's children. I went into the heart of a jackfruit tree that was standing on the edge of the jungle. I felt every tender fibrile of its roots spreading out in the semi-darkness of the jungle floor, through the decayed leaves and the par-

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ticles of carbon and hydrogen, the gases, and ash of earth and little pockets of moisture.

On up into the tree I went and out through its branches, back into its fruit. Inside one of the great globules hanging in a cluster close to the trunk, I became one with the seed of maternity stored there for carrying on the genus of jack-fruit. Radiating from it, out to its circumference of corrugated skin, were long avenues of moisture and substance like thick, white clouds. Up to its core, through its stem and back into the heart of the tree in harmony with Nature's law, it sounded a happy joyous note, the note of G.

Out through the ambient air I sped sweeping into a thousand forms and always at the heart of each I felt the burning lambent flame of a being alive and joyous and singing its note in Nature's harmony. Here no disobedience of Nature's law caused sorrow and suffering. I learned that the rhythm of birth and death applies only to the outward forms. There is no separation of the life force. Therefore no pain, when the beauty of the waxing plant gives place to the decay and sleep of its night. On the morrow it will be born again radiant and joyous.

This secret was told me by the jasmine and the rose whose bodies had been given them at the creation by the radium and the dust of ruby and the flame of gold, and whose fragrance was compounded from celestial things. When I went into their hearts through which the sun was blazing in blinding radiance of color, no longer had they the firm substance of flower petals, though they held the form. In some mysterious way they were themselves, and at the same time the flower where I was—the jasmine or the rose—seemed to be one great jasmine containing all her sisters and the little pink rose was all the little pink roses that had ever been, that were blooming then or ever would bloom.

In a sweet vibrant note, that of E—they sang this song of smaller letters suggesting a patent medicine cure!

Then I entered the bodies of animals, but did not linger,

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for here I began to feel the pain of a broken law as the animal touched man's domain. I felt the death agony of a slaughtered sheep and other animals sacrificed to customs and to appetites.

Fleeing from this darkness, I looked out upon the jungle through eyes that commanded a far vision. A tremendous sense of power and the knowledge of jungle life possessed me. A wise old master of beasts was this elephant and his heart held both fear and contempt of man.

Then in birds and in countless crawlers I found, through myriads of forms, the same rhythm of love and life, of rebirth and death, flowed in endless harmony—telling the secret of one Life, one Law, one Force.

My heart expanded into a great throb of compassion and love for all created things. For the earth folk, the water, and air folk, for the living minerals and vegetables, for the fishes and animals and birds and gliding things. Above all, for suffering man and woman, poor cleft creatures, descendants from the perfect Adam, in whom was both male and female, to whom God had given dominion over the earth and all that therein is. But when Adam desired the daughters of men and descended into matter and knowledge of evil came, then Eve sprang from Adam and they became twain, each struggling through the cycles of deaths and rebirths to regain the union which was lost in Paradise.

If the Sleeping One did not feel that way about Adam and the fall, it was forgiven me, for again I was back with the Buddha, bathed in that ineffable but active "peace that passeth all understanding." It was then that I saw the pictures of Buddha's life more clearly; his birth, his manhood, his expiation, his meditation, his temptation, his teaching, his messiahship, and his illumination. When this last phase was shown me, it seared into my brain with a blinding glory that caught me up and up, and out, further and further into white brilliance until a sense of bursting all

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physical bounds, at once ecstatic and terrifying, brought me back to the Temple Cave with a snap.

I was grasping the railing around the great stone image of Buddha and breathing deeply. I had left ages ago—yet the two flicking tapers held by the silent priest were only half burned. They cast patches of fitful light upon the impassive, lifeless features of the Sanctified One. Not more than three minutes could have gone by.

I looked again at the Buddhist devotee beside me. His head was smooth shaven, his face young, his expression dull, his eyes sleepy. Apparently he had noticed nothing peculiar. A few minutes of silent adoration of the Great One to whom he was devoting his life seemed in no way curious even from a stranger—and a woman.

He now began the lesson he had learned by rote—about the statues and frescoes in the caves. Dimly his words reached my outer ears. The revelation of Buddha's world, seeing with the eyes of the soul and not with those of the flesh, had so shaken me that I walked out of that cavern into the flame of an equatorial sun, dazed and quite forgetting the usual offering. Although the Temple is wealthy I had to go back, through the blazing heat of the day, to leave my mite with a group of priests standing under a sacred tree, which was dropping a snow of petals upon the arid ground of the temple courtyard.

As I descended the blossom-strewn pathway, canopied by a tangle of tropical green, that held back the fiery caress of Agni though it could not subdue the all-pervading torridity, what brought me to a realization of externals was the panorama from this hilltop. It burst upon me though a frame of leaves revealing the rich lands of the temple, the stretch of forest, and, far beyond, the mountains of Ceylon, whose compelling beauty had, for days, of motoring on corkscrew roads over their tea-garden-clad slopes, held my senses in joyous captivity. The face of Nature was fair, but Buddha had taught me that the heart of Nature is paradise.

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We Christians feel that we speak the last word on right living and right thinking. Few of us realize the debt we owe to the Eastern initiates of the race, who blazed the path for the Greatest and last Messiah, the Son of Man and the Son of God.

Perhaps by contrast, the influence of the Christian is evidenced in the East in very practical ways, not to be undervalued. Before saying farewell at the Colombo station to a group of "Standard Oil Boys," who laid the garland of departure across my shoulders, and taking the night train for Danniskoda Pier to speed northward across that ribbon of water that separates Ceylon from India, let me give one or two glimpses of the foreigner's practical religion. Alas, we may not pass this way again and the people and the places of fair Ceylon are of compelling interest.

The British, to be historical for a moment, have been in possession of Colombo, the capital, since 1796 (wresting it from the Dutch, who in turn had taken it from the Portuguese in 1656) and of Ceylon, the state, since 1815. It is administered as a Crown Colony direct from "Downing Street" by the Secretary of State for the Colonies. The Governor is "under orders" for all affairs of state. Locally he rules with an executive Council, its seven official members representing the interests of the varied groups on the Island, one for the Burgher class, one for the educated Ceylonese, others for the low-country Singhalese, the Tamil, the Kandyan, and the Mohammedan communities.

Of its nearly five million inhabitants scattered over an area of about two thousand five hundred square miles, less than eight thousand are Europeans. Yet like all conquering nations the influence of the British is paramount and nowhere have I seen it more pleasantly exhibited. The natives as a class seem happy. The wonderful estates, the rubber and coffee and cocoa, that spread over the lower lands, and the exquisite tea gardens, covering the hills with geometrical patterns of green, are usually administered by a British

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superintendent and one or two assistants, while the hundreds, the thousands of laborers belong to the Island population.

On one rubber plantation of several thousand acres, which I visited, the comfortable, well-equipped bungalow was in the midst of scientifically planted trees, the land properly drained. Miles and miles of private roads made easy access to every part of it. The factories had the latest machinery for preparing commercial rubber, including a hydraulic installation for generating electricity. Everything possible is made on the estate, which is as self-contained as a city flat, though lead is bought from Burma and tin from Singapore, and oil from various sources. Nearly \$5,000 (£1,000) a year are spent on this last item alone.

This rubber plantation, where the latex is converted into the various kinds of commercial rubber—crêpe, smoked, sheet, etc.—is operated by a rich and well-organized concern which does not grind the face of the laborer unduly, as much care being taken with the human element as with the mechanical.

The coolie lines, or workpeople's quarters, were well planned, without extreme crowding. The houses are white-washed and disinfected at stated intervals; the sanitation is as good as the indifferent coolie will permit. There is a community store for cheaper provisions, and the Superintendent himself always sees every baby an hour after it has greeted the world with its first little cry. As it is his custom to leave a sovereign in its little fist, "the Master" is always informed. *Maladie* is the Singhalese name for a childless wife, but the word is not often used. Only two per cent of the women are childless. The average family has eight children.

"A planter must be everything from a midwife to a tin-smith," said my host after showing me his big medicine chest, which included a set of surgical instruments. A doctor is provided for so large a plantation, but it is the Superintendent who keeps informed by private and public telephone, of

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what is going on all over his miles of domain. The coolie wage seems pitifully small but it seems to be sufficient under this system of paternalism.

Nowhere in the East have I seen the European fit into the indigenous life so well as in Ceylon. There is a social life among the planters themselves very like that which existed in the Southern United States during Colonial days. There is much visiting from one estate to another, and as the distances are great and motor roads few, the visitor usually expects to be put up over night, and the accommodation of the roomy bungalow can always be stretched to the veranda or corridor, when a "party" is given.

The "girls" of all ages are given one guest room and the "boys" another. Cot beds are whisked out, window seats are utilized, and a dozen friends are tucked away happily for the land of Nod. There seems always to be plenty of servants to do things and the dinner hour is whenever the Master is ready. Seven, eight, nine, even ten o'clock seems to make no difference to those wonderful cooks, who evolve elaborate dishes with a few sticks of wood or charcoal and a pot or two. Housekeeping is elastic and easy "if you understand them." A friendly relation between employer and employed seemed established on the plantations, so far as I saw them.

Three instances of social service in Colombo will serve to show, also, how the Europeans' practical religion has been developed in a municipality. It must be remembered that this social service has been carried out by the Island population working under the direction, or the inspiration, of European methods, so while the incentive and organization has come from the Christian, the acceptance and the daily working out of details has come from the Buddhist, the Hindu, the Mohammedan; hence my refuge in the term "religion."

Up on a hill past the *pettah* (native quarters) is a *crèche* where working mothers may leave their babies for the day.

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The tots are fed, cared for, amused, and medically supervised. A group of Englishwomen support this *crèche*, but the doctor, the matron, and the nurses are all Singhalese.

Again, out by the old fort, on a little point running into the water, not now used for military purposes, is an interesting and cleverly adapted Boy Scout camp. There, character building is carried on through the usual methods of drill, and especially by the further adoption of the Woodcraft Boy Methods, such as the council fire, and nature study.

The able and enthusiastic organizer of it is a Y. M. C. A. American. His council contains a few Europeans. All the rest are wealthy men and women of Colombo. His troop leaders and scouts are, of course, drawn from the population.

The last picture is that of the beggars, and what Colombo did with them. The story reveals so practical an application of Western methods to one of the great curses of the East that one wonders why it had not been tried before. However, the problem is easier to solve in a small country like Ceylon. But Bombay has also begun to grapple with it by establishing a Beggars' Camp, made possible by the gift of a Mohammedan, and placed under the care of the Salvation Army.

To the Medical Board of Colombo belongs the credit of starting this pioneering. A dozen years ago it felt something must be done to remove from their beautiful city the stigma of being one of the unhealthiest in the East, because the death rate was so high. The doctors decided that this was due to the beggar population that swarmed its streets, as in every Oriental city, and that the loathsome diseases of these unfortunates spread contagion through flies to food and clothing.

An investigation lasting some time was started to ascertain the number of beggars and the number of deaths among them. Then the appalling facts were brought out that the average beggar population in Colombo was twelve thou-

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sand; that more than one hundred dead beggars were picked up off the streets each year, and about five thousand were carried to the hospitals in the last death throes. Nearly five hundred per thousand was the beggars' death rate! (The ordinary death rate of the community was thirty-five per thousand.)

Yet the total number of beggars did not diminish. The gaps in their ranks were filled by new arrivals. The question was, from where? They must be pouring in from outlying districts, even from India.

This proved to be the case. Regulations concerning vagrancy were finally passed in 1913, providing that the legitimate beggars of Colombo would be taken care of, either in hospitals or homes of detention. Those cured, who could be cured, were to be returned, together with the able-bodied frauds, to the ranks of the workers, and all beggars from the outside sent back to their respective communities, even to India, from whence many came, so that each district might "consume its own smoke."

The Ceylon Administration *Report for 1921* contains the following interesting particulars of what was done in eight years:

Eight hundred and seventy vagrants were admitted to the House of Detention during the year. Of these 553 were admitted from Colombo, 281 from Kandy, 14 from Nuwara Eliya, 12 from Karunegala, 6 from Anuradhapura, 2 from Hatton, and 1 each from Moratuwa and Galle. Of the 870 dealt with, 710 were Tamils, 123 Singhalese, 16 Ceylon Moors, 15 Coast Moors, 2 Burghers, 2 Malayas, 1 Maratha, and 1 Bengali. Employment was found for 84 vagrants, 674 natives of India who were unfit for work were deported to India, and 128 were sent to the Home for Vagrants. There was a slight decrease in the number of vagrants admitted to the House of Detention, 870 as against 926 in 1920. Since the House of Detention was opened in 1913, 5,260 vagrants have been dealt with. In 1921, fifty vagrants were found dead in the streets, and 185 removed to hospital, as compared with 109 vagrants found dead in the streets, and 513 removed to hospital in 1913. The provision of the House of Detention has rid the streets of vagrants to a great extent.

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The House of Detention referred to has two branches. One is under the Police control for receiving, sorting, and classifying the vagrants, the other is under the charge of the Salvation Army.

Here indeed is practical Christianity. To the Salvation Army has fallen the repulsive task of taking care of the hopelessly diseased and the temporary or permanently disabled. It is indeed fulfilling the command to care for the fallen one even "unto the least of these." So well has its work been done that Calcutta is now agitating for a Beggars' Camp along the lines of the one in Bombay. As municipal funds are low, the struggle between the Mayor and the Government still going on, the project is awaiting a benefactor.

Now, being back in Calcutta, the magic carpet doing this for us in four words, instead of four scorching days of travel, let me complete the circle of my adventurings with Religion.

About six o'clock one day in May when gasping Calcutta was beginning to emerge from 112 degrees of humid heat, a taxi and an amiable man of the European colony were taking me across Howrah Bridge over the Hoogly River. Two streams of life pour endlessly over it, passing left to right, English fashion. Long lines of bullock carts, motors, motor busses for workmen, and *gharris* (carriages) first-, second-, and third-class, bicycles, and *rickshas* darting in and out, the brilliant *saris* of the women, the hundreds of white garments—white being the prevailing dress for men and women—wove a colorful pattern of an Eastern scene. Our objective was another elusive retreat, the *Math* (a monastery) of Ramkrishna, the Vedantian Brahman. That it was near Belur and two or three miles up on the Ganges, were the vague directions, and, not having attained the powers of divination, the blazing sun was sending its parting glare to the under side of the leaves when our circuitous route finally ended at the old carved stone gate of the *Math*, hidden away at the end of a lane.

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Once inside, the picture pleased. Cool lawns, flowers, great trees, the broad placid river in the background, all made a restful setting for the tomb of the founder, and for the newer tomb of Swami Vivekananda, the last Vedantian saint and seer, who when his appointed hour came, just went out of his body quietly and left it sitting there in meditation. His disciples seeing him in this familiar attitude did not disturb him until they realized that this time he was not coming back, that he had joined his great predecessor, Ramkrishna.

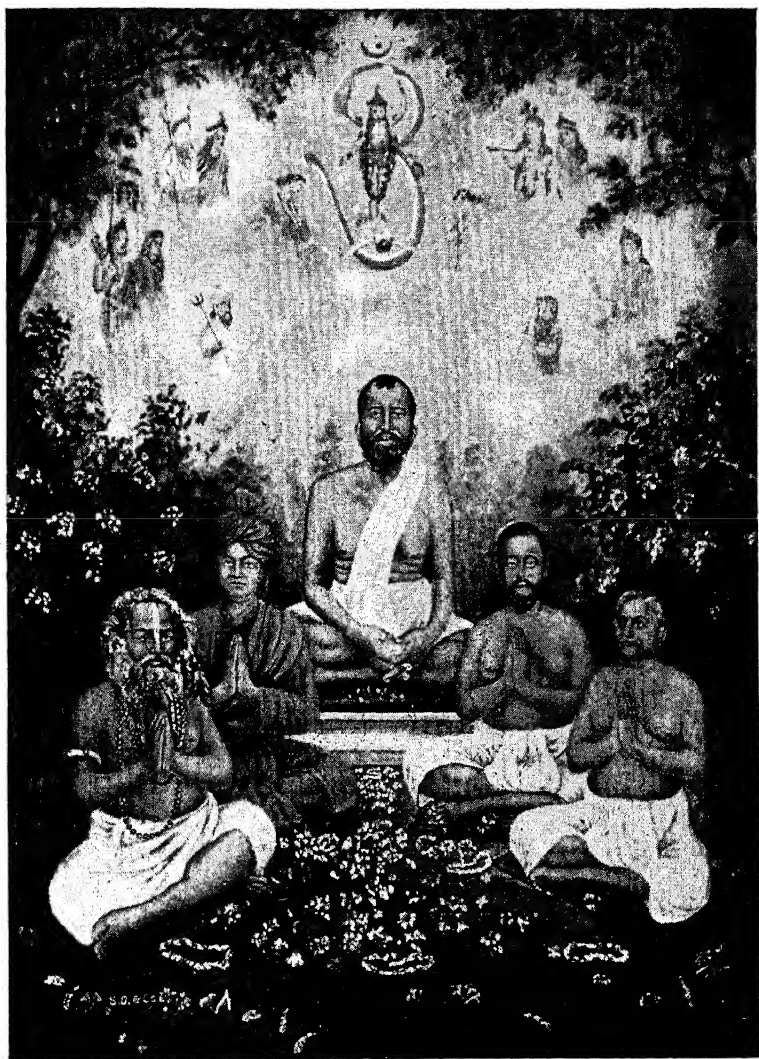
So, reverently they took care of his discarded earthly form.

The Swami of Ramkrishna *Math* does not shave his head, his esoteric life is adapted to the twentieth century, but when the power of Buddhic vision descends upon him, he becomes a saint and a seer as of old.

On either side of the park, surrounding the tombs, are substantial buildings. No one was visible. We were seeking the Guest House of the Order. Advancing to the far end, where I now heard subdued voices, we walked through a garden massed with flowers and I looked in the open door of what proved to be the sleeping quarters of the priests. A dozen or more were lying about, not yet arisen from their siesta.

Startled, I drew back, a strange place truly for a strange woman to be, or any woman at all, among this group of celibates.

With gentleness and courtesy, no sign of embarrassment, a young Swami arose and followed me out into the park and took upon himself the duties of guide. Passing the tombs he explained reverently about the saints therein and soon we were following him up a flight of stone stairs of a large building with enormous rooms and balconies overlooking the river, part of the monastery built, I believe, by Vivekananda to accommodate his disciples who flocked from far and near. It is now termed the Guest House and occupied,



(1) Swami Vivekananda.

(2) Goswami Bejoy Krishna.

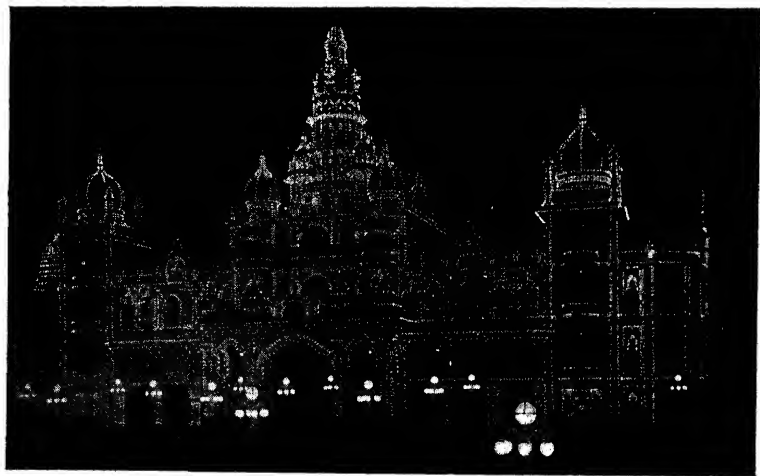
শ্রীশ্রীরামকৃষ্ণদেবের

সাধনোৎসব

(3) Mahatma Ramchandra.

(4) Birshadhak Girishchandra.

RAMKRISHNA PARAMAHANSHADEB AND HIS FOUR
SELECTED DISCIPLES.



(Upper) A "YOGI," A SAGE OR SACRED WOMAN ALWAYS MEDITATING
(Lower) MYSORE PALACE ILLUMINED WITH 40,000 ELECTRIC LIGHTS

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curiously enough, by one lone American woman! A cosmopolitan plant with her roots all over the world, this unusual woman and the unusual circumstance of her being there housed, in a monastery, was explained by the fact of her devotion to Swami Vivekananda—one of his disciples ever since the Swami's visit to America. She had stayed here during his life and now was granted hospitality whenever she was in Calcutta. As a learned English professor of the Bombay University had written in his letter of introduction, "You will find our friend, Miss —— in the heart of many things Indian."

This I soon felt to be true. Here again I was in the bosom of the esoteric teaching of India which has run a golden thread down through the ages. We talked long, far into the deepening shadows of the evening. The lights began to twinkle on the Sacred River flowing beside us, the Oriental outlines of Swami Vivekananda's Tomb were no more real to me than the looming proportions of his teaching from which this Western woman, buried in the heart of the East, drew back the veil a little.

It was ten o'clock that night before the patient business man got us back in Calcutta for dinner.

"Jemima!" he said, shaking his head, impressed, yet hating the feeling, so revolutionizing to his normal habit of thought. "That spooky place! That spooky woman! Those swamis, those tombs—those saints, dead yet living! I've been years in India and I have never seen anything like it! Never! It's all here, just as one has always heard. But I never believed in it before!"

The next day, alas for me and my study of modern Brahmanism, was my last in Calcutta. The disciple of Vivekananda came out of her retreat, and with another extraordinary person—an English scientist, working on relativity and the power to predict crops, revolutions, etc., through a scientific study of natural phenomena—we had tiffin at the smartest place in Calcutta. We all wore the usual light silk

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clothes of the European in India. We discussed politics, Government and Swarajists, also municipal hygiene and Bengal's problem of education. There was nothing abnormal about the trio. Yet the vision of supreme doings lay behind the eyes of my companions. Conventional phrases, mechanical habits of thought, fell away and we talked, without fear of being misunderstood, straight from the holy places of our inner lives, lit by the flame of comprehension. Many examples were given, bursts of perception, concerning Nature's unity with the divine law of which everything in the universe is but an expression, and which all things carnated or excarnated, obey. Glimpses were given of the marvelous unfolding of Nature for the Sons of God who may reach the Eternal through Nirvana, enjoying an aeon of impersonal bliss, or through the Occultist's strenuous path of personal immortality.

Again I saw beyond externals and at last I could leave India satisfied that the mysteries were there for those who steadfastly seek. In the words of my hard-headed business man, "It's all here though few of us even dream of it." Through the mystic door thus slightly ajar I envisioned the marvels behind it. My message of the Cave Temple of Sleeping Buddha was brought to life in the work-a-day world.

Also with the Western disciple of Vivekananda I shall ever do reverence before the shrine of her Vedantic Teacher.

BOOK FOUR

WITCHERY OF THE BACKWATER

. . . There bloom

*Gigantic flowers on creepers that embrace
Tall trees; there, in a quiet, lucid lake
The white swans glide; there "whirring from the brake"
The peacock springs; there, herds of wild deer race;
There patches gleam with yellow waving grain;
There blue smoke from strange altars rises light,
There dwells in peace the poet-anchorite.
But who is this fair lady? . . .*

—TORU DUTT

CHAPTER XIX

THE STRANGE WEST COAST

Through Tea-Clad Slopes of the Wynaad to Calicut: Where Women Hold the Purse Strings: The Matriarchal System of the Nairs: The Zamorin and Thamburattis: The White Jews: Ruling Family of Travancore: The Royal Consort and Mrs. Palat, Princess of Cochin: Along the Mysterious Backwater: Temple of a Thousand Lights

“The flowers of the fig tree, a white-colored crow, a fish’s foot in the water, one may see—but not what is in a woman’s mind.” —*Sanskrit Proverb*

MOTORING from Ootacamund Hill Station and summer capital of the Madras Presidency, high in the Wynaads, among the Nilgiri *Ghats* of the West Coast, I greeted the dawn from the window of a planter’s bungalow. Regular lines of glistening tea bushes spread an undulating carpet over the steep slopes that stretched away in every direction. Silver oaks for shade were interspersed at intervals, their graceful foliage often festooned with pepper vines. Through the lateral branches of a Mollacana and a monkey puzzle tree, rising from the Blessed Damozel Garden of the bungalow, where on occasion porcupines and panthers had not feared to come, I looked out upon an exquisite scene, typical of all South Indian tea estates. Along the drive were silver cotton trees in full bloom, no leaves, only crimson lotus-shaped splotches against a tender mist that still clung to the waking world. It gave a Japanese effect, of nature clothed in art by man. In addition to the usual guest-room appointments, the morning light revealed a rifle standing ready in one corner and a loaded revolver upon a shelf near the bed,—suggestive reminders that this fair-seeming spot might reverse its face and show an investigating panther, or a coolie run amok, or that another Moplah uprising might spread rebellion and terror through the land.

Of such strange companions is woven the charm of this

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country. The twin cups of beauty-ugliness, pleasure-pain, light-shadow, safety-danger are rarely separated.

My immediate objective was Calicut and a meeting with the Nairs, where the woman holds the purse strings and the man only visits his wife when she will let him. These people opened up a strange perspective from India's bound womanhood.

Skirting the mountains, as we proceeded ever downward, the heat began to rise. We lost the rioting lantana, the rhododendrons, the jungle rose apple, the groves of spicy eucalyptus and streams choked with calla lilies. Long passed were the chinchona trees, those of the healthful bark. On the day before, near Ootacamund in a Government factory, I had watched the quinine rising to the top from oil, as thick as pea soup, and smelled the sharp bitterness of it in the air as some of the 30,000 pounds a year was being turned out to fight malaria. Occasionally, on the mountain road a *dak walla* (post runner) would appear trudging along, jingling some rings on an iron rod two feet long to keep people and animals away. More often our motor got the precipice side of the road in dispute with a heavily loaded bullock cart. At last on the plains the heat met us in a veritable inferno.

Calicut presented many fascinating by-paths. One is life among the Moplahs (corrupted from Mappillas), a sect of Mohammedans in Calicut, but of Christians in Cochin and Travancore. "One Moplah is worth ten Christians and five Hindus," runs the saying. They are hard workers, fanatical and largely illiterate. The women are taught a little Arabic so as to read the Scriptures. Another by-path is the Hindu life, which is both progressive and archaic. A third is the Commonwealth Welfare Commission, a co-operative industry which was started to maintain the Basel Missions. A fourth is the limited but definite English and American colonies. But the high road to a new thing lured me on, and that was a first-hand knowledge of the Nairs, beginning with

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my audience with the Zamorin of Calicut and his sisters, the Thamburattis.

It took a little official and diplomatic doing, and while waiting, lest I should get the Malabar head "which makes one even forget one's name," the steamy dampness apparently getting into one's brains and addling them, I jotted down some of the interesting things an ex-*Diwan* of a West Coast had told me.

It is a politeness not to inquire or even mention the husband's name to a Nair lady. One often has to go great lengths in circumlocution to avoid it and ordinarily a husband will not mention the wife's name in public.

The Nairs argue with faultless logic, "maternity is a matter of fact, paternity is a matter of opinion," therefore, the descent goes down through the female line and everyone knows just where he is. But although the women own the property the men have to do the heavy work of administering it, and where there is a title, it descends upon the man through the woman.

The essential to a marriage ceremony is the handing over to the wife of a piece of cloth eight yards long. Here, for once, is where the bridegroom has to pay a "dowry."

The tulsi plant, the basil, sacred to Vishnu, is held in veneration as the guardian of the household as indeed it is all over South India. No home is so humble that it does not have this small-leafed mascot. Ladies of the old school after the morning bath used to pour water over the tulsi and drink it.

The large communal houses always had an open inner court which was the common property of all the various sets of families, those of the daughter's, the aunt's, the grandmother's. A large, wooden swing was usually to be found here, and flowers, sometimes a fountain. Here, too, may be found musical instruments, the harmonium and the vina, or bina, which give many a happy hour, as the Nair ladies are often proficient musicians. The liquid notes of their native

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tongue lend themselves to music that not infrequently is improvised with considerable skill and taste.

All over Malabar the ancient custom still largely prevails of being seated on the floor to partake of a meal which is served on fresh plantain leaves arranged on a tray. Favorite dishes are combinations of jackfruit and cocoanut. The hands are invariably washed before and after each meal. Well-to-do houses also had a grove of banana, cocoanut, and jackfruit, and a bathing tank. Some of these are elaborate and used as reservoirs of water for the dry season. Both the phallic cult and the worship of the serpent still hold in the country of the Backwaters. A clump of wild jungle trees festooned gracefully with creepers is occasionally to be found in the Southwest corner of respectable Mahayali Hindu gardens. All is sacred, every branch, every shrub. It is the Nāga-Katta (sacred serpent god spot). Even the snakes living there are sacred. They sometimes punish human beings by biting them, and the unfortunate is left to die as having incurred the anger of the gods.

Divorce is an easy matter in Malabar. The wife lives in her own home with her children and the husband visits her as often and as long as she sees fit. His real home is with his mother's family. In the old days, if a husband sauntered to his wife's abode in the pleasant cool of the evening and found a gay pair of strange slippers resting on the doorstep, he knew that somebody else had stepped into his shoes, as it were, and retired with as good grace as he could muster. The morality of the wife was intact so long as she remained faithful to one husband at a time and her rights to choose the father of her child were not disputed. It is said that eighty or ninety per cent of the marriages continue. Its very freedom keeps the marriage tie unbroken. Divorce is so easy that the two participants are very careful to be pleasant with each other.

On the other hand, this being off with the old love and on with the new on the wife's part, sometimes developed crazy

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jealousy in the discarded one, who would seek his successful rival and relieve his feelings with the sharp blade of the Malabar knife. A magistrate told me that the greater per cent of crimes on the West Coast were "jealousy and knife cases." The fidelity idea among the Nairs was illustrated by two stories.

A Brahman was receiving candidates for heaven. The Brahman said to one, "You go to Purgatory" and to another "Come in." When questioned as to why he cast the one to torment and the other was admitted straightway to Heaven, he made answer: "The last one has had two wives and he has had trouble enough, but the first one has had three, and Heaven is no place for fools!"

The other incident deals with the assumption that a woman will never lie about the paternity of her child and if, therefore, a woman accuses a man of improper conduct, he may be punished.

There was a certain lady of the town who was living an exemplary life, but for one reason or another had become a target for considerable gossip among the fair sex of her community. She finally decided to be revenged and going to the authorities she lodged a complaint of improper conduct against their husbands, fifty-five men in all. It caused a great to-do in fifty-five households, the men were all put out of caste and the wives humiliated and presumably the lady satisfied with her "day's work."

It seems that the title "Zamorin of Calicut" is always held by a man, while the inheritors of the estates are his aunts, the *Thamburattis*. The Zamorin's wife is merely a consort. Neither she nor her children may eat with him, as they are lower caste. They do not live in the palace, but in a separate establishment. Neither does the Zamorin's son inherit the title. This goes to the son of the Senior *Thamburatti* who is likewise the Zamorin's senior sister, or if she has no son, the title passes to the next sister's son and so on. If the *Thamburattis* have no male heirs, the title will

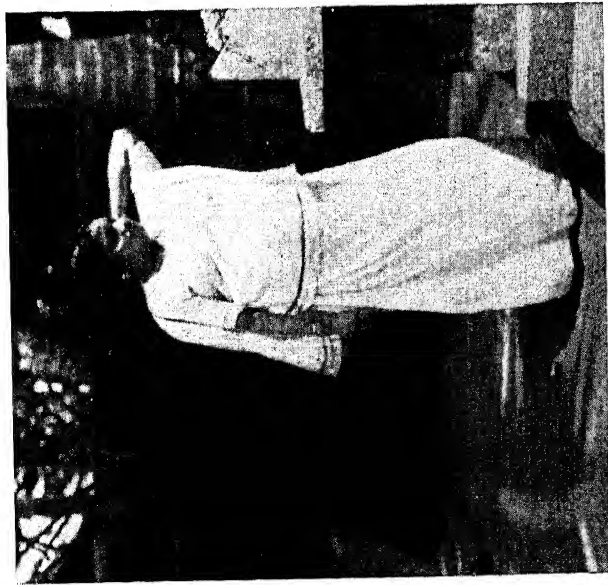
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go to the first son of the granddaughter's. The *Thamburattis* belong to the Kshatriyas or warrior caste and must marry Nambudri Brahmans, of Malabar, as these priests are the highest caste there is. The Sivaite Brahmans are ascetics but the Vishnavites marry and become ascetic later.

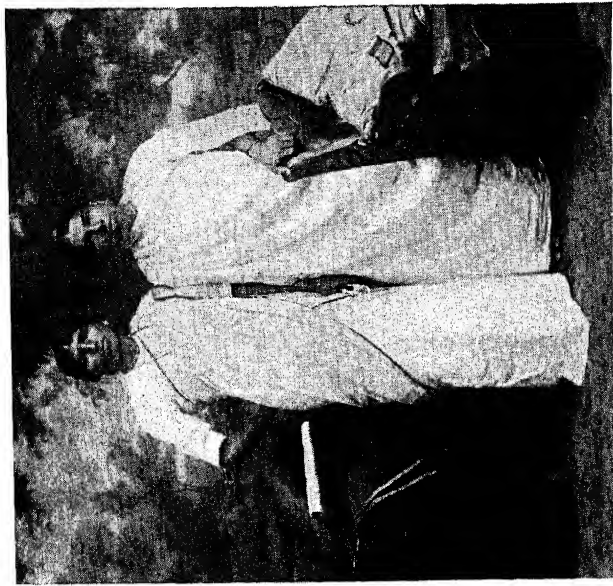
The palace of the Zamorin lies several miles outside of Calicut. Unlike any other I saw in India, its life seemed a survival of customs two thousand years old. Spacious, dignified yet primitive, the Durbar Hall has a stone floor, heavy wooden logs supporting its massive roof, a raised platform, or dais, with carving at the back, and its top formed by a balcony connecting with a building beyond. The sides were open. The courtyard on the right led to the Palace Temple, and on the left to the Zamorin's quarters. The palanquin of state stood in the outer courtyard. There were no gardens, no palms. Everywhere plain stone and wood.

Although the Nairs do not practice *purdah*, the *Thamburattis* are very exclusive. I was told mine was the first audience they had consented to give to a foreign visitor. The three senior and two junior Princesses were seated in ordinary cane chairs, around a table upon which had been placed a printed cover and a vase of flowers. They were barefooted, their draperies were white, very sheer, stiff gauze with black striped border. The lovely young gazelle-eyed Princess wore a small cloth folded over the bust and held in place by the arms, for the ancient custom of this country was to wear the upper part of the body uncovered and even the highest caste women to this day remove all covering, but a skirt cloth, when praying in the temples. Even the Zamorin's consort has to uncover to the waist as a mark of respect before the *Thamburattis*.

The hair of the young Princess was oiled and curled and her gold necklaces were most elaborate. The older *Thamburattis* also wore gold necklaces and great golden buttons about two inches in diameter, in their ears, the lobes of which are trained and stretched from childhood to accommodate



(Left) A HINDU LADY OF CALICUT (Note—the West Coast women wear no head covering)
(Right) V. K. DROUPADI AMMAL OF TRICHUR (left). SHE HAS DEGREE OF B.A. AND L.T. AT MADRAS UNIVERSITY, 1918
AN EDUCATIONAL PIONEER ON THE WEST COAST





(Upper) THE SENIOR THAMBURATTAS OF CALICUT ON THE MALABAR COAST
 (Lower) THE HIGH-CASTE NAMBUDRI PRIESTS, BODYGUARD TO THE ZAMORIN
 AND PALACE HOUSEHOLD

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these ornaments. The ears of one Princess showed only the loops of flesh which meant she was a widow and had to put aside adornment.

The *Thamburattis* are educated in Sanskrit and in the vernacular. When asked about their amusements the little Princess said they liked the rose-ball game and the "Kai Kotti Kale" which is a dance combined with clapping and singing.

Overhead on the balcony hung a fringe of intelligent dark faces of the *Thamburattis'* communal family, about one hundred and fifty children in all.

A warrior caste boy was requested to show me the Zamorin's sword in a great copper sheath. It was presented by the conqueror Prince Cheruman Perumal before he went to Mecca. As he had no principality to bestow on the ancestors of the Zamorin, he gave that chief his sword with all the territory in which could be heard a cock crowing at a small temple near by. This formed the original dominions of Calicut, a corruption from Colicudu, meaning cock-crowing.

Word was brought that His Highness presented his compliments and regrets that since it was his hour of devotion he was under the law of silence, but he would be pleased to greet me. Wondering what that might mean, I immediately arose and followed a Nambudri priest to a further courtyard, there to encounter the strangest little ceremony in all that strange West Coast.

I was directed to stand in the doorway of a tower. Inside was a small landing with stone steps leading up and down from it. Two priests stood outside and motioned me to silence. I waited several minutes, curious for the next move. Then I heard steps ascending the winding stairs. Soon a figure appeared clothed only in a short loin cloth of pure linen and carrying in the right hand a brass vessel of sacred water. The Zamorin stopped, looked at me, and bowed three times. His middle-aged, rugged, but kindly,

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face broke into a smile. Again he bowed, then turned and mounted the next flight of steps to continue his prayers in the room above. The audience, or rather spectacle, was over. The priest told me that His Highness spends many hours each day in prayer. He rises at four-thirty, takes a bath, and has devotional exercises until noon. Then he eats—and makes more devotions in the afternoon. He does not talk to any but Brahmins.

Returning to the hall the P. C. *Cherimchumbatti Tham-buratti* or senior sister, presented me with the vase of flowers and a plate of sweets. One last shy smile from the little Princess and high walls shut out a scene that cannot have changed since the *Kourvas*, or Moon folk, fought and were conquered by the Children of the Sun.

The growth of commerce and the crowding of people into towns is breaking down the old communal system of the Nairs; and Malabar, the most thickly-populated district in the world—along the Cochin Coast the density is two thousand to the square mile—is slowly yielding to changed conditions.

Education of woman is only a little more than one-half a century old anywhere in India. In Calicut it started as late as 1906, when a public-spirited Nair opened a Girls' School in order to educate his daughters as a tribute to his mother for having supplied him with a "foreign" education. "The Indians," he said, "are not given proper *early* education; superstition stays with them. We are in the land of fiction. As a youth even, I was always looking to find a mountain of gold, or the heaven tree. You can get everything you want from the heaven tree. When I got an English education, I decided that all my children should have a Western education. The home needs educated women. You have army and navy and professions but we have to be writers and teachers and clerks."

This pioneer school, and its two hundred pupils, were eventually taken over by the Municipality, but it only car-

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ried girls to the fourth form, using the vernacular of Malayarum. The Brahmans and Mohammedans being married at the age of thirteen, the girl's schooling usually stops.

School girls belonging to the Kshatriya caste must go to a special room when arriving home, and change their school clothes, purifying themselves before joining the family. They can eat only at home. The Anglo-Indian (a term now used to designate the Eurasian) always wears European dress, Christians, called "Tiyas," and "Nazarenes" are Jacobite Syrians, and wear fan-shaped *saris*.

Ammal is the polite equivalent for "Mrs." among West Coast women. They talk principally about children's books, household duties, cooking classes. Their chief ambition is to marry and have children. A few want the larger life and their number is increasing.

When I first heard of the matriarchal system under which Travencore, Cochin, and Calicut are governed, I was thrilled at this stronghold of woman's supremacy operating in a country where the mass of women were held in appalling mental and physical bondage.

The West Coast was to be a real adventure in woman triumphant. Women who held their own and ordered their lives to suit them and to whom the man was subservient.

Arriving at Trichur, in the little Cochin State of a million inhabitants, I was met by a courteous official, several in fact, and conducted to the State Guest House which had been opened for my accommodation as guest of the Maharaja, not Maharani, please note. My first discovery was that the woman does not rule, except as regent. As at Calicut, the title descends through the oldest male offspring of the eldest sister. The wife of the Maharaja is only a Royal Consort. Her children (and his) do not inherit. The dignity falls upon the oldest son of the Maharaja's oldest sister. The title goes down through the nephews or failing that, the nieces. I was to find that this law of primogeniture is followed throughout all the Nair communities and the West

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Coast generally. It worked very well in this agricultural district so long as the property was vested in land and house, but my bubble of Woman Triumphant burst when I learned of several laws made in the last few years which really gave the men more rights while apparently giving them less. One of these was framed so as to make it compulsory for a man to support his wife, and another to provide for the children. In our social system this seems a step in advance, but to the West Coast woman, it is forging a link in the chain which will deprive her of her freedom. She has started on her way towards becoming a chattel. Sooner or later, the power always goes to the one who pays, and the one who is paid for, becomes the dependent.

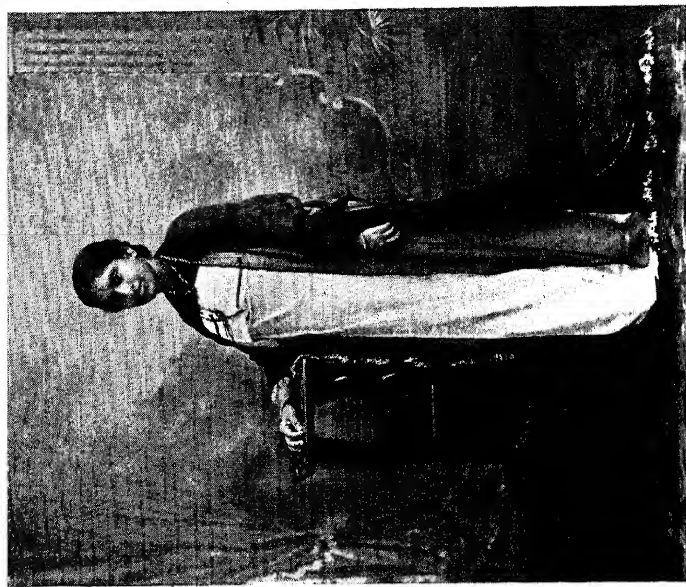
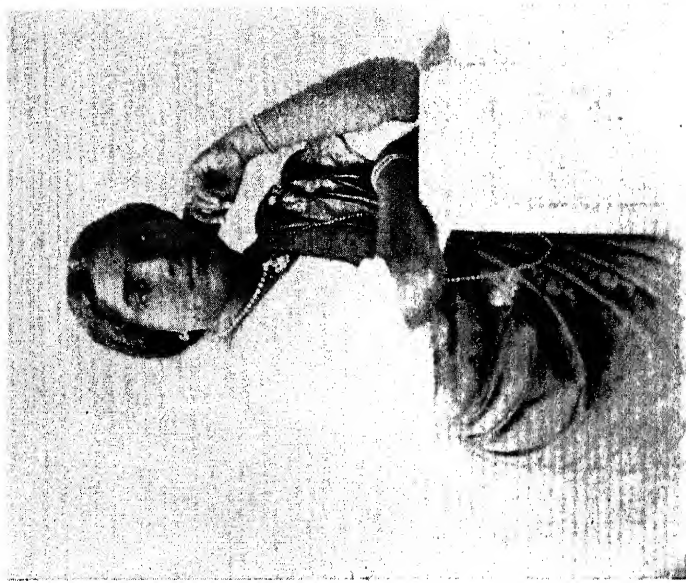
A few days later, standing in a beautiful mansion surrounded by gardens, belonging to the Residency at Travandrum, farther down the coast, the Political Agent of the Government discussed with me the interesting events also then taking place in Travancore.

The Maharaja of Travancore, with whom I had enjoyed a private audience, shortly before his death, having no heir, adopted two young women, who were distantly related to him, as his "nieces," and they became the Senior and Junior Ranis. It happened that the younger Rani became mother of the first boy. He has, therefore, now succeeded to the *musnad* as Maharaja Rama Varma. However, the Maharani Regent is not his mother, but his "aunt," the Senior Rani, who is Senior Female member of the ruling family. She was duly installed Regent ruler for the eight or ten years' minority of the young Maharaja, who rejoices in the name of H. H. Sri Padmanabha Dasa Vanchi Pala Rama Varma Kulasekhara Kiritapati Manney Sultan Maharaja Raja Rama Raja Bahadur Shamsherjang!

At the temple of Padmanabaswami, the young Prince was invested with the sword of his ancestors, and at the Durbar he received the jeweled turban of the Travancore Maharaja while his aunt and his mother have been given the added



HIS HIGHNESS MAHARAJA RAMA VARMA, THE LATE RULER OF TRAVANCORE, WHO
RECEIVED THE AUTHOR SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH



(Left) H. H. THE JUNIOR MAHARANI OF TRAVANCORE, MOTHER OF THE PRESENT MAHARAJA
(Right) H. H. THE MAHARANI REGENT OF TRAVANCORE, WEARING HER INVESTITURE DURBAR ROBES

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titles of Maharani Sethu Lakshmi Bai and Maharani Sathu Parvathi Bai respectively.

Both of these ladies are delightful hostesses. They each received me in their separate establishments with the assured, informal dignity of the well-born European. Their manners to their husbands are in marked contrast to the "Master of me and my soul and Lord of all" attitude which the Hindu wife has had forced upon her so long that she implicitly believes in it, until education, or a Nair training opens her eyes to the dignity and "personal rights" of the individual.

An ex-*Diwan* and a liberalized Brahman told me with much appreciation of the contrast in wifely conduct of one Nair Princess as compared with women of other communities, that on one occasion when he was discussing affairs of state with her, she requested her husband to leave the room as she wished to discuss matters without being interrupted!

But even so, the sad truth would force acknowledgment that the women of the West Coast in spite of their measure of freedom and education, have so far to go on the Equal Suffrage trail that they do not even know that they have started. All these new laws of which they are so proud, though probably alleviating unfortunate conditions, lead not to emancipation for them but to enslavement and loss of liberty. There is, however, a vanguard of progressives among them. To mention only a few, there are the broad-minded Maharani Regent of Travancore and keen-souled Mrs. Tembe, a musician at Travandrum; the Royal Consort of the Maharaja of Cochin, who has received the Kaisari-Hind gold medal for furthering the "intellectual and moral development" of the country, her daughter, Mrs. Palat, also energetic in social service; the clever Mrs. Velayudha Menon, head of Ernakulum's Girls' School; several surgeons and physicians, the capable heads of Women's Hospitals; the University graduates, and a few Club leaders scattered

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throughout Malabar. May they, and the rising generation, have the vision how to organize the Strange West Coast so that the Matriarchal system will not die out, but will develop the dignity and power of womanhood to build a social fabric of true equality where nobody is the "under dog."

There is still another curious survival to be met with at Cochin. It is the little colony of "White Jews," a mere handful who have persisted for several hundred years ever since the Portuguese discovered that there was gold to be made by trading foolish things for other foolish things. Over on a little spit of land in the bay of Cochin is the ancient synagogue of unpretentious wood with a rattletrap European clock from the Middle Ages and some metal tablets of great antiquity. Along the narrow street live a corporal's guard of these pale-faced survivors of another civilization. Very shy and reserved, only their friend could have opened to me the doors of these Ruths and Rachels and permitted a glimpse of them. Like orchids in a hothouse, they live their lives in the community, but not of it.

In little Muttancheri of British Cochin, there is a sample of everything, a palace, a Residency, a small English club, the oldest European church in India and branches of Big Business, but most of all it is the place from which I stepped into a commodious launch, fitted with servants and food, for a trip south through the Backwaters to Quilon in Travancore.

Oh, that Mysterious Backwater! To describe it one must have the tongue of poetry, the voice of music. The long hours of gliding through placid waters with distant shore, a rim of feathery green. More intimate hours of narrow channels whose banks present a slow-moving reel of coconut palms, sandy soil, and native life. The half-naked children playing happily, the wife cooking an evening meal, the husband perchance down by the water's edge with a flambeau, fishing. As night advances, these darting flames

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from many torches are reflected in the water mirror, as myriad flicks of light.

The tropical sun has cast its slanting beams upon the distant ocean, here and there visible through the trees. A wave of molten gold sweeps toward one and is gone, in a burst of crimson, purple, and turquoise.

The moon climbs over a group of feather-duster palms, making the waterways in shadows even more mysterious. An alligator goes "plop" into deep water, a gull circles beyond. Out again in wider waters, all the earth is stilled in the twilight hush and then the glow of nature's harmony is broken by the realization that the launch also is still and the engine throbs also hushed.

Stuck! Marooned on a sandbar! The bewitching Backwater, like a coquettish maiden, does not hesitate to change its channel. There was sand where a day before sand had not been. All alone in a boat with strange boatmen, and shall we add, a Nice Young Man and no chaperone. No more food. A group of Guest House servants and a Maharaja's representative being kept waiting at Quilon with no way to send word, and a 6 A.M. train to be caught. That was the problem that Mrs. Grundy obtruded upon the exquisite stillness of a still night in a still launch.

It rather put out the light of the moon as one, two, three hours crawled by—when behold! somebody had an inspiration. Nearly all the crew went overboard and actually pushed that launch into deeper water. At three o'clock when the moon had gone to bed we landed at the Guest House dock and were escorted by a lantern procession of house bearers, coolies, and courteous officials. They conducted me to my room as though I had six times the two hours for sleeping.

It was the time of the New Year Feast. I knew that the Great Temple at Ernaklum at the other end of the Backwater was ablaze with a thousand candles, and crowds were

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moving about in it for it was the night that the god Siva sleeps and every one must stay awake to watch the world.

Outside my veranda a casuarina tree rustled strange music and the sacred pipal leaves were whispering "god messages" in the grove beyond. Somewhere near, a drum was going vigorously. Tum! Tum! Tumpetty Tum! Sleep was impossible, so perforce, I joined the worshippers of Siva and kept vigil on that Mysterious Backwater. Pearl of great price, translucent, exquisite, it glows as the last jewel placed in this antique Indian setting of the Strange West Coast.

CHAPTER XX

THE HINDU WIDOW

At Poona: A Word about Caste, Early Marriage, and Widowhood: Two Philanthropists, Ramabai Ranade and Mrs. Vitthaladas Thackersey: A Great Reformer, Professor Karvé: Hakim's Family Pays a Visit: Good-bye to Hakim's "Yes, Lady Sahab"

Here, O my heart, let us burn the dear dreams that are dead,
Here in this wood let us fashion a funeral pyre. . . .

We are weary, my heart, we are weary, so long we have borne
The heavy loved burden of dreams that are dead, let us rest,
Let us scatter, their ashes away, for a while let us mourn.

—SAROJINI NAIDU—"In the Forest"

IF Madras is the heart of Hindu India, and Calcutta its brain, surely Poona is its spirit. Here I found the greatest developments of social welfare among the Hindus themselves and when Western methods are used they are adapted to the needs of a Hindu population. What more hopeful sign of a change can there be than when reform starts from within? Ideas and customs, not chains, make slavery. Perhaps no idea grown into custom has provided so colorful a history among billions of people through thousands of years than the caste idea.

No Hindu woman was permitted to marry below her caste. As there were too few men and, as there was no place at all in the Hindu scheme of life for spinsters, the plan of marrying the girl as soon as possible became more and more popular. Also, owing to the exorbitant dowry and exacting wedding celebrations, runs the proverb, "The birth of a daughter is to a Brahman the beginning of anxiety and expense."

The *zenana*-bred mother does not recognize the reason for baby marriages, of course. She is fed by the priests a more effective story and will tell you that it is to enable the father to enter a better class in heaven. As the girl child is considered by the father to be his to give away, the purer he can make the gift the more virtue. Therefore, if the

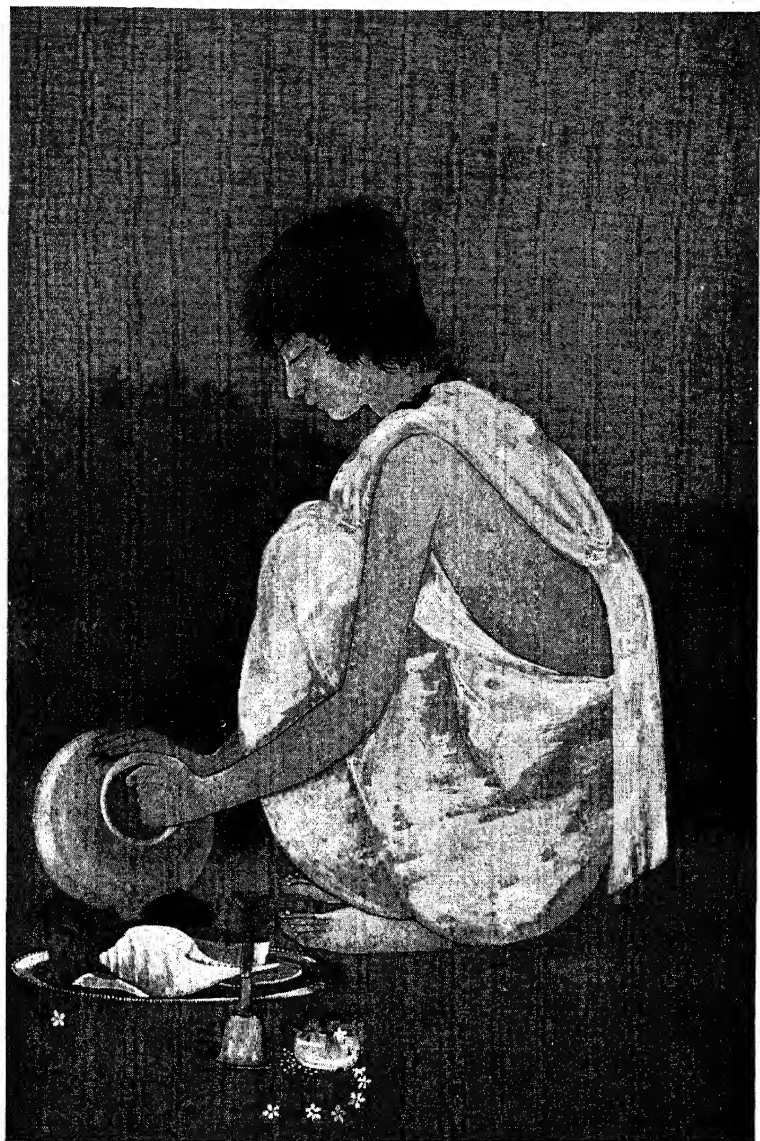
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daughter is settled in life, *i.e.*, bound to husband, before she is five, the father goes to the first-class heaven (and may speak a good word for his wife whose soul is in his keeping). If between five and eight, the father can only expect a second-class heaven. Between eight to eleven, a third-class heaven and after that—only hells, possibly a collection of hells!

And once widowed, what hope was there for her! She was regarded as one accursed. Only to look upon a widow's face brings bad luck.

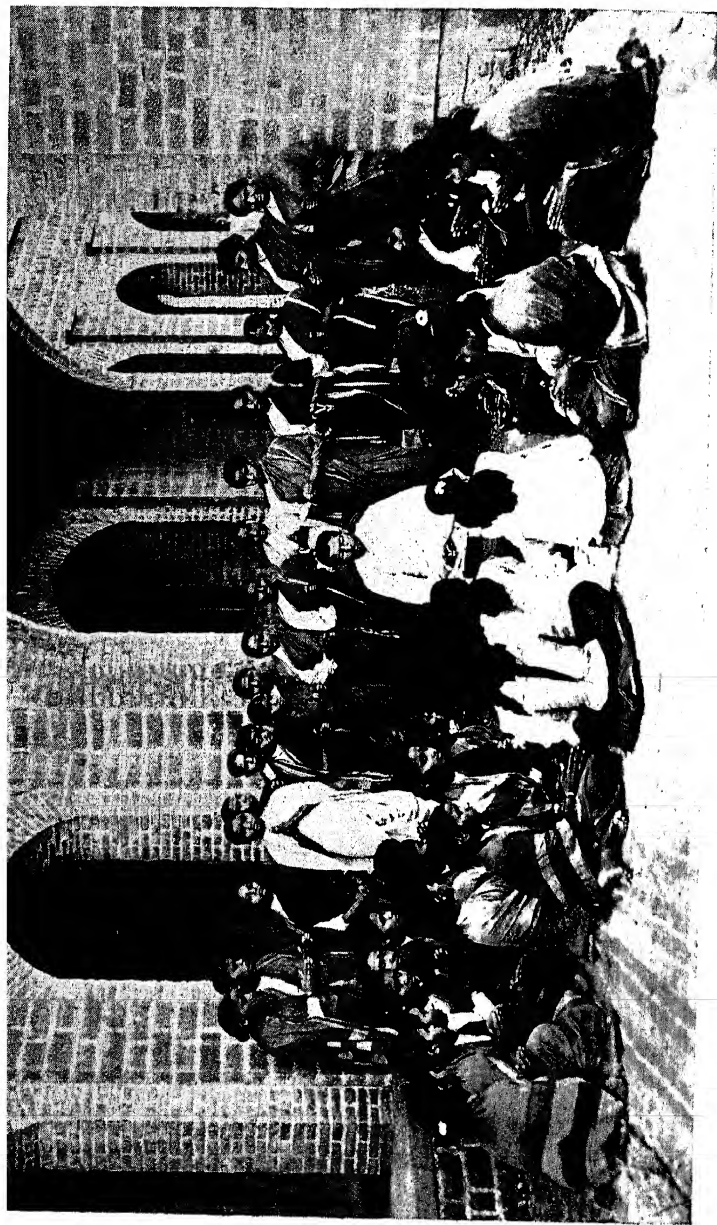
The story of why the Hindu widow has such a hard time, so that many preferred the quick torment of a funeral pyre to the lifetime of slow agony, is given in the legend of the great god Krishna and Radha, the shepherd girl of Bokhara, whom the god loved above his seventy other wives because she was industrious and spent her spare time in weaving rugs for her lord's pleasure. The more idle seventy, resenting this industry and the favoritism of their husband, conspired to place some thorns in a rug Radha was weaving. When these thorns bruised the flesh of Krishna, he summoned his shepherd girl to him in anger. Radha took the reproaches meekly, feeling in her goodness that it was better for one to suffer than the whole seventy. But the god in his wisdom saw what had happened and loaded her with favors and proceeded to deal out a punishment to his evil-spirited wives. He assembled them, full seventy strong, and banished them to the Lower Kingdom and decreed that each should have the name of widow, that she should be stripped of all jewels and finery, and that she should undergo perpetual loneliness, never to have another husband and never to be touched by the hands of the righteous. Thus Krishna pronounced the doom of the widow who was to be punished forever because of the evil within her which has brought sickness and death to her husband.

Let her buy freedom for her lord with love songs to him and to the gods in the kingdoms of Immortality.



THE HINDU WIDOW

From a painting by a Calcutta artist, Durgashaukar Bhattacharya



EVENING PUJA AT KARVE HINDU WIDOWS' HOME AND A GROUP OF WOMAN'S UNIVERSITY STUDENTS

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To keep up man's monopoly is one secret of "caste" and one of its worst sides is the Hindu "enforced widowhood" so insisted upon by the priests, and about which, we are told, terrible practices have grown up which permit immorality and torture of girls under the cover of worship and sacrifice to the gods.

What kind of a god but a man-made god would be pleased to receive a temple gift of a dozen little girl widows roasted alive? It is a striking perversion of the mystic idea of sacrifice. Love of a Heavenly Father for His children plays no part in the Hindu religion. There are many love songs to the gods but they seem to express human love personified or sometimes impersonalized. A temple girl is made wise in the arts of love. Her adorations are "caresses made into lyrics." For the ignorant masses, fear and sacrifice, and dumb obedience to the mandates of priests have built up an inheritance of personal slavery for the woman, that is hard for a Western woman to understand. She can only observe that it is so.

I personally do not feel that to depict only the woman slaves, the Raja's despotic power over life and the temple horrors gives any more truthful picture of India than to have the United States portrayed by accounts of the child murderer and the women-criminals, and the men who drag women around by the hair of their heads and roast them in furnaces and chop them up and put their bodies into trunks that are shipped by express, or a mother who feeds her family ground glass, or wild cow-girls who have hairbreadth escapes dangling from precipices and being pursued by rum-soaked villians, and generally "shot up." Yet these things must exist, for they are all most graphically depicted in blood and thunder movies which find their way to the cinema houses of India and feed the public mind with such impressions of American life. There are still worse ones, where the crook is triumphant and the criminal given a halo.

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Plots which, taken literally, suggest to the Hindu observer disturbing ideas of American public morality.

I am sure that to many an Indian mind the "American Girl" wears a flannel shirt, leather breeches, riding boots, a sombrero, and a big pistol in her belt, just as many an American believes the East Indian girl goes about with nothing on but a gorgeous turban, a gold girdle, and a jeweled brassiere.

Caste, the root of many Hindu evils, in its origin was a distinction between Aryan and Dravidian rules drawn up as a guide to marriage. Caste is only "a distinction of *this* body," said a wise one, and among the orthodox often considerable liberty of ideas is allowed, but not of *action*. As a "caution against too great activity even Kali, when drunk with action, while clearing the world of evil, was shamed by both gods and men."

Also the wifely submission idea has been carried to its ultimate. Lakshmī Bāi Tilak says in Marāthī, "As a river loses itself when it blends with the ocean, so the bride becomes one with the family of her husband." Even among the better classes of orthodox Hindus, the wife never goes out with her husband, never speaks of him by his given name, always prepares his food and serves it, eating afterwards, she walks a pace or two behind him and greets him in the morning by kissing his forehead and his feet, and then washes his feet.

Wondrously does the loving wife offer up the crushed perfume of her heart. As Priyambada Debi expressed it long ago:

Yet I love thy body. Day by day afresh through it have I satisfied a woman's love and desire by serving thy feet and worshipping thee. On days of good omen I have decked thee with a flower-garland; on days of woe I have wiped away with my *sari* end thy tears of grief. O my lord, I know that thy soul is with the Everlasting One, yet waking sudden; some nights I have wept in loneliness, thinking how thou didst drive away my fear, clasping me to thy breast. And so I count thy body as the chief goal of my love, as very heaven.

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A husband might have a hundred women in his life but the slightest breach of wifely etiquette entitled him to brand her as unfaithful. Cutting off the tip of the nose was this mark of Lilith (sometimes the ears also), which forever proclaimed the woman as doomed. At Poona I saw a woman so marked. She was then under twenty and had been widowed four years. Married at ten to a man of fifty, she had been allowed a little education. Running away from the intolerable conditions of her home life, she accepted quite innocent help from a foreigner in order to carry on her studies. Captured and brought back to her husband's *zenana*, for there was no law to aid her, she was mutilated and would have died of despair but for the timely demise of the "Husband Lord." Something primitive stirred in me when I saw this girl and knew her story—a desire to smash down the wall of the "Thou Shalt Nots" and break into a million bits the merciless fetters of superstitious custom that bind Hindu womanhood.

My chance to try came soon. It brings in the story of three philanthropists, two of them widows. It also brings in more about Hakim and Hakim's widowed daughter. As "Yes, Lady Saheb" began this series of a thousand brush strokes on an Oriental canvas, it is fitting that Hakim's "Yes, Lady Saheb" should furnish the last bits of light and shade in this impressionist's picture.

The scene was laid at Poona. And first a further word about this interesting Hindu city. There are many centers of learning at Poona. Ferguson College has many men who have dedicated their lives to teaching young India and accepting only a pittance of Rs 75 a month. It has a girls' dormitory attached to it. I saw twenty-six young women among nine hundred men students, their bright-colored *saris*, worn with natural grace of bearing, made brilliant spots in the landscape, and their clear-eyed intelligent faces indicated ability to take the higher education.

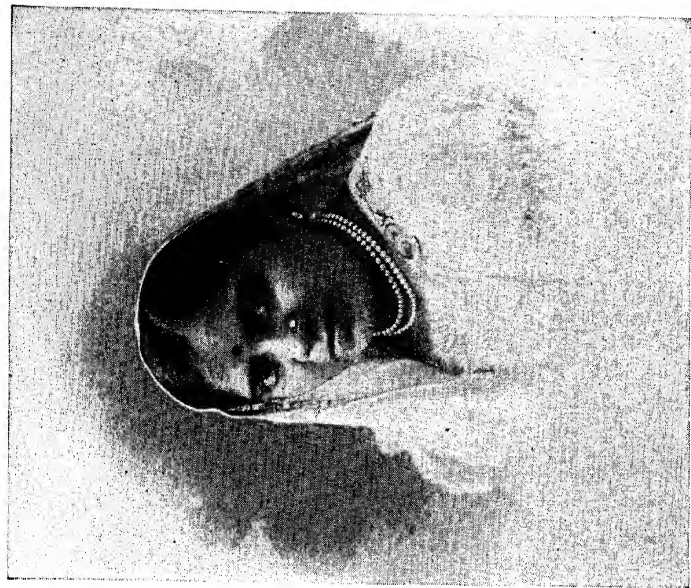
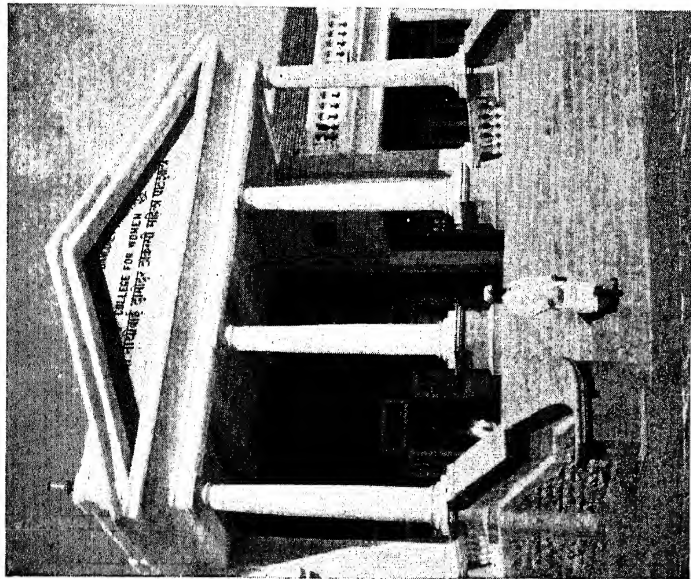
"Girls are equal to boys in intellectual caliber but dif-

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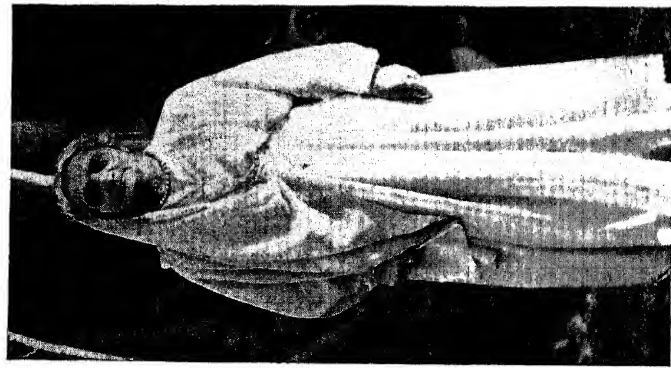
ferent in quality of their minds, in some respects, and have better memories," was the comforting decision arrived at by an educational commission after exhaustive study. It would have gladdened the heart of Pandita Ramabai of Poona, the greatly-beloved pioneer in woman's advancement, who died in 1910, had she lived to hear it!

Another unusual organization with headquarters at Poona is the Servants of India, founded by Hon. Mr. Gokhale. It is composed of thirty men who begin with a five-year probation and are trained in a higher system of government, politics, civics. It is like a religious order in the complete service given and the dedication to a lofty purpose. In its splendid library the student could pass his life happily did he not feel called upon to labor outside. The life of a Servant of India holds a strong attraction for an idealist with a practical strain.

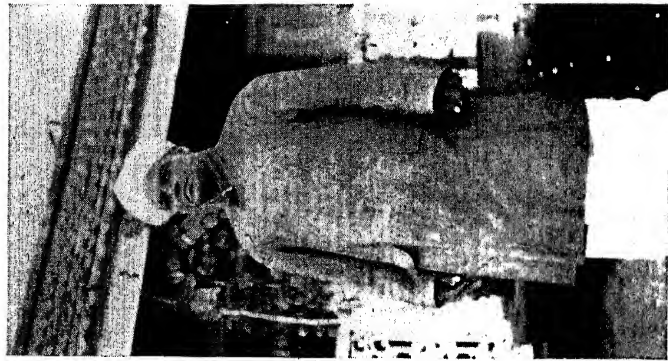
Today there are, probably, three hundred thousand Hindu widows in India under fifteen years of age and over two million girl wives not more than ten years old. At first, volunteer societies must deal with this problem, as changing public opinion is the only way it can be successfully met. Too abrupt legislation would only cause revolt and a more tenacious clinging to old standards. It is as far back as 1824 since the British East India Company prohibited *suttee*, yet to this day there are rumors of widows who destroy themselves at the husband's death. A wife is taught to believe that her soul passes into her husband's keeping and that she is accursed when he dies because she is considered responsible for it, due to some wickedness in her which must be expiated by sacrifice all the rest of her life. The existence of the child-widow must be terrible to have so many voluntarily seek death in order to escape it. Burning one's little finger to the bone in a flame was a test for *suttee*. Another was stirring boiling rice with the bare hand. A proud boast used to be that one's grandmother or great



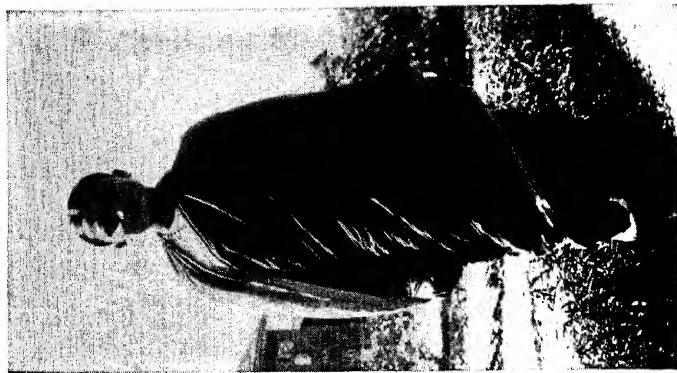
(Left) THE INDIAN WOMAN'S UNIVERSITY, FOUNDED BY HER SON IN MEMORY OF SHRIMATI NATHIBAI DAMODHAR THACKERSEY
(Right) PREMILA VITHALDAS THACKERSEY



(Left)



(Center)



(Right)

MISS LENA SORABJI AT HER SISTERS HOME AND SCHOOL, POONA, BOMBAY PRESIDENCY, INDIA
 THE HON. SRIVANASRI SHASTRI, HEAD OF THE "SERVANTS OF INDIA," POONA
 A TEACHER AT THE KARVE HINDU WIDOWS HOME

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aunt had "stood the test" and was deemed worthy to become *suttee*.

Now a hundred years later the Government has taken another splendid but drastic step by refusing to legalize marriage before the age of fourteen. How many of the orthodox Hindu fathers of this generation are going to send themselves to hells in order to abide by the law of the British Raj? It will be, however, a great aid to those who are escaping from priestly domination and realizing the evils to the race of such early marriages. Thus growing public opinion will ultimately bulwark the law.

In China, when the powerful Tientsin Woman's Club declared against concubinage by barring its membership to any but first wives and thereby crucifying many sisters, cousins, daughters, nieces, of their own ranks, it struck a vital blow to plural wives. Likewise, although there is a law against foot-binding, the progressive Chinese women of Soochow organized the Anti-Foot-Binding League, and got prominent men and women to join it. Thus the reform was accomplished socially much more quickly than by legislation alone. So in India, the Hindu Widow Reform League of Lucknow and of other places is pointing the way, but Poona saw the birth of this pioneer movement in Seva Sadan and the Karvé Hindu Widows' Home.

The first of my philanthropists was Mrs. Ramabai Ranade, widow of Justice Ranade, a wonderful public-spirited man, who founded the Seva Sadan. She has not only found freedom from the black disgrace which is draped so heavily upon widows but has lifted the sadness from many a bereft heart, as well as oppression from many a little wife who longed to take a more equal place in the life of her husband. Mrs. Ranade has made the Seva Sadan her life work and, with a score of efficient workers, most nobly has she carried on and developed this organization that, accepting the fact of early marriage, provides a training for brain and hand for the married woman, and self-advancement for the widow.

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My second philanthropist was the wealthy Lady Vithaldas Thackersey, who came to me in her beautiful drawing room wearing (as becomes a widow) a white cotton *sari*, no jewels, no stockings, no *sindoor*, the caste mark of red powder on the forehead, no *alta* (henna) on her feet, only leather sandals. These, later, she left outside the door, when she showed me the marble shrine room sacred to her husband's memory. Here a low prayer table, six inches from the ground and about three feet square made of woven cords and covered with white cloth, was placed before a painting of her beloved husband. Her sleeping room, also floored and walled with marble, held only a cane lounging chair, a small stand holding six books, and a bed that stood in the middle of the room. Beside it was a small table and electric light and over both was suspended a mosquito net. An inlaid recess in the wall provided a *puja* place for her husband's miniature—nothing else, no easy chairs, no toilet accessories, no rugs. A beautiful marble balcony opened from it, where a peacock was perched, and from another side she led the way onto a series of roof terraces where she spends much of her time contemplating the wide country which lies spread out before her. The fringe of Western *ghats* rose bare and brown, deep shadows marked their sharply sloping sides. The plains between were dotted with mango trees and acacia. On a green island in the river, some water buffalo grazed, and crimson *saris* were drying upon the river stones.

The gardens and grass plots, arcades and Greek peristyles of the palace, stretched below in shimmering moonlight. The afterglow of an Indian sun caught the river in flashes of rose. It was a scene of marvelous beauty, of palatial Oriental splendor, with its one little woman in bare feet, white cotton, denuded of ornament, destined to a life of solitary sacrifice amid the beauties that her husband's wealth had created! She probably will not travel (there are no children to tie her—another great sorrow), because

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it would not be respectful to her husband's memory. She is a reform Hindu and has modern ideas about education but she rarely leaves her palace on the hilltop, and spends long hours each day in *swami-bakht* (worshipping her husband). At *puja* she will have perhaps the *shaji*, a metal basket for prayer, some yellow and white god flowers, and sometimes at *arati*, the evening prayer with lights, she may have a conch shell from which the sacred notes are sounded.

This is the woman whose husband gave fifteen *lakhs* of rupees to build an Indian Woman's University, dedicating it to his mother, Shrimati Nathibai Damodhar Thackersey. The white marble columns and broad portico of its main building are even now giving forth a substantial welcome to the new generation.

In the founding of this University, Mr. and Mrs. Thackersey have built upon the work of Prof. D. K. Karvé, India's greatest reformer, as it seems to me. He struck at the very tap root of woman's subjection, and with a great vision—a tiny hatchet, for he was without money—and an indomitable will, he has been hacking away ever since. The story of his beginnings of what is now the Karvé Hindu Widows' Home Association pulsates with the heroic qualities of the Ramayana.

Having acquired a brilliant education himself, his life for a time was devoted to teaching mathematics in Girls' Schools in Bombay, where the conviction forced itself upon him that something must be done to help the Hindu widow. At the age of thirty-four he was called to a professorial chair in Fergusson College at Poona. His wife dying shortly after, he finally succeeded in breaking down family opposition sufficiently to marry a widow and thus demonstrate his belief in widow remarriage. Out of his meager salary a portion was set aside each month to educate a widowed niece who later was persuaded to face ostracism and marry again. Only the strictest economy and self-denial made it possible to save a third of a salary of Rs 75 a month (about

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\$25) for he was one of that valiant band dedicated to poverty and teaching. But it was done, and another young widow and another were put into a position to help themselves.

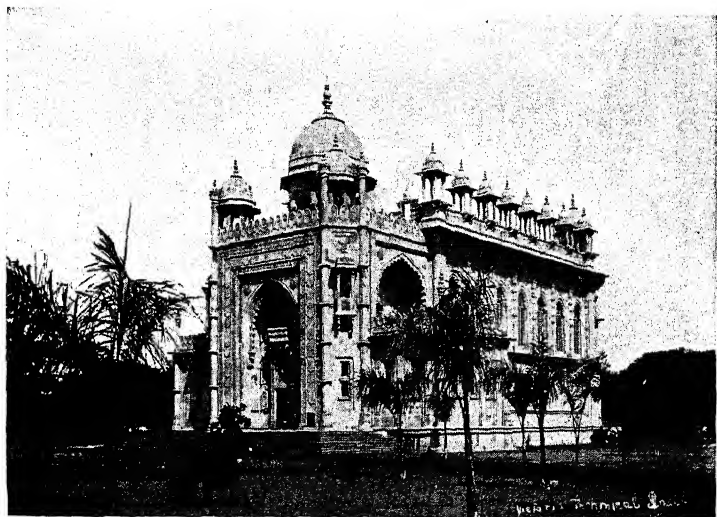
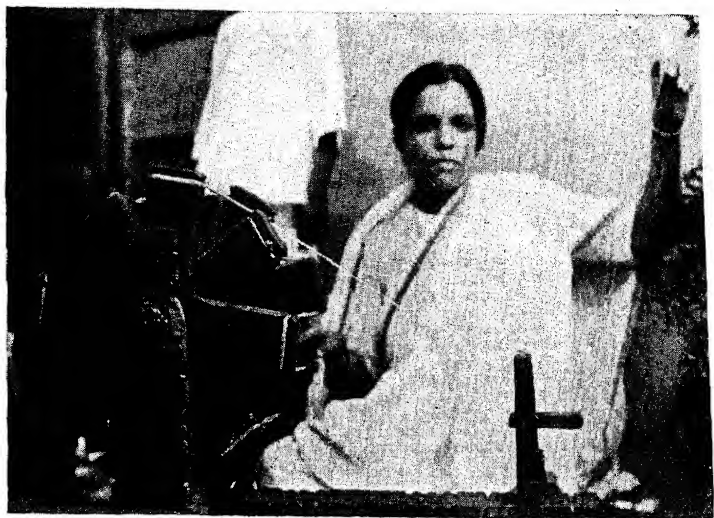
Professor Karvé traveled about the country during the long vacations, lectured, and argued, and collected funds. A Widow's Remarriage Association was formed. Then the nucleus of the Hindu Widows' Home was started in 1901. This led to the founding of the Mahila Vidyalaya which sought, through education and celibacy, to encourage marriage at a more advanced age.

In 1910, he established a self-denying body of women (chiefly widows) who would devote their lives to its administration and to social reforms generally. When I visited the Home it presented a series of many buildings in a large compound. Over one hundred and fifty girls and young women were being "provided with the means of leading an independent, honest life which should be useful to their sisters as well as themselves, and help forward the cause of regeneration of women generally."

The curriculum is cleverly planned. At the Karvé Hindu Widows' Home, a child of six may begin a primary education which may carry on through a middle, a normal, and women's university stage eventually to the honors of England's highest university, if she has the brains and the will.

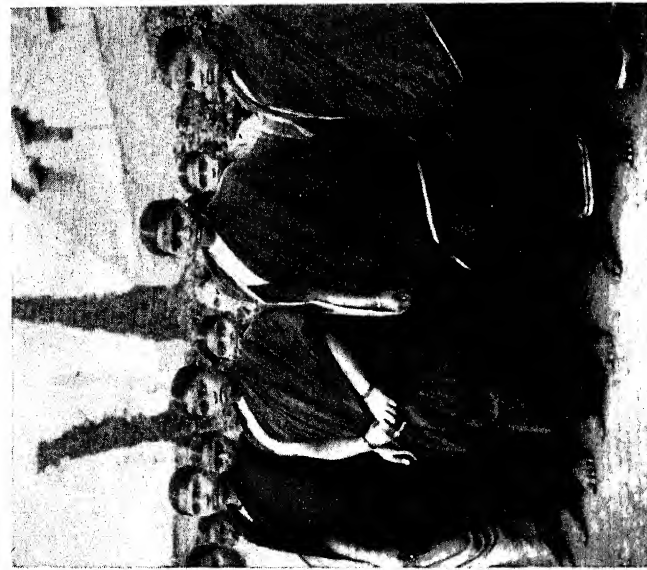
The first two years' course is in vernacular, usually Marathi. Then the student takes up English and Sanskrit. Her scientific education is now carried on by English textbooks. Much attention is given to music. A knowledge of the construction of Hindu music, the *tanās*, and of its various instruments is required, and ability to play the Vina, *Long Rāgās* (sacred songs) are learned. Much of the poetry and mythology of the Sanskrit literature is thus absorbed with the learning of this root language.

Think what this means to a mind crushed by disaster! To be lifted from being a blight on the family to a con-

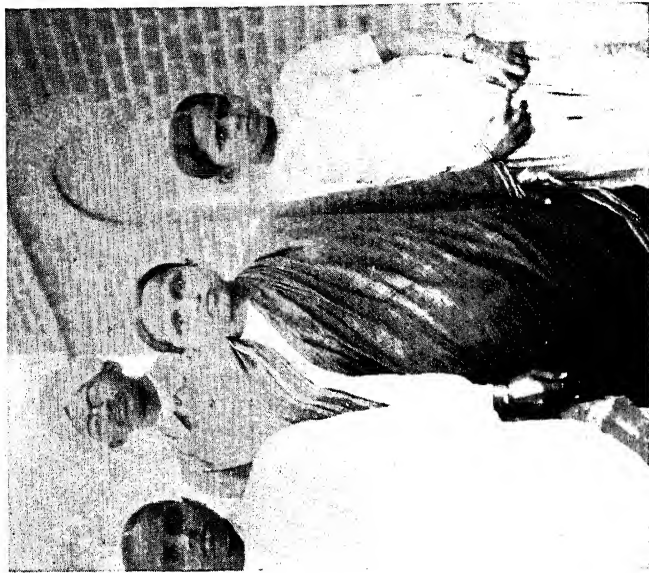


(Upper) K. R. SUBBARAO ZEMENDARANI OF KUMARAMAGLAM, AT HOME,
SPENDS TWO HOURS A DAY AT SPINNING WHEEL. FIRST ELECTED WOMAN
MEMBER SYNDICAT UNIVERSITY OF MADRAS

(Lower) VICTORIA INSTITUTE OF HANDICRAFT AND INDUSTRIES, MADRAS.
(See page 350)



(Left) POONA SEVA SADAN—A GROUP OF INDIAN WIDOWS
(Right) THE KARVE HINDU WIDOWS' HOME AT POONA. MADE POSSIBLE BY THE VISION AND ENERGY AND SACRIFICE OF ONE MAN



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sciousness of worth and an interest in the larger world that broadens and deepens as the years go by! In several classes I saw mothers and daughters, side by side, learning to read and write—the young mother having to work the harder of the two! What is the reason for such a state of society? Again came the same answer—caste.

One cannot understand the Hindu Widow if one cannot appreciate the inexorable laws made by the priests and crystallized by centuries of blind obedience to them.

So many rules, for example, hedge around the business of eating for the orthodox Hindu. He must have bathed. He must have performed *puja*. His food must be of a certain kind, prepared in such a manner and by such a person. If an outer-brother casts a shadow of a shadow upon it, the food or drink is defiled and will be thrown out, even though there is no other to take its place. I have known a high caste Brahman Official, the Maharaja's personal representative in a Hindu State, to fast until four o'clock in the afternoon because his duties had called him to accompany me on a long motor ride from eight in the morning.

I was by far the more uncomfortable of the two as he calmly watched me partake of an elaborate luncheon, discoursing the while on the history of his people. He said the pious Hindu lady especially fasted often beyond her strength, that twice a year his wife performed a three days' *puja* and fast which so depleted her that she was of little use in the household for a week. In many high caste households it is the duty, even yet in the changing times, for the mistress to prepare the meals, as no food can be eaten that has been prepared by an inferior. His wife, therefore, worked very hard preparing food in advance for the men of her family and on the first day of her fast could keep up about her duties, the second day she was quiet, and the third day she was very quiet. The ultra strict observers even abstain from water. On the fourth day when the

WITCHERY OF THE BACKWATER

fast was broken, only a little rice water or thinned milk could be taken. It was a religious régime indeed, and this was in addition to her custom of fasting one day a week to purify her soul by disciplining her body!

Again and again I have known Hakim, who was always my best, though unconscious, teacher in such matters, not to break fast till noon when traveling, and when something happened to his supplies, which he carried wrapped up in a bandana handkerchief, he has gone the whole day without food.

There were many remnants left over from the meals with which I was supplied, which, certainly, he never touched. He often abstained from food from motives of economy and his diet at best was very limited—rice, lentils, and tea, with occasional fruit and sweets. These last were confections of sugar and *ghee* (oil-butter) flavored with nutmeg, saffron, or spices. A rupee a day was allowed for his food. If the station venders overcharged him and a few more annas had to be spent, his heart was pained. In a struggle between appetite and thrift the latter usually won. In the big cities he could buy rice very cheaply from the native bazaar and all was well. At odd moments when free from observation, he would indulge in the universal *pan*, much as the “American” chews gum for his digestion, not elegant, but pleasant.

It is unseemly for a bearer to be seen by his Saheb eating, drinking, without his turban or with his shoes. Once, in Southern India, Hakim entered my traveling compartment and did not remove his shoes as usual. The floor was thick with cinders and dust and in my heart I did not blame him, but I knew that the perfect etiquette of our relationship must be maintained. A glance at his feet, a “Hakim, I am surprised,” was all that was needed. The thin edge of deterioration got no farther, and even in camp and in jungle rest houses and times of stress he never trespassed again. He knew that *I knew*, but he did not know that he had taught me! As I recall the first weeks at Bombay and

THE HINDU WIDOW

in Rajputana and the things I had to learn that I had not found in books, I realize that much of my understanding of the thousand novelties in thought, action, and custom filtered through the always respectful, single-minded Hakim, who followed his routine of a well-trained servant, and by assuming my knowledge of Indian life, soon put me in possession of it. There were, however, a few flagrant cases pertaining to tipping, graft, and caste where my ignorance wore a palpably thin camouflage. Noticing a wrong psychology on the part of a waiter, I once asked Hakim what was the matter.

"Mem Saheb, pay too much money—spoil boy."

On another occasion, he said:

"Scuse, Lady Saheb, luggage boys not happy—work hard—wait for train—not much money."

So I evaded that bother by making Hakim the bursar, giving him never more than twenty rupees at a time for which he always accounted honestly to the last *anna*.

As Hakim performed so many personal services for me in his capacity of lady's maid it was a delicate matter sometimes to discover the hair line that separated it from "sweeper's work." Besides taking entire charge of my clothes, Hakim always made my bed, and when necessary, would tidy up my room. He even would carry water for washing, but wild horses would not make him touch it after I had defiled it with soap and hands, then it became fit only for a sweeper to touch. Once in the wilds of Assam the sweeper of the little bungalow where I was camping out went on a three-days' debauch and while that lasted the sweeper's chores were neglected. The result was highly unpleasant. If we had all died from the unsanitary conditions nothing would have made Hakim touch the sweeper's work. Neither would the "jungly butler," nor the black cook. Under compulsion Hakim brought me disinfectants which I had to apply.

Torn between his duty to obey my orders and his duty

WITCHERY OF THE BACKWATER

to his caste, Hakim broke through the servant rôle and assumed that of instructor.

"Lady Saheb must excuse," he said firmly, softening it by the full obeisance of bowing and touching his finger tips to his forehead. "Lady Saheb is stranger in country, does not know about caste. Have done many things for Mem Saheb, not bearer's work. When Mem Saheb was sick, did many things cannot do when well, but cannot do special sweeper's work. Would lose caste. Shame mother, father; shame wife, shame children. Very bad. Lady Saheb excuse—must not tell Hakim what no can do!"

That closed the incident. Not only did the iron grip of caste hold him but it was clear that I, too, would have to wait as patiently as possible for the sweeper to recover from his spree, or tumble from my high estate in Hakim's respect. Risking the sanitation, I preferred to be a *pukka* Mem Saheb (literally, good woman master). I accepted defeat with an air of superior, tolerant dignity. Fortunately, on the fourth day a shaky, sad individual attended to his sweeper's work to the relief of every one.

China had taught me the futility of combating the baksheesh custom, so I made a bargain that if Hakim would save me from the vendors' importunity, I would give him a chance to collect *dasturi* whenever I made a purchase. This worked well. My frank acceptance of his perquisites delighted Hakim. It cost me nothing as I always bargained closely. One day after a lively bidding I acquired some silver trinkets at Trichinopoly. Hakim appeared dejected after *his* interview with the merchant.

"Didn't the man give you anything?"

"No, Lady Saheb, only four *annas*. Man say Lady Saheb make good bargain, he lose money."

"Nonsense, I paid him sixty rupees." Whereupon Hakim flew to the man in great excitement and extracted more graft.

Another rather pleasant form of graft is the custom of

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present giving. When strangers meet by appointment through a mutual friend, each comes bearing gifts. My first experience found me like the unwise virgin with no oil in my lamp of courtesy. It happened at Poona and brings me to the final stage of this story.

Hakim begged a day's leave to visit his wife and children living there and whom he had not seen for several months. Hakim's Lady Saheb invited the family to call. Hakim got an advance in salary, put off the meeting for a day, and inquired if three o'clock would be a convenient time for them to come. I was interested to see them but beyond that, the occasion had no significance for me. I blush to think how I failed to live up to my proper Lady Saheb rôle.

They arrived—the comely wife, a widowed sister, a sad-eyed twelve-year-old widowed daughter, a fourteen-year-old engaged-to-be-married daughter, and a ten-year-old son, all dressed in their best *saris* with flowers in the hair of the bride-to-be, very sweet and clean and attractive, and in their hands they bore garlands of jasmine and garlands of roses and baskets of sweetmeats and fruits! All for their husband-father's Mem Saheb!

They found that important individual in a loose, silk dressing gown, for the day was hot, scribbling away in mad haste, with ink on her noble fingers, her hair none too tidy and *no presents!* No refreshments even! Nothing! It was a terrible moment!

What a way to keep up the prestige of the Western civilization! How could I throw *money* into the faces of these gentle, silk-covered, flower-bedecked women? I cast about me in desperation. A box of American candy (I have doubts that their caste ever permitted them to touch it) and some flowers obviously not intended for them was all the hospitality I could offer, and after many polite exchanges of compliments, interpreted by Hakim, the little party went away graciously bowing, though in their hearts must have been bitter disappointment.

WITCHERY OF THE BACKWATER

Calling Hakim back I gave him rupees and explained that I did not know what would please them so was asking him to get what each most wanted. He took the notes with many a thankful bow, hurried to his kin with the news, and Mem Saheb tottered back onto her pedestal.

Thus it was that when at the Widows' Home and deeply stirred by the promise of hope, pathetic as was its beginning, which the sight of those two young things, widowed mother and widowed daughter in the same spelling class, I suddenly thought of gentle Shaibya, the widowed daughter of Hakim. Here was a chance really to do something worth while for his family. Hakim was delighted at the idea. Then and there I arranged with the Superintendent for charming little Shaibya to have the one vacancy, in the Home. I promised to pay the small expenses, arranged for the necessary endorsements, and even got a highly cultured Indian lady I knew to transport the girl-widow from her home to the Hindu Widows' Ashram where she would be educated, and grow up able to earn her own living and know the joy of an independent existence, a free mind, and a free body, and freed from the curse of the widowed Hindu woman from living on one meal a day and being the household drudge.

With the glow at my heart of a good deed accomplished, I awaited results, after Hakim had informed the family of Shaibya's good luck.

The next day Hakim looked worried but said nothing. The next day and my last in Poona, he sadly returned the money I had given him for his daughter's expenses.

"Wife no let Shaibya go. Very sorry, Lady Saheb. I talk long time, no good. Wife say daughter place in home." ("Ha," thought I, "shades of pre-suffrage days! Where have I heard that slogan before!")

"But Hakim, why not use your authority? You know it would be much better for Shaibya to be educated."

"Yes, Lady Saheb. Talk, talk, long time. No good. Wife

THE HINDU WIDOW

say—bad for daughter to leave home. No can make wife change mind. No good take daughter. Make wife sad—very sorry.”

So the wife had some authority in the home! But alas for Shaibya! Conservatism as usual was dragging at the heels of progress. I had encountered another rigid fetter of custom that is only just beginning to crack.

When I stopped on my way to the station to tell my progressive Indian friend that the “deal was off” she smiled patiently.

“I am not surprised. Now you see what are the difficulties of trying to help the women here.”

I did see, but I also saw the starry eyes of that little Hindu maid at the Karvé Home, who with her lotus bud hand fast in the loving grasp of her equally widowed mother, was learning to spell words like Fun and Joy and Dignity and Liberty.

“Hakim, if you can persuade your wife to send Shaibya to school, I will give you much rupees.”

And Hakim made answer gently:

“Yes, Lady Saheb.”

EPILOGUE

BEACON BEARERS OF A NEW DAY

*Through immemorial mists of faded dreams
A new thought twinkles like a golden glimmer.
My tears flow toward the End in opal streams,
My laughter bursts into a thousand gleams
And thrills the star-fires with a twofold shimmer!*

—HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA

EPILOGUE

BEACON BEARERS OF A NEW DAY

*Progressives of Madras, Queen of the South: In a Rani's Garden:
Progressives of Calcutta, Lord of the North: Brahmo and Arya
Samaj: C. R. Das*

We are indeed children of Light. Why then do we fear when we see the Light? Come, let us look all around and see, here no man hath cause for any fear.

In this boundless ocean of Light, if a tiny lamp goes out, let it go; who can say that it will not burn again? —MRS. KAMINI ROY: *Tr. from Bengali*

GREAT is the glitter and loud the voice of India's educated class and if one judged only by the cities, where temple, mosque and church, hospital, school and college, electricity, and bathroom, motor and tram car, make up the usual metropolitan silhouette, one could sound joyfully the clarion call of progress. But stay long enough to get into the lives of the people, get to know their heart language and their god rules. Then you realize that to the Hindu, if you are not of the same caste, you can never be any but an outer-sister. To a Mohammedan, no matter how charming you may be, you are never taken into the real bosom of "the faithful." To the Buddhist, the Jain, the Animist, the Sikh, even the Parsi, "your thoughts are not my thoughts." It is there, elusive, baffling, the spirit of the East. The very thing that has made the East endure while Western Empires rise and fall, and which may yet cause it to wield the scepter of the world's civilization.

But that day, if it is to come, is still a long way off. Civilization of a nation can rise no higher than the level of its women. So it is evident that India must first put its house in order. The astounding glimpses one gets of woman subjection to husband and priest, and of woman tribulation through "religion" brings one to the Judgment Seat with

BEACON BEARERS OF A NEW DAY

almost tottering faith that there can be a just and Almighty God when such things can be—and then comes the answer in the terms of the East itself.

“What thou sowest that shalt thou also reap,” and one sees that all this suffering and slavery is not God’s doing but man’s.

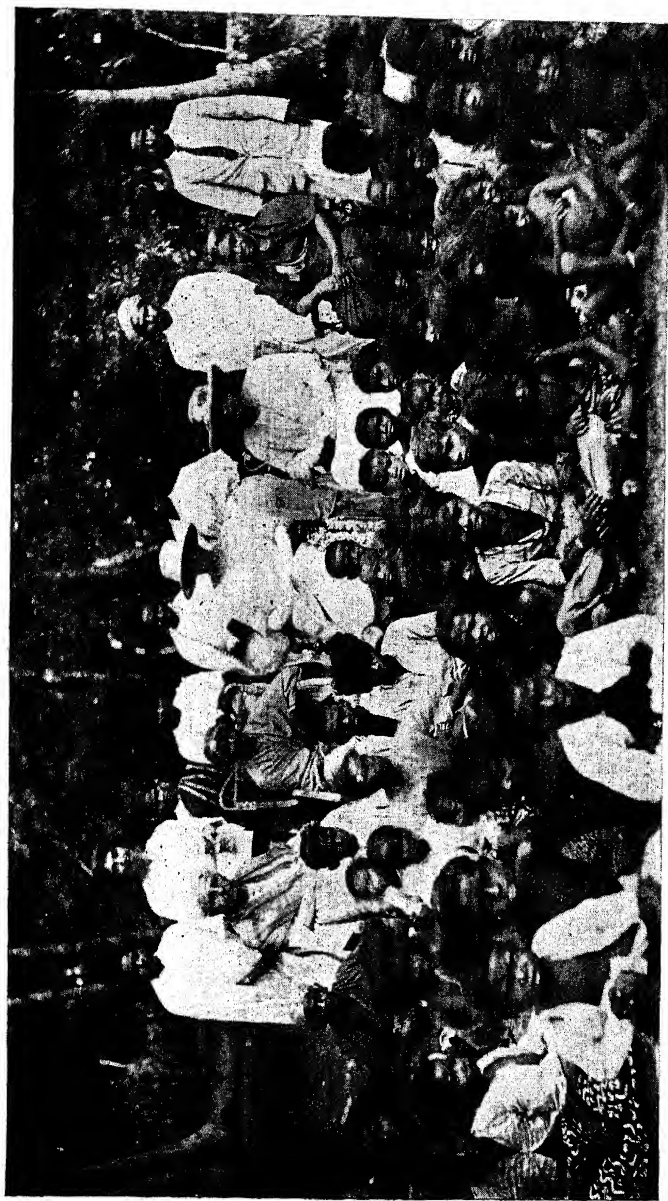
The hope of India is in its women. “In her worship of a divine mystery instinct is transfigured into faith, self-will is conquered by devotion (to her gods, her husband, and her children), personality is uplifted by submission.” In her home service she is true as steel, constant to the end, selfless, asking no recognition. She can invest an object in itself humble with a mystical significance and in it see the symbol of the unseen.

Only through education can the *pardahnashin* keep the beauty and lose the slavery of her love, and education is on the way, but not nearly so fast as the first impression would indicate. In Calcutta during Baby Week on *Purdah* Day a fuse burnt out at the cinema. The hall was in darkness but how could they have a man to fix it? Finally one was smuggled in blindfolded!

The Progressive Movement among the women of India does not seem to have the solidity and power of that in China. However, it *has started*. Among the Beacon Bearers, besides those already noted in other chapters, there are a score of leaders in each big city and scattered through the Indian States, Provinces, and Presidencies.

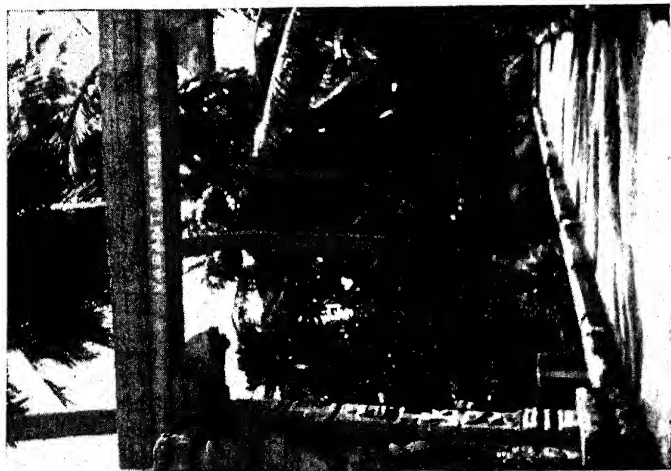
Out from the mysterious inner courts of the unknown Hindu home now steps this *pardahnashin* to join hands and hands with her Mohammedan sister of the harem long hidden behind the *purdah* and their Parsi sister who, too, is emerging from the repressive customs of the country and is claiming equal opportunity to express herself.

Under these three great banners all the offshoots and variants of religious faith are being invited to join forces



WOMEN'S HOME OF SERVICE, MADRAS

Seated—left to right, Mrs. Annie Besant, Lady Sadasivier, H. E. Lady Willingdon. Standing—left to right, Srimati Radhabai Subbarao, Mrs. Margaret Cousins



(Left) MRS. ANNIE BESANT, HEAD OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, WHO HAS IDENTIFIED HER WORK WITH INDIA (Taken
by the author at Adyar)

(Left) ADYAR, HOME OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, MADRAS

EPILOGUE

as a National Indian Women's Council, and thus to affiliate with the International Women's Council.

Mrs. Bomanji Faradoonji and many others from all over India are working for this legal, civic, and social betterment. Men have tried, apparently in vain, to harmonize their religious and topographical differences. Possibly the more ideal women may be able to achieve harmonious concerted action. If they do, no power can withstand them. It is the resistless urge, like the recurrent tides, of the mothers of the race.

There is also "The Women's Indian Association" which was started at Madras in 1917, by Mrs. Dorothy Jinarâjadâsa, and in five years had reached a membership of over twenty-five hundred members in forty-seven different towns, thirty-three of them bursting into flower the first year. Spreading as it has from Bhavnago to Calcutta, from Lashkar to Tuticorin, it shows that the Indian woman's consciousness is responding to the new life which has touched women all over the world. Utterly unused to organization she has responded to the aims, ideals, and work of the Association, all the more readily as it is on a religious basis. The objects are five:

To present to women their responsibility as daughters of India.

To help them to realize that the future of India lies largely in their hands; for as wives and mothers they have the task of training and guiding and forming the character of the future rulers of India.

To secure for women the vote for Municipal and Legislative Council as it is or may be granted to men.

To secure for women the right to be elected as members on all Municipal and Legislative Councils.

To band women into groups for the purpose of self-development, education, and for the definite service of others.

A well-edited magazine called the *Stri Dharma* (Woman's Duties) is published, partly in English, and partly Tamil and Telugu, with occasionally articles in other vernacular, and keeps the W.I.A. members informed on international and local events pertaining to women's social and political con-

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ditions. It is dedicated "to the Women of India today, and to the memory of Indian Women of past ages who have set an example of courage, wisdom, devotion, and truth."

Women are slowly coming into the professions, especially the teaching and medical—occasionally the legal—and often under great hardships. There is one little lady living in Madras, married, of course, the mother of two charming children, mistress of an elaborate home, who has managed to carry on a legal training, take all the examinations, and has passed with honors in Calcutta her qualifications for the Bar. All the time retaining strict *purdah*! For it was with this restriction that her husband allowed her to pursue her studies. She even hopes to be able to practice law.

Dr. Muthulaksmi Ammal is a noted, public-spirited woman of Madras who has not found it necessary to have the prestige of foreign travel to develop a large practice.

Srimati Radhabai Subbarao, wife of a zamindar, or landed proprietor, is the first woman member on the Senate Council as representing Madras University, a post which she won through an election, not by appointment.

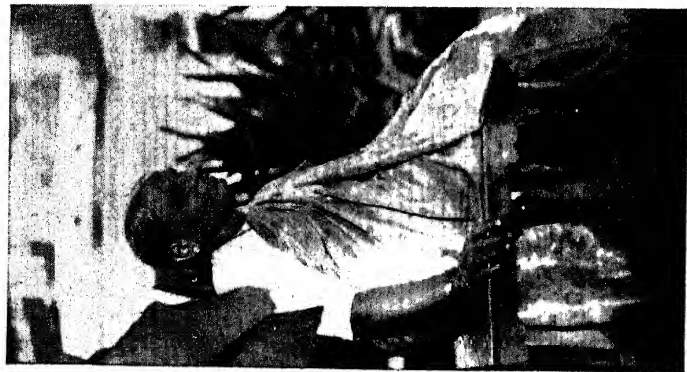
Other Madras women known for their public spirit and good works are Mrs. Rama Rao, Lady Sadasivier, and Mrs. Krishna Swamy Chetty, who is Hon. Secretary of the Willingdon Club.

Here also is the first woman publisher, a member of a famous family, Miss Mirolini Chattopadhyaya, whose brother is that young genius, Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, and whose sister is Mrs. Sarojini Naidu. She edits and publishes *Shama'a*, a magazine in three languages which aims to bring together the best literature of the East and West. Holder of the Moral Science Tripos, Cambridge, this keen wide-awake, large-visioned, indefatigable, young woman typifies to me the Beacon Bearer. Although absorbing and profiting by an English University education, she remains essentially Indian. With her exquisite silk *saris*, she has kept the color and beauty of her religion, but she has un-



(Upper) LEFT TO RIGHT: SAROJINI NAIDU, MOST FAMOUS WOMAN OF INDIA; THE LATE C. R. DAS, OF CALCUTTA, SWARAJIST LEADER; BASANTI DEVI (MRS. C. R. DAS)

(Lower) HINDU GIRL GUIDES AT LUCKNOW COLLEGE



THE RANI OF MUNAGALA



MADRAS PROGRESSIVES IN THEIR HOMES
MRS. RAMA RAO



LADY SADASIVIER

EPILOGUE

bound her heart from fanaticism, even as she has unbound her mind from superstition. We talked a common language. She opened the closed door of the *zenana*. Into the homes of the Iyer and the Ayengar she took me, and through the magic of her understanding revealed to me many of the gentle *pardah* or *gosha* ladies who offered the graceful gift of flowers and fruits for the first time "across the black water"¹ to an outer-sister.

The Maharani of Pithapuram, temporarily at Madras, is another type of Beacon Bearer. Strictly *gosha*, but extremely capable, a companion to her husband, he seeks her help in all state matters. She has done much towards developing social conditions, has opened girls' schools, a hospital, and has even formed a Ladies' Association in the state.

Into Madras pour the aspiring girls from all over South India. At the Young Woman's Christian College, in a group waiting to play tennis I counted a Tamil, a Telugu, a Syrian Christian, a West Coast Malayaram, and a Kanerese. This mixture of languages I also noticed in the other colleges, the Medical and Woman's University, and the Willingdon Woman's Club. It reminded me of the first of several speeches that I was urged to give to *pardah* women. This one was delivered in a beautiful garden belonging to the Rani of Munagala, the President of a newly formed Woman's Club. It was the evening hour, the heat of a February sun, somewhat abated. Under the great flowering trees, silk rugs were spread. Heavy screens sheltered the retreat from the rest of the garden, where guests began to assemble for a large reception being held to celebrate a birthday of the young Raja. My audience of embryo club members was seated Eastern fashion, resplendent in silks and jewels, several meeting a European for the first time. A Western chair had been provided for me and near it a small table where the secretary was busy transcribing notes of the talk for the

¹ *Kali pani*, means Indian Ocean or any ocean to travel over which was to be outcasted. Many a returning soldier was outcasted after the Great War.

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newspaper. The subject, as were those of all my speeches in the East, was "What Other Women Are Doing." After the opening paragraph I stopped for a Telugu student to translate it into her language. Then a Tamil translation was given. When a third young woman arose to explain in Malayalam, I protested, having already forgotten the thread of my remarks twenty minutes before! A poll was taken. Tamil had the majority and the subsequent remarks filtered into that language from my English.

Among the progressive educational and official classes one feels this language barrier less, for English is the medium by which many an Indian speaks to his fellow Indian.

One type of Beacon Bearer is the strong soul who pioneers with her own life and sets an example to the more timorous rebels. The story of Radha briefly is that, born in a northern province, her marriage at twelve years of age was arranged by a male relative who was her guardian, both her parents being dead. A wealthy, high-spirited girl, she refused to perform the second part of the marriage ceremony and accept her husband. At fourteen, a definite effort was made to force her to do so, and she took the stand that she would *not* go to her husband's house. Several years followed—years of much unhappiness and some severe inducements (such as starving, and beating), then Radha's brother who had married, gave her a home and her husband was permitted to marry again. Radha regards herself as a maiden dedicated to chastity. The orthodox Hindu regards her as a put-away wife, no divorce being allowed for a woman. Radha went to Europe, and took many studies, intending to be a surgeon, but the life revolted her, for she had never even seen meat eaten, while the butcher shops nauseated her. She gave up medicine, returned to India and is giving her life to social service and other progressive movements.

Although all over the country, especially in the big cities, the Beacon Lights are shining, it is to polyglot Calcutta one

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must go for the final word of modern India. Here one finds the Anglicized and the Unorthodox, the Brahmo and Arya Samaj, the No-changer Swarajist, the Nationalist, the Anarchist. Every shade of religion and politics. It is a capital of the world. Its English-speaking colony is very large with Anglo-Saxon habits clearly established. It opens its eyes with the dawn, is astir by sunrise, and the business of recreation, riding, driving, tennis, of the European colony is well over by nine o'clock when it sits down to a four-decker breakfast and disperses to its various offices for the business of making a living.

At one o'clock it gives itself plenty of time for tiffin. At five or six a gathering at the Clubs for tea—frequently translated into cocktails—for dancing, games, and gossip, as the daily buzz about other people's affairs is by no means left out of the ritual. At eight or nine o'clock it dines. At midnight it retires—sometimes. And when does it sleep? Ah! that is the mystery. If one has not that Napoleonic habit of living without the gentle restorer and requires more than five hours of Morpheus' embrace to keep one in the Venus and Adonis class, then life in fashionable British India should be eschewed. Perhaps that is why some of the women fade so soon and get either tubby or stringy, the temper goes mustard and pepper, and the intellectual outlook narrow.

Was I unfortunate in missing most of the wonderful Western women of the Services? The fact remains that, except for the wives of high officials, of Governors, of Residents and Justices and heads of the big Corporations, and of the educational group, which includes some splendid, even remarkable women, dedicated to social service, I found the English and the American woman in the lesser Services a person who had carried her Main Street into exile. The educated, well-born Indian lady with her gentle manners and surprising humility was a pleasant contrast.

The Brahmo Samaj (Theist Society) has many Beacon

BEACON BEARERS OF A NEW DAY

Bearers in Bengal. It began a hundred years ago.¹ But was given new form and impetus in 1857 by Keshab Chandra Sen of Calcutta, who further broke away, not from God but from caste, and its stultifying restrictions. He also founded the Victoria Girls' High School. The Arya Samaj is a later modification. Many of the distinguished Tagore family are Brahmo or Arya Samaj. The beloved poet, Dr. Rabin-dranath Tagore, is a shining light and his educational community at Bolpur is one of the interesting attempts to help solve modern problems. There are other gifted members in this family, an artist brother and an aunt, Mrs. Ghosal, who has written several novels, that were considered very advanced thirty years ago; while another swells the long list of Bengali women poets. She is Mrs. P. Banerji. Her name, Priyambadā Debī means "sweet talker." She is a sweet worker as well, being Honorable Secretary and Treasurer of Bharat Stree Mahamandal, an organization founded by Mrs. Krishna Chabini Das, and organized by Miss Cornelia Sorabji to manage Hindu Zenana Education. It already has several girls' schools in Calcutta maintained by popular donations. Mrs. Banerji is Jt. Honorable Secretary of the Mahila Shilpasram, a Widows' Home founded by Mrs. P. Mukerji, and secretary of the Mahila Shamitri (Ladies' Organization).

The Bengali philosophic mind has developed many poets, writers, and musicians. Among the modern ones may also be mentioned Mrs. Nirupama Debī, Mrs. Anurupa Debī, Miss Santa Chatterjee, while Dr. Kadambini Gangoly, who died in 1923, at the age of sixty-five, has the distinction of being the first woman graduate of Calcutta University.

The Samaj women do not observe *purdah*, have adopted many European garments and customs, but, fortunately, have retained the graceful *sari* which students and moderns wear off the head. They attend mixed parties, receptions, art exhibits. (Some smoke cigarettes, and jazz, although

¹ Founded by Raja Rammohun Roy.

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this is considered ultra-modern.) They sit on committees and carry on civic and philanthropic works, girls' hostels, infant welfare, etc. The ladies of the Chauderi, Chatterji, Mukerji, and Banerji, of the Bose, Sen and Das families come under this heading.

The latest development of the Beacon Bearers are movements for the elevation of the depressed classes and in favor of foreign travel, movements for redress of crying social abuses, such as the marriage dowry system, and for appreciation and revival of ancient Indian achievement in literature, art, social organization and religion.

The Indian world is moving, even though the *bari* (ancestral home) in the *Mofussal* retains its grip upon the wage-earner who may labor long in city shop or office.

We must close this brief and wholly inadequate sketch of the forward-looking ones by a word concerning the best-known family in Bengal today, that of C. R. Das, the Mayor of Calcutta and leader of the Swarajist party.¹

Through the spacious Das home sometimes pass a thousand callers a day. One large drawing room has been cleared of its elaborate furnishings and devoted to the political needs of the man who started the policy of blocking the Government "to show it up."

Mr. C. R. Das declared that he would not accept the high Government office offered him by the astute Bengal Governor, "while there is no real reform" but explained that he gladly accepted the mayorship which was offered him by the election of the people.

Born in Calcutta November 5, 1870, Chitta Ranjan Das is the fourth generation of lawyers. He has a strongly built body, an active, well-equipped brain, and an understanding heart.

He said, "We must have Home Rule. We want to be

¹ Reference has already been made to the untimely death of C. R. Das (as this book goes to press), thereby making a big gap in the ranks of India's leaders. The following sketch has been left untouched as a tribute to his memory.

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self-contained for the necessities. For the luxuries we can wait until after we have won the fight. Herodotus said, 'India seems to be a wonderful country. It drains the wealth of the world but gives nothing in return.' We would keep up *khaddar* for the common people. You do not realize how dependent we are upon Manchester. (English cotton goods supply.) India has not been an industrial country. Its silver, silk, muslin, elephants' tusks, such luxuries are not wealth-developing. They are absorbed in the country. In India we must solve the problem by having cottage industries. A system that will not destroy the units but connect them.

"What is the harm of being slow? Your people are so terribly fast they rather drag us into that soul-destroying pace. Money has its value but it also has its limits. India excels in philosophy—the West in science. The modern philosophy of Europe and Asia does not come up to the Indian."

I went out through the court accompanied by the Swarajist leader, his daughter, Mrs. E. C. Roy, and his wife, Basanti Devi, shy, graceful, vital, expressive eyes, delicate features, wavy blue-black hair—young, for all of her twenty-eight years of married life. She has been a modern help-mate, fearless (for she, too, has been imprisoned for her convictions), forceful, intelligent, capable. We passed six tall, broad-shouldered men wearing white *dhotis* to which all of these Swarajists have returned, having discarded European garb as a protest against undesirable innovation.

Mr. Das introduced this row of stalwart lieutenants as "my white army." They were about to attend a meeting at the Town Hall to indorse further resolutions of protest against certain Government actions.

The next opportunity I had of talking with C. R. Das was in the darkened railway carriage on the Calcutta Mail en route to Bombay. The temperature of the plains of the Central Provinces through which we were passing was 120

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degrees Fahrenheit. In this dark room two electric fans buzzed busily and wet towels, hung at the closed blinds, dried every three minutes. Everything—pasteboard, metal, wood-work—was burning to the touch. The body burned with the intensely dry heat. The eyelids smarted. I began to understand another phase of the Indian temperament. No one could help slowing down in such heat.

“Why does America exclude India?” was the awkward question put to me, as though I could be responsible for the policy of indiscriminate exclusion with which a group of frightened, near-visioned Congressmen have annoyed the Asiatic countries.

Our talk dealt much with politics but among other things that the Mayor of Calcutta advocates are free primary education for girls and boys; free or very cheap medical relief; a relief of the housing congestion by putting laborers in good huts in villages outside of the city “so that the people may lead the life natural to them” and in solving the transportation question by motor busses and tram cars. He wishes to establish tube wells to relieve the water shortage and the awful condition of women washing vessels and self in the same polluted pools. He thinks the whole of Western civilization rests upon militarism. “It is an effective, but not a natural, discipline of society. Attention to details is the scientific Western spirit. Its drawback is that the complete view of life is lost. But,” he added, “the East must have it. The drawback to our Indian temperament is that it is too abstract. When we get the power we will have to work out these problems for ourselves.

“The nation-builder in India must look to the past and then organize the modern. He will go utterly wrong if he had his eyes fixed upon Europe. At present we are inclined to take extreme view. What Emerson calls ‘violence of direction.’ Emerson took a lot of things from India. His essay on ‘Our Soul’ is the keynote of his writings and it is

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Hindu philosophy. Also your Walt Whitman has universal philosophy."

One other thought taking form in the fertile brain of C. R. Das struck me as having a possible deep significance. It was the idea of an Asiatic Federation. Egypt, Turkey, Central Asia, Central China, Japan meeting in a common cause, perhaps that of religion. He quoted Bismarck's famous phrase, "The Ganges must be defended at the Bosphorus."

At Bombay station, when C. R. Das, then on his way to a consultation with Mr. Gandhi and Pandit Motilal Nehru, stopped for a moment before my camera, an old caretaker came tottering up to him. The man of eighty, with shaking hands, presented a glass of milk, saying, "For many years when he came this way, I have offered a glass of milk to B. G. Tillak Maharaj (an educational reformer). Now he is dead, I ask *you* to take it."

In C. R. Das, probably India's foremost political leader today, the progressive element is exemplified. He uses his Western trained brain to fight the West and although a man of incessant action, he has found time and, what is more significant, inspiration to write a whole book of verses. "To the Sea!" In over a hundred separate poems he has sought expression upon this one theme alone. Some of them beautiful, a few unusual, and all interesting. In the following he might well have been addressing his beloved India itself:

For how many aeons hast thou billowed like this
With the torture of this music in thy heart?
For how many cycles of time
Has this song been wringing,
Tearing thy heart, and maddening the world?
Through endless ages! Through countless lives!
O thou without beginning or end!
In the spread of thy splendor
How can this cry of pain eternally ring?
What hunger sobs within thy breast, O sea!
What thirst of passion?

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What tireless anguish implacably mourns?
A million lives, a thousand ages!
O friend cursed thus through unending ages,
O my unquiet ocean all of tears,
It is for thee leaving all I come,
It is to thee that I shall come again
Through endless ages, in unnumbered lives!

What politician in European or American Council Hall runs a metaphysical strain to the trumpetings of his torch-light way?

How soon the shouting or "four *anna* patriots" and the serious working patriots of India will attain to their ideal depends upon how soon the masses can be educated.

Democracy was recently defined as mainly a thing of spirit, instead of, as people have come to believe, a thing of machinery. Democracy is impossible without a leaven of wisdom, tolerance, and justice among the people themselves. Without these moral qualities they become the prey of clever and unscrupulous politicians or parties.

India is still bound by its own shackles but the voice of the Torch Bearers has begun to arouse it and when it arises, no man can say its destiny.

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Extracts from *The Duties of the Weaker Sex* by Maimoona Sultan Begam (translated from Urdu). Extracts from H. H., the Begam of Bhopal on *Desirability of Purdah*:

Ladies—On the eighteenth of Rabi-ul-awwal, when a grand meeting of our Club was held to offer an address to Her Highness in honor of her accession anniversary, I had a mind to deliver a speech on the duties of the weaker sex, it being a good opportunity on account of the presence of ladies of all classes. But, unfortunately, that day I had to postpone it, owing to Nawabzada Hamid Sultan's sudden illness which disturbed us a great deal and H. H. had come here simply because you might not be dejected. Now, as we are all by His grace peacefully assembled again, after expressing my heartfelt gratitude to H. H. for her being exceedingly gracious to women, especially to the members of the Club, I begin my lecture on "the duties nature has assigned to the fair sex and how to perform them."

Ladies, you all know well that of all human beings it was Father Adam who was created first and kept in heaven, the most charming place, whereto his pleasure and happiness his better half Eve was created. They were both ordered by the Almighty God to live a life of happiness in the gardens of heaven as if the happiness of man were incomplete without his mate. Their days in heaven, commission of sin, fall, and repentance and then taking abode on this earth all show well how necessary woman is for man to share his pleasures as well as anxieties. It was the first exemplary couple created by God to show that woman, and woman only, can be a true sharer in man's pleasures and anxieties. In the Holy Koran, too, in several places, He has explicitly dwelt upon the same point.

For instance, He says in one place, "He it is Who created you all from one world-soul, and made man's mate of the same kind so that he might comfortably incline to her." Again in another place He says, "One of the signs of His wisdom is that He created your mate of the same kind as you, so that you might comfortably associate with them, and connected you with the ties of love and affection. Verily there are signs of His wisdom in it for sensible people."

So in these two verses the Almighty Creator of the world has explicitly said that both the sexes of mankind have been made to afford comfort and support to each other. In the second verse it has also been told that to realize this end, He has also infused them with love and affection and given hints and signs to sensible persons so that they might think over the aims and objects of their being and try to realize them.

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Now ladies, it is quite clear to you that women have been made by nature to afford comfort to their husbands and turn their households into a sort of paradise by means of their sincere love and affection. It is also their duty to think always as to how they can realize best this end. What we all know well is that this end can never be realized unless women are possessed of sound morals, good capacities for conducting household matters, and are capable of training their children properly.

As soon as a woman is married, the duties mentioned above become incumbent on her and throughout her life she has to perform them. It is she who is to be held responsible for the comfort, peace, and tranquillity of her house and the right living of her family. A wife who neglects these duties, is not realizing the true ends of her being and the result of all this lack is that her house always remains disturbed. The husband and wife can neither live happily nor can they trust each other while miseries are multiplied day by day. Such a wife, instead of being a means of comfort and peace, adds to the disturbance of the house which, on account of its miseries and troubles, becomes almost a Babel.

If she is in the habit of spending much more than the income, the husband, on account of his anxieties, will surely have resort to different sorts of unfair means like bribery, stealing, cheating, embezzlement, and encroachment on the rights of others, which will make him gain a bad name in the world and a severe torment hereafter.

Ladies, politeness of character is a thing which is necessary alike for men and women, but housekeeping and bringing up of children are duties which Nature has particularly assigned to women alone. Even if well-to-do men are put in charge of rearing their children, surely they cannot succeed. It is a duty which cannot be successfully performed even by those valiant and courageous persons who bravely expose themselves to swords, bayonets, guns, etc. It is only the fair sex who can perform it easily.

In short, every woman should try to perform her duties in such a way as to afford comfort to her husband. But the solution of this difficult problem lies in learning and education; and education alone can enable us to perform this duty. But learning, you should know, is an unlimited thing. If one goes on acquiring knowledge throughout his life till apparently he finishes all the subjects, even then he will find that in reality he has not taken even a single drop out of the unbounded ocean of learning.

Ladies, by education I do not mean the ordinary education, but the religious one which teaches us good morals and lets us know our duties towards God and fellow creatures. It is this education which teaches

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us obedience, social knowledge, and the method of right living. I thank God for the provision which Her Highness very kindly made for my religious education along with the secular one. On this ground I can presume to say that the Holy Book revealed by the Creator of the world contains such moral instructions as cannot be found in any other code of teaching. Nor is it possible otherwise to receive such an education because this instructive Holy Book has been revealed by the very Being Who made man out of a handful of earth (which was also made by Him) by infusing it with life and understanding. And it is quite obvious that the good instructions given by the Creator Himself to His creatures, cannot be surpassed in their excellence by any other ones. But how pitiable and surprising is the fact that female education has been neglected up to this time, not only by any particular community, but generally all round.

It is not only the religious section that is wanting in the current system of female education but it does not sufficiently serve other purposes too. Neither are there any fixed courses nor regular schools. And whatever schools there are, are not satisfactory at all on account of their defects. I am told, of course, that there are in India certain convent schools instituted by the Roman Catholic sect of Christians, which are said to be fulfilling all necessary objects. But as they belong to a particular sect and are confined chiefly to sectarian education, girls of other religions cannot join them. . . .

Some high-minded Hindus have also started some national schools wherein they teach religion and Sanskrit, though they are few in number. But sorry to say the Mohammedans have not got even a single school of this sort.

Ladies, how very strange it is that our Western sisters in England, who are educated and have regard for education, discuss the problems relating to our educational advancement, while we ourselves in India sit quiet without making any definite movement and combined efforts to this effect. . . .

All this I came to know from those letters which they have been sending every now and then to H. H. with a view to exchanging ideas and consulting with her, extremely interested and extensively informed in educational matters as she is.

Ladies, wherever you will find any improvement or progress made in female affairs, it must have been made by women themselves. For instance, in England it is women who may be called the founders and supporters of female education. In India, too, we find that the noted female schools, however few they may be, are managed and directed by women themselves. Recently, in one of his speeches, the

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Viceroy has realized that in matters of female education it is best to ask women to render all necessary help.

In short, ladies, it is we ourselves who can remove our difficulties. And it is a great boon of the Bountiful God that Her Highness is prepared to help us both intellectually and pecuniarily at the cost of her leisure and ease, although she often remains busy in the administration of her State. How unfortunate we would be if we do not try to gain anything by her directions and instructions.

By Her Highness' interest, if God wills, a special conference is going to be held here at Bhopal, to which educated and learned ladies of all communities will be invited to discuss different questions in connection with female education. H. H. has very kindly entrusted to me the management of this function. I am sure, if we shall take due interest in this conference, it will be fruitful of good results regarding our education and general culture. I hope, when some date is fixed for this function, you will help me all in it.

Ladies, though I have sufficiently spoken on this question of female education, yet it is such a wide problem that in spite of all our exhaustive speeches we can never discuss it fully. Knowledge, you should know, is wealth which is not confined to any particular nation or country, but whoever tries for it will gain it.

You all know well how able and learned European ladies generally are, but I let you know an Indian lady of European repute who has surpassed in her ability even the ablest persons of the sterner sex. And she is Sarojini Naidu, who is our guest here today.

In former days Muslim ladies used to be so able as to teach religious law and commentaries on the Koran to the people. The well-known Imam Shafai was also taught by a woman.

In short, ladies, knowledge is a grace open to all men and women alike, which can be had by hard-working. And in knowledge alone lies our salvation.

Extracts from speech of Maimoona Shah Begam before the Ladies' Club at Bhopal:

Ladies, I lay before you today an important proposition for your consideration and hope you will agree to my opinion and resolutely stick to your decision. There are three classes of people in the world: the upper ten, the middle class, and the commons. It is an ordinary classification which has been long maintained and will surely hold for ever. Among the upper ten, the sympathizing and virtuous persons do always render pecuniary help to the poor, which removes, or at least lessens, their difficulties a great deal. Islam particularly orders every

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well-to-do Muslim to give a part of his wealth to the poor as *Zakat* (obligatory alms), which is an essential part of our religion.

Among the middle-class persons, those who have sympathetic hearts, do partly by their wealth and mostly by their sympathies, efforts, and politeness benefit their community and the mankind in general.

The commons, or rather the poor, of course, depend upon the two above-mentioned classes and they really deserve to be helped by them.

Help can be rendered in different forms and ways; and whatever form it make take, it is after all a virtuous deed. But reason essentially requires real and lasting virtues to be discriminated from sham or temporary ones so that we may know and do only what is best.

Suppose a good-natured lady gives a widow and her child their daily food. No doubt it is a virtuous deed, but a more virtuous one than this would be to enable her somehow to live on her own labor so that she may maintain her personal dignity and support her children herself. This way of helping may redeem a poor family from depending on charities and enable them to stand on their own legs. I know several poor but noble families who are living a miserable and wretched life, and in such houses it is women who suffer most because, on account of their contentment, they generally sacrifice whatever they get to their children and husbands.

In the case of *purdah*, ladies, such a condition is rather pitiable and generally it is met with in families whose occupation is service. Don't you see in your own streets and neighborhoods to how miserable a condition poverty has reduced entire families. Ladies, thank God, we have the joint family system still in vogue in our country. But in such a case, you may imagine, how difficult it is for a man, drawing some ten or twenty rupees a month, to support a large family of seven or eight persons, consisting of his mother, wife, widow sisters, and children—poor fellows disbursing the wretched amount to meet their monthly and other occasional and inevitable necessities.

No mathematician with all his mathematical calculations can tell us how the members of such a poor family pass all the days of a month. Some of them, or even all of them, must be passing many of their meal-times without taking in anything at all, while mothers are diverting their children to go to bed quite hungry. Their condition is even worse than those of the laborers and servants who work at a building or serve in some gentleman's house.

In spite of the fact that this class of people deserves a great deal of help, I am sure, if you ever happen to help any one of these self-respecting noble families by giving them alms, they will refuse it not with thankfulness, but with contempt, and will rather take your sym-

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pathy as a disgrace to them. But, however, it is incumbent on the upper ten and the middle-class persons to help these people somehow so as to lessen their miseries.

The Bhopal women are possessed of a peculiar tact in domestic industries and nearly in every house there are women who earn something by this means. The present generation particularly, owing to H. H.'s special attention, has considerably advanced in this line.

Realizing the difficulties of these very people, H. H. started a technical school for women, which has been progressing for the last two years, and is called the Asifia Technical School. But until, and unless, the public takes due interest in this, good results cannot be expected. A lot of domestic industrial works are so easy that if housewives do them only in their leisure time they can earn enough to remove a considerable part of their difficulties.

Ladies, the Almighty Creator of the world could make all people equally rich, but He very wisely put them on different levels. Though nobody can understand His secrets full well, yet it is quite plain that had all mankind been on an equal footing, the world could not go smoothly on account of diverse difficulties.

However, in consequence of the classification, all human beings should try to perform their duties which God has assigned to their respective classes. The poor are to work hard so as to have a fair livelihood, while it is incumbent on the nobility and the middle-class persons to take care of them, sympathize with them, and provide means of their livelihood.

Ladies, will it not be proper for us to institute a small association to help poor women and lessen their miseries? I assure you the unseen Hand of the Merciful and Beneficent will help us in it. I hope H. H., who always thinks of realizing such aims, will also be kind enough to pay her attention to it. We have to consider whether we can make them anyhow learn such industrial works as may enable them to earn a considerable amount within the four walls of their houses and pass their transitory life in this world comfortably.

As certain unavoidable causes have generally raised the prices of all things in these days, which has had its effects on the poor much more than on others, the incumbence on us to help our sisters has also proportionally increased.

The right expenditure of Zakat-money has several times been discussed in our Club; and once, I remember, it was also proposed that all well-to-do members should collect their Zakat-money so as to start a regular charity fund, but sorry to say the proposal was not carried.

I do not insist upon the collection of Zakat-money here in the Club, for you yourselves can find many opportunities of spending it in

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charitable works. But if we form a committee for such purposes, we would also be able to devise means and resources other than the Zakat-money. For instance, if each of you set apart some amount of money on the happy occasions of performing expensive ceremonies, with a view to help the poor, it would certainly make a good resource. To separate some amount on such occasions would not be only an easy thing but also the best way of showing gratitude to the Almighty God, who enabled you to find the happy occasions. But how very pitiable it is to find people on such occasions spending thousands of rupees lavishly for their own pleasure and neglecting the miseries of their fellow creatures altogether. However, women, being possessed of more sensitive hearts, are more inclined to sympathetic deeds than men generally are.

Hence our Club, which consists of women only, must be realizing the miseries of the poor much more than men, and if we all make up our mind to help poor families, a lot of their miseries can be removed very easily. Now I want to draw your attention to my proposals as to how we can best remove the difficulties of the needy.

First of all, we are to find out what sorts of industrial works of everyday use the poor ladies of Bhopal can do. To know it, you are to hold a small local exhibition of female industries, and if some ladies stand in need of any material, it ought to be supplied.

When, after all, the specimens of works are before your eyes you can very easily select some such out of them as are always demanded. For instance, *chikan* (embroidery on muslin), lace, *nievar* (a coarse tape), *gota* (gold or silver lace), and gold embroidery, are things which can be prepared easily and are particularly connected with women. But for these purposes we are to subscribe a sufficient amount of money so as to supply poor women with requisite material. As soon as they prepare anything, we should buy and use it and influence others to do the same, thus rendering the poor a great deal of help. I hope H. H.'s government will always pay attention to this sympathetic function of yours. The women who do not know these industrial works can learn them now very easily. You should induce them to go to Asifia Technical School, where you are to render them a pecuniary help by giving scholarships. You can also have them taught in your own mohallas by making them gather together in some one place where provision has been made.

If you are high-minded enough you can have them taught in their own houses by working like missionary ladies or by employing teachers for them.

Ladies, you should think over the proposal I have laid before you

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today and in near future try to form an executive committee for this purpose.

For the last twenty years H. H. has been kind enough to draw your attention towards education and other public institutions. She has also done her best to sympathize with you by giving all sorts of pecuniary help. Though she has seen her efforts crowned with success, yet we should try to have our aims higher still so that we may set examples both theoretically and practically to the ladies of other places. May the Almighty God make Her Highness rule long over us, in whose auspicious régime we hope to learn and do a great deal of work.

Extracts from H. H. the Begam of Bhopal on the desirability of *purdah*:

Since Islam is the most perfect of all religions, it kept intact the punishment enjoined in the code of Moses on the one hand, and provided against the recurrence of causes of such immorality, on the other; and it must be admitted that there cannot be a better method of reaching the goal in view. If men and women do not get opportunities of free social intercourse and their places of enjoyment and recreation are kept apart, if women are stopped from going to theaters and public shows, and if evil-minded men get no chance whatsoever to tease them; also if adultery be recognized in the criminal law of the country, as one of the capital offences punishable with death, like murder, then and then only, can women be permitted to content themselves with mere veils. But so long as other conditions prevail, our ladies should strictly adhere to the injunction: "Abide in your own homes."

In truth, seclusion of women is fundamentally connected with that modesty and self-respect which are the means of guarding honor and good fame of a family. Modesty is the chief and distinctive attribute of human beings, and for a man, it is the essence of all that is brave and chivalrous in him.

Man is the last word in the evolution of God's creation and consequently his share of modesty should be commensurate with his exalted position.

Let us grant, for the sake of argument, that *purdah* is only another name for imprisonment, even then these rights so far outweigh this restriction, that liberty itself might very well feel jealous of it. If these rights are fully granted then woman could never have cause to complain of any physical or spiritual privation, and her mind would never remain fresh and happy as the beautiful flowers of spring.

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She should be the means of comfort to her husband. She should bring up and train the children. She should make her home an abode of peace and rest for her husband, and the male members of the family; and she should be always ready in time of need, to undergo hardships and suffer privations.

She should be a bright example of chastity, courtesy, and piety, and above all she should be a living personification of righteousness, adorned with modesty and bashfulness.

It is an admitted fact that the natures of the two sexes, male and female, are quite distinct from each other; therefore, their natural duties and functions in this life are poles apart. Consequently, the laws and rules for each sex are based on this divergence of natures. And finally, with the existence of this natural difference in the sexes, it is but obvious that the meaning and import of the words "progress" and "advancement" when used with reference to men and women, cannot be identical.

It is self-evident that when God has divided humanity into two sections, the very division is proof positive that He must have marked out different fields of activity for each sex. For the physically stronger of the two, the field is larger and wider, and for the weaker it is proportionally smaller, and more restricted.

The relationship between man and woman starts with love and affection, continues in love and affection, and ends with love and affection. The very purpose of the creation of man and woman is to love and like each other. To begin with, God has entrusted the duties of motherhood to woman, and she is the mother of her children.

"Cursed is the woman who counterfeits man, and cursed is the man who counterfeits woman."

(BUKHARI: *Book of Costumes.*)

APPENDIX II

A LIST OF FAMOUS WOMEN OF INDIA FROM THE VEDIC AGE DOWNWARDS

Compiled for the author by Suresh Chandra Banerji, writer for the *Modern Review*, Calcutta.

- Viswābarā —one of the composers of Rig Veda.
 Bāk —one of the composers of Rig Veda.
 Apālā —one of the composers of Rig Veda.
 Lopamudra—one of the composers of Rig Veda.
 Aditi —one of the composers of Rig Veda.
 Jami —one of the composers of Rig Veda.
 Saswati —one of the composers of Rig Veda.
 Urbashi —one of the composers of Rig Veda.
 Ghoshā —one of the composers of Rig Veda.
 Suryā —one of the composers of Rig Veda.
 Maitreyi —Philosopher of great repute.
 Gārgi —Philosopher and keen debater.
 Delhuti —Philosopher.
 Madalāsā —Famous for her knowledge of politics.
 Atreyi —Famous for her knowledge of the Indian Scriptures.
 Bharati —Colleague of Sankaracharya, the Hindu revivalist in his endeavors to protect Hinduism from the onset of Buddhism.

- Lilabati—Mathematician.
 Khana—Famous for her knowledge of astrology and science.
 Mirabai—Queen of Chitore in Rajputana. She was a devotional poet of high order. Her songs are even now much in vogue in Northern India.
 Karmetibai—Noted for her learning and piety.
 Prabinabai—Poet. Appeared at the court of the Mogul Emperor Akbar, who was greatly impressed by her learning.
 Madhurbani—Poet.
 Mohanangini—Poet.
 Malli—Poet.
 Achaya—Noted for her profound knowledge of Astrology, Medicine, Science, and Geography.
 Nachee—Poet.
 Gulbadan—Biographer of Mogul Emperor Humayun. She was a Mohammedan.

- Zeb-un-nisa—Daughter of Emperor Aurangzeb, famous for her personal beauty and versatility. She could repro-

APPENDIX II

duce the whole Korán from memory. She was well versed in Arabic and Persian. She was a successful writer of prose and poetry.

Lakshmideis—Poet.

Rainmani—Poet. One of the Vaishnava poets of Bengal.

Indumukhi, Madhuri, Gopi and Rasamayi—All Vaishnava poets of Bengal.

Madhabi—Poet. A daughter of Bengal.

Anandamayi—Famous for her knowledge of the Scriptures. A daughter of Bengal.

Gangamani—Also of Bengal. Composer of songs and poetry.

Baijayanti—Poet of Bengal.

Manini Devi—Composer of songs and poetry. Daughter of Bengal.

Priyambada—Of Bengal. Composer of Sanskrit poetry.

Rani of Jansi—Warrior and ruler.

Rani Bhabani of Bengal—Great administrator.

Rani Durgabati—Warrior. Fought against Emperor Akbar.

Sultana Ragia—Warrior and administrator.

Nurjehan—Ruler of Kings and Kingdoms.

Rani Ahalyabai—Administrator.

Rani Rashmani of Bengal—Administrator.

Mrs. Ramabai Ranade—(Modern India) Philanthropist and social worker.

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu—Best-known woman today. Writer, poet, and political speaker.

Mrs. Annie Besant—Head of Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras (though not an Indian she has identified herself with Indian life).

(Mrs. Margaret Cousins, associated with her, is an ardent and efficient worker for the Indian Woman's Emancipation.)

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